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181 and singing, playing and listening to music, eating festively, drinking rice beer, and implicitly sexual activity; in practice, [521] these are the activities characteristic of a Santal festival. When a traditional and typically uneducated Santal meets another from a distant region, one of the first questions asked will be, "How is pleasure in your region?" The reply will focus on the [152] activities mentioned above. Indeed, the only occasion in which I observed a fully sober Santal male adult burst into tears was during such a festive event. When I asked the old man why he was weeping at such a time, he replied, "The sounds of the drum remind me of the pleasure of my youth and of my [273] deceased wife who shared in my pleasure." It will be recalled [192] that it was rice beer which enabled the propagation of the Santal to proceed in the beginning of things, and if there is one word which is more frequently uttered than any other, more frequent even than the sound of festive drums, it is the cry of "*haṇḍi, haṇḍi haṇḍi*" (rice beer; from *handia*, Hindi = an earthenware container). As the Santal sing:

• [539]

> Oh "flower friend"•
> I am thirsty and I am hungry;
> But hearing the sound of the drums under the canopy†
> My thirst and hunger are banished.

181 The Santal pleasure complex is of primary importance in 527 considering recent economic and political events, but here the concern is with "pleasure" as a shared understanding serving the solidarity of the Santal. As the Santal think of it, "pleasure"

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[192] • A "flower friend" or *phul* (as in Hindi *phul* = flower) is a formally cele-[578] brated ritual friendship.

[192] † The "canopy" or *chamda* is utilized in wedding ceremonies to cover the [585] area in which the ceremony takes place.

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175 at a time to signify payment of four annas on the rupee, an
648 annual interest rate of twenty-five per cent.[6]
669 The rebellion was not begun on the spur of the moment as a result of sudden passion. The Santal had made many attempts to present their grievances to the government but were rebuffed for various reasons and by various means. Numerous meetings and communications between Santal villages preceded armed
[726] revolt. In spite of the lack of any formal political structure wider than the Pargana, and equipped only with bow and arrow and ax, the Santal were able to overrun all local opposition and even to defeat a crack unit of British-led troops in one skirmish. After intermittent battles lasting over a year the Santal were finally defeated with heavy losses, their rebellious leaders were executed or sent to prison, and the revolt gradually ceased.

[539] Confirmation of official findings and an "inside view" of the rebellion is conveyed by such enduring songs as the following:

Sido, why are you bathed in blood?
Kanhu,* why do you cry *hul hul*?†
For our people we have bathed in blood
For the merchant thieves have robbed us of our land.[7]

Saheb rule is trouble full;
Shall we go or shall we stay?
Eating, drinking, clothing,
For everything we are troubled.
Shall we go or shall we stay?[8]

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[6] Culshaw and Archer 1945.
* Sido and Kanhu were the two brothers who led the revolt.
† *Hul* = rebellion.
[7] Archer 1945:207.
[8] Culshaw and Archer 1945:218.

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The Santal

175 The 1855–57 rebellion had its center in the District of Santal
648 Pargana and extended westward into Bhagalpur and southeast-
669 ward into Birbhum, which at the time were districts of Bengal. Though the rebellion did not directly involve the southern Santal living in the princely states, songs and stories about it did filter south. In 1832 a rebellion had occurred further to the south in the Ranchi District; it probably involved several tribal peoples, especially the Munda.[13] The southern Santal of Seraikela have a tradition of a rebellion having occurred in the latter part of the nineteenth century. They and the rest of the southern Santal, including those of Mayurbhanj, tell a story of two men, sometimes said to be brothers, named Diba and Kisun, whose exploits parallel those of the northern heroes, Sido and Kanhu:

[539] They had such power that within their boundaries no horse could pass; they achieved power from the deities; they were from Matkombeda, a village in Seraikela; they fought against the Rājā; they shot red-hot arrows; they were finally caught; both were of the Soren clan; they were against the government; the government collected many kinds of rent and taxes; Diba said, 'My goats were carried away by a fox, why does the State not give me compensation; my chickens were carried away by a crow, why does the State not give me compensation; the State does nothing so why should the people pay rent and taxes to the State.'

It is said that the children of Diba are still living, and one old man of about sixty claimed that Diba was his sister's father-in-law. Many Parganas are said to have joined the rebellion, but

[13] Thornton 1843.

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177 than their practice. For them these are the unresolvable neces-
178 sities of the new rank path. Some of these Santal whom we
668 met in 1957 had just begun to eat beef again; happily, one
[262] city Santal read in a magazine about the virtues of beef eating for health, and his discovery quickly diffused among the rest of the city Santal. Once I saw a young party activist who had grown up during the Jharkhand movement persuading an older Santal with a few years of education that he must take up beef eating again if he wished to preserve the Santal caste. The emphasis given to these distinctive traits serves, of course, not only to keep Santal and Hindu apart but also to narrow the gap between the elite and the ordinary Santal.

177 One of the fundamental changes being wrought in Santal
178 culture is an increased emphasis on work, study, and rank at-
• 539 tainment and a concomitant discouragement of "pleasure." A
668 number of recent songs like the following carry this message.

> At work time I become drunk and forget my work.
> At the time for study I spent my time making friends;
> I forgot all about reading and writing.
>
> *Babu*, boys the same age as you have become pundits at Tata school.
> Oh brother in the city of Delhi they have become members of parliament.
> Oh brother you were born in a long village.
> Oh brother you grew up among friends.
> Oh brother you have only become a pundit in divorced women.

Notice in the following song carrying a message like those above the use of un-Santal-like metaphors in the manner of the new "great tradition."

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177 You want to reach the fruit,
178 Without effort you can't reach the higher fruit.
• 539 Make your mind hard!
668 Release your soul!
Be energetic with your body!
Then you shall reach the fruit which hangs high.

Other songs with Calypso-like Santal manner carry the message of Jharkhand, the necessity of maintaining distinctiveness, the moral-religious connection, and in some cases the new great-traditional style. Notice in particular the intermingling of these themes in these stanzas:

We are natives of this country,
Yet they are driving us out;
They are driving us from our birthplace.
Be learned, brother, be knowing, be a man.

Jai Pal Singh protects us against other castes.
Raghnath Murmu [the founder of a cultural organization] will make us learned and wise.

In the country of Dhalbhum the *Tamak* [a kind of drum] sounds.
In Hanuman's forest the Sakwa [a wild buffalo horn] sounds.
In the "aboriginal" land the deer are devouring the forest.
Sam and Supai [two Jharkhand candidates] sound the bell;
Come great Jai Pal and sound the *Sakwa* to drive the deer away.

For the man of today, *haeri haeri* [ai ai]
On a tree of trouble grows troubled fruit.
Because of sin the body is pained, *haeri haeri.*
Since we are poor we get only *matkom lathe* [a nearly inedible fruit from which the liquor *parua* is made].

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177 Millet we never get.
178 Day by day we starve and become desiccated, *haeri.*
Dirty grass huts, poverty, and sickness cause us to moan, *haeri.*
• 539 Continuous sickness follows us all our life.
668 Who will cure this?

Maraṅ Buru is like an *ojha* [medicine man in Santali and Hindi]
He will end this sickness.
Let us drive out this evil by applying our intelligence.
Let us drive it out with our sacred prayers.
This religion will wipe away the sin.
With the help of religion let us bid this evil go.
Then we will obtain heaven's reward, god-given love and joy.
Through religion the poverty and sickness of hell will vanish.

This last song in particular is interspersed with Oriya and [771] Sanskritic words. It also introduces heaven and hell, neither of which has a place in the traditional religion; but Maraṅ Buru, the tribal deity of the Santal, retains his place, and leaders of the Jharkhand political movement are prominent.

The shame which the elite leaders feel for the traditional "pleasure" orientation is expressed in the following song:

After drinking rice beer,
After getting drunk,
A man walks with his *dhoti* falling to the ground.
Seeing all these bad things the aboriginal brother becomes sorrowful.

177 There are several reasons why the traditional "pleasure"
178 orientation is opposed. As already suggested, it is an attribute
181 of low status in the prevailing system of caste ranking, and
668 the elite have internalized a distaste for it, especially for its

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668 up by being an ecstatic religious teacher known widely for his curing powers.

192 668 776 792 In the words of Esteemed Guru (*Guru Gomke*), a title conferred upon Ragnath Murmu by Jai Pal Singh, who is himself called Great Esteemed One (*Maran Gomke*), the purpose of Semlet' "is to teach the people to live peaceably with belief in the deities." The Guru has had some success in spreading the notion that Dhormo is the one all-embracing deity of which all others are a part, a theory like that of Vedantic monism. The socially centrifugal tendency of such a theory is, however, ingeniously mitigated by deriving the word Dhormo from the Santali terms, *doho* = to protect, *Hor* = a way, and *om* = to capture; hence "where there is a way of salvation" (salvation = *mafti*; Hindi). Thus the Guru makes *Dhormo*, a deity often worshipped along with the traditional ones, a Santal one after all. There is no end to the Guru's linguistic derivations of this variety, the scope of which is indicated by his derivation of Sanskrit from Proto-Mundari on the basis of structural similarities. Indeed, he argues that "many believe Valmiki Risi himself to have been a Santal."

539 668 792 The Guru has written a very long epic-heroic play, *Kherwar Bir*, which serves as a Santal equivalent of the Mahābhārata. The word *Kherwar* is an heroic designation for Santal; *Bir* means forest in Santali. The essence of the plot is that the Santal, then known as Kherwar and the possessors of a great kingdom, lose a war with a people who have the attributes of Hindus, the victors taking many members of the royal family prisoner. The Guru deftly reverses the usual Hindu pattern by having the Santals' opponents be cannibals prepared to eat their Santal prisoners. Fortunately, a young Kherwar prince, following the call of duty in spite of great danger, succeeds in

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668 both rescuing the prisoners and defeating the enemy. This play
792 is both a parable about duty, and, like the old myth of the
539 caste functions of the clans, a charter for present independence. In addition, the existence of such a written epic raises the rank value of Santal culture; to hear Santal praise the play is to erase all doubts about the significance of this objective. The historicity of the play is provided with archaeological support by sophisticated Santal who note that an abandoned old fort far to the north was probably the seat of the old kingdom. Less sophisticated Santal remark that the Guru did not make up the play, but that it was the result of revelation preceded by meditation, fasting, etc.

212 It is also the Guru who created the original Santal script.
668 Numerous booklets explaining it have been distributed, and
792 there are many Santal, particularly among the industrial workers, who can read it. Formerly all Santali writing was in Nagari, Bengali, or Roman script as developed by the missionaries. Wherever there are large gatherings today, Santal may be seen reading particularly the words to new songs in the new script. The connection of the script with solidarity is obvious to all; the Guru reports that he was asked by the former Mahārājā of Mayurbhanj to cease propagating the script because it was divisive; he claims to have replied that he would gladly do so if the Mahārājā would see to it that the Oriya script was also abandoned.

536 Several drama clubs have sprung up to perform *Kherwar*
668 *Bir* and some other recent plays. One particularly interesting one is called *Olong*, or "Fate" (*Olong* = fate, Oriya) and concerns the schism between rich and poor. It urges magnanimity on the former and curtailment of "envy" and "pleasure" on the latter.

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538 668 The great task that Semlet' hopes soon to undertake, and for which money is being collected, is to provide an authoritative text of Santal tradition written in the new script. At periodic Semlet' meetings one may observe eloquent representations of the cultural movement and its intimate connection with solidarity and the political rank path.

178 539 668 782 In place of traditional prayers such as: "Greetings, *Marañ Buru*; in the name of this festival I offer you so do not allow any sickness, headache, or stomach ache to come. We give to you that we may remain in good health," one hears prayers more in keeping with an emergent "Great Tradition" such as the following: "Greetings, *Marañ Buru*; be kind enough and pleased to accept my bowing and greeting. I prostrate myself before you and direct my attention to you. Come down as the wind and fly like a storm. Guide me in the path of righteousness. I bow down in all directions."

668 539 771 The following excerpts from typical speeches at Semlet' meetings give an "inside view" of the cultural movement and its social significance:

> In one village people stopped worshipping in the Sacred Grove and began to follow a Hindu sect which makes no offerings but only prays. Within three years they fell ill in every house. . . . Some "medicine man" from another village told them it is because you stopped worshipping in the Sacred Grove, so they returned to their old ways. Other people's religions will not make us strong. We should worship properly, then we can raise our religion so many will respect it.
>
> In ancient times it was said, and our "aboriginal" leaders also say, Sarna is our religion. The *diku* say our religion is Hindu. Then

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what is our religion? If we celebrate with Hindus then we will soon be marrying them.

We will search out our traditions and publish our "precepts" [*bidhan* = precepts; Hindi]. . . . Many people are ashamed to "*Johar*" [a Santal greeting used for both persons and deities] at the Sacred Grove for fear the *dikus* will see. If we do not believe in our religion we will become Hindu or Christian. Now the *dikus* are trying to lure us away from our religion, so we must follow our Semlet' and all Santal will follow. We have to raise ourselves by religion and worshipping at the Sacred Grove. If we do not raise and support our religion we shall not progress in the "socio-political" [*somaj rajnita*; Hindi] sphere. This Semlet' is not different than the traditional religion. In the village of X, 300 people gathered for Semlet'; at that time an SDO [Sub-Divisional Officer] also came and that *diku* said, "this religion is not bad, it is a good thing."

Now we should rise like other people. The traditional religion is good but now we are following others' religion. We have no feeling for our caste and religion and that is why others are in high positions. If we have no unity and organization then others will have no respect for our caste. . . . Bihar police arrested twelve men for religious work. Now also they don't allow us to do religious work, but we must maintain our cow sacrifice at the Sacred Grove. Literacy and knowledge can help maintain our religion. When we spoke with the police who arrested the Santal they asked us for a written record of our religion. Then I said you can go village to village and ask people. Others drive hundreds and hundreds of cattle down the road and slaughter them and the police don't stop them. We sacrifice a cow every five years. This is our religion offering to Cando. . . . Other people try to destroy our religion but nobody should destroy any religion. I have seen in the constitution of India in the 25th chapter that no one shall be allowed to destroy a re-

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668 • 539 771 ligion. . . . Some literate people also are leading us in a bad direction. In eating and clothing we often follow the *diku* way; we are departing from the way of our own society.

177 178 796 The final cultural manifestation to be discussed brings us back to the Durga Puja anecdote with which this chapter began. In the spirit of solidarity every effort is being made to prevent attendance at and participation in Hindu ceremonies. One of the dangers inherent in attendance and participation is the emulation of Hindu ways and the development of Hindu identification. The second danger stems from the manner of Santal participation, i.e., the Santal tendency to engage in mixed dancing, to become drunk, and in general to publicly display those forms of "pleasure" which are the attributes of low rank. The third danger bears a resemblance to the objection voiced by the city Santal, Mr. F., that the Santal are cheated by the clever *dikus*. No doubt there is some cheating, but what is really objectionable is that on such occasions considerable money is spent on "pleasure" and is thus not available for the serious business of rank improvement.

184 668 796 A more positive attempt to increase solidarity is the recent effort to get all Santal villages to celebrate their festivals simultaneously and to set the dates for such occasions so that they will not coincide with Hindu ceremonies. This effort has had a limited success in Mayurbhanj but has not been adopted generally because (1) the traditionally important visiting and reciprocity made possible by non-simultaneous ceremonies would have to be sacrificed, and (2) industrial workers now attending those of their own festivals which are held at the same time as Hindu ones on "free time" (permissible leave periods during which they are paid) would have to take leave without pay or forego all ceremonies. In principle, however,

[p. 3]

I. THE ANCESTORS' STORY

As the old Kolean has told it.

Towards the rising of the sun (the East) was the birth of man. At first there was only water, and under the water there was earth. Then Ṭhạkur[1]-Jiu created the beings that live in water, the crab, the crocodile, the alligator, the raghọṗ boaṛ fish, the sọlẹ prawn, the earthworm, the tortoise and others. 539

Thereupon Ṭhạkur said: "Whom shall I now make? I will make man". Then he decided to make two of earth. He had just finished making the two; then when he was going to give them souls (life) the Day-horse[2] came down from above, trampled them to pieces and left. Thakur became awfully grieved by this.

Then Ṭhạkur said: "I will not make them of earth; I shall make birds". Then he made the two Hās Hạ̄sil birds[3] pulling (the material) off from his breast. He placed them on his hand; they were looking very beautiful. Thereupon he breathed on them, and they at once became alive and flew upwards. They moved about flying, but as they could not find a place to alight anywhere, they therefore always alighted on Ṭhạkur's hand. Then the Day-horse came down along the gossamer thread to drink water. When he was drinking water he spilt some froth of his mouth and left. It floated on the water; thereby foam was formed on the water.

Ṭhạkur then said to the two birds: "Do alight on the froth". They did so. When they had alighted they moved about over the whole sea, the froth carrying them along like a boat. Then they implored Ṭhạkur: "We are moving about, that is so, but we do not find any food".

Then Ṭhạkur-Jiu called the alligator: he came; and the alligator said to Ṭhạkur: "Why did you call me, Ṭhạkur?" Ṭhạkur said to him: "Would you be willing to bring up earth?" The alligator answered him: "If you tell me to do so, I might bring it up". Then having gone down in the water he was working bringing up earth; all was dissolved.

Thereupon Ṭhạkur called the prawn. He came. Having come he said to Ṭhạkur: "Why did you call me, Ṭhạkur?" Ṭhạkur said to him: "Would you be willing to bring up earth?" The prawn answered him: "If you tell me to do so, I might bring it up". Then

[1] St. 'the Lord'. [2] The Siṅ sadọm is mentioned only here and once below. Santals will connect the name with the sun. [3] Hās is the Hindi name for goose or swan; hạ̄sil is the female. Other Muṇḍā peoples have a similar story; the Muṇḍās have only one egg, out of which both the first human beings were hatched.

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• 539 he went down in the water; having gone down he worked bringing it up in his claws; all the earth was dissolved.

Thereupon Ṭhąkur called the raghoṗ boar fish[4]. He came. Having come he said to Ṭhąkur: "Why did you call me, Ṭhąkur?" Ṭhąkur said to him: "Would you be willing to bring up earth?" The raghoṗ boar fish answered him: "If you tell me to do so, I might bring it up". Then having gone down in the water he bit (the earth); he was bringing some of it in his mouth and some on his back; all the earth was dissolved. Since that time the boar fishes have no scales on their body.

Thereupon Ṭhąkur called the stone-crab. He came. Having come he said to Ṭhąkur: "Why have you called me, Ṭhąkur?" Ṭhąkur said to him: "Would you be willing to bring up earth?" The crab answered Ṭhąkur: "If you tell me to do so, I might bring it up". Then having gone down in the water he worked bringing it up in his claws; all the earth was dissolved.

Thereupon Ṭhąkur called the earthworm. He came. Having come he said to Ṭhąkur: "Why did you call me, Ṭhąkur?" Ṭhąkur said to him: "Would you be willing to bring up earth?" The earthworm answered Ṭhąkur: "If you tell me to do so, I might bring it up, provided the tortoise stands on the water".

Thereupon Ṭhąkur called the tortoise. He came. Having come he said to Ṭhąkur: "Why have you called me, Ṭhąkur?" Ṭhąkur said to him: "No one is able to bring the earth up. The earthworm has promised to bring it up, provided you will stand on the water". The tortoise answered Ṭhąkur: "If you tell me to do so, I might stand. Then he stood on the water. When he had taken his stand there Ṭhąkur chained his four legs in the four directions. The tortoise became immovably quiet on the water. Then the earthworm went down to bring up the earth; he reached the earth. Now he had put his tail on the back of the tortoise, and with his mouth down below he is eating earth, and this he brings out on the back of the tortoise. Then it was spread out and fixed like a hard film. He continued to bring up earth; he brought up enough for the whole earth.[5] Then he stopped.

Thereupon Ṭhąkur caused the earth to be harrowed level. By continual harrowing some was heaped up on the implements; this became mountains. Then when the earth had been brought up and levelled, the foam that was floating on the surface of the water stuck to the earth, and as Ṭhąkur sowed sirom seed[6] on this foam the sirom plant sprang up first (before all other plants). After this he let the dhubi grass[7] be sown and come up; after this the karam tree[8], thereupon the tope sarjom, the labar atnaĸ, the laḍea matkom[9], and after this all kinds of vegetation. The earth became firm. In all places

[825 137 193]

[4] The Santals know a fish called so; this is the Silurus glanis. I know no English name. [5] The foreign influence in the story seems here evident. [6] Sirom is Andropogon muricatus, Retz. [7] The dhubi grass, Cynodon dactylon, Pers. [8] Adina cordifolia, Hook. f. & B. [9] Sarjom is Shorea robusta, Gaertn.; the prefixed tope is used in the meaning of "cut off", or, "short"; atnaĸ is Terminalia tomentosa, W. & A.; labar means "highly coloured". Matkom is Bauhinia Vahlii, Roth.; laḍea means "crooked", or, "bent".

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where there was water, there he let sods be put, and in all places where water was bubbling up, there he let it be closed up by pressing pieces of rock down on it.

Thereupon, having made a nest in a clump of the sirom plants, the two birds laid two eggs. The female bird would sit on the eggs, and the male bird would find and bring food. Keeping on in this way they hatched the eggs: O mother! two human beings were born, one boy and one girl. Then both of them sang:

O dear dear, on the sea,
O dear dear, these two human beings,
O dear dear, have been brought into the world,
O dear dear, these two human beings,
O dear dear, where are they to be put?

O dear dear, you two please tell him,
O dear dear, the great Ṭhākur Jiu,
O dear dear, the two have been brought into the world,
O dear dear, these two human beings,
O dear dear, where are they to be put?

So they implored Ṭhākur saying: "How shall we two support these two human beings?" Ṭhākur gave them some cotton and said to them: "Whatever you two eat, press the juice out of these things and make a place on the cotton wet therewith, and put this into their mouths to suck." By sucking and getting food in this way they grew and commenced to walk. But as they were growing the anxiety of the two birds increased, viz., where they should put the two when they grew up.

So they besought Ṭhākur, and he said to them: "Do fly round and find for us a place for them to stay. Then they flew towards the setting of the sun; they discovered Hihiṛi Pipiṛi. Having returned they told Ṭhākur of this. He said to them: "Do take them there". Then they took them along carrying them on their backs. They put them down and left them there. What became of Hāṛ Hāṛil, this the ancestors of old have not told us; therefore we do not know.

The names of these two human beings were Haṛam and Ayo[10]. Some people call them Pilcu Haṛam and Pilcu Buḍhi[11]. There in Hihiṛi Pipiṛi they grew up eating the grain of the sumtu bukuḍ grass and the ears of the sama grass[12]. They had no clothes, they were both naked; still they felt no shame, and they lived in great peace.

[10] Haṛam is the common word for an old or elderly man; Ayo means in Santali "mother", a word borrowed from an Aryan language. [11] Pilcu haṛam and Pilcu buḍhi are the common designations of the first parents. Haṛam is explained above; buḍhi is the common word for an older, especially married woman; pilcu means "small, tiny". Buḍhi is an Aryan word. [12] The sumtu bukuḍ grass is Rhynchospora aegyptiaca, Pers., and sama grass Panicum colonum, L.

[192] [177] [137]

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• 539 One day Liṭṣ[13] came to them and said to them: "Where are you, grandchildren? How are you? I am your grandfather; I have come to pay you a visit. I see you are well; but there is one great joy that you have not tasted. Do brew beer, it has a very sweet taste". Then he taught them to prepare the fermenting stuff. All three went to the forest. Liṭṣ showed them the roots. The two dug up and brought these. When they had brought them Liṭṣ said to Pilcu Buḍhi: "Now you make the rice wet for us". She did so. Having made it wet s'e pounded it into flour; they jabbed the "medicine" (fermenting stuff), they squeezed it and kneaded the flour with the "medicine"-juice; having kneaded it into a dough they made balls of it; having made the balls they put these into a basket together with straw and put this aside. When next day came, at the time they had made the balls, at the same time they uncovered them; having done this they threw the straw away and spread (the balls) out on a winnowing-fan; spread out there the balls became dry, and they put them aside. When this was done they gathered the sumtu bukuḍ and sama ears and pounded them. They boiled the grain and thereupon let it cool; when cooled they kneaded the fermenting stuff into it; thereupon having assembled all they covered it up in leaves and kept it there. In five days the fermentation was complete. In the afternoon they poured water on it. Then Liṭṣ said to them: "Now both of you drink this after first havin, poured on the ground some to Marañ buru. To-morrow I shall come again and visit you".

Thereupon they made three leaf-cups and filled these; having done this they poured on the ground the contents of one in the name of Marañ buru; then they drank themselves. When they were drinking, they commenced to toy amorously; continuing this they both drank all and also became very drunk. It became night, they lay down together.

When it became dawn Liṭṣ suddenly came. He called out to them: "How is it, grandchildren, have you got up or not? Do come out". When they had regained consciousness they recognized that they were both naked and felt very ashamed; therefore they answered him: "O grandfather, how can we possibly go out; we are awfully ashamed; we are both of us naked; last night when we had become drunk from beer, we have done something bad".

Liṭṣ then said to them: "It does not matter". And smiling to himself he went away. To cover their shame Pilcu Haṛam and Pilcu Buḍhi made a skirt and a loin-cloth for themselves of ficus-leaves. Now they got children, seven boys and seven girls. The name of the eldest boy was Saṇḍra, the one following him was Saṇḍhom, the one after him was Care, the one following him was Mane, and the youngest one was Acaredelhu. The eldest girl was Chiṭṣ, the following Kṣpu, the one after her was Hisi, and one was Ḍumni. We have forgotten the names of the others.

[776 192]

[13] Liṭṣ is said to be the real name of the principal beings of the fantasie, always referred to as Marañ buru, lit., the great mountain. Liṭṣ at, the name for a rainbow.

So they lived on; living on they grew up and became big. Haṛam on his side was in the habit of going with the boys to hunt in one direction, and in another direction Buḍhi on her side was going with the girls to pluck and bring vegetables and leaves, and when it became evening they used to come together at home. One day the young men went to Khaṇḍerae forest to hunt by themselves alone, and the girls also had gone alone to Sūṛūkuć[14] forest to pluck vegetables. When they had finished doing this, they came out at the foot of the Capakiạ Fig tree[15] and were playing swinging on the pendulous roots of the Fig tree. Thereupon they shifted and commenced to dance ḍahar[16] and sang: 539

The ants, the ants swarm, O mother,
On the lower branches of the Capakiạ Fig tree they swarm.

Having become tired from hunting the young men were coming out of the forest bringing a boi bindi deer[17] with them. Hearing the singing of the girls they said: "Listen you, who are singing?" Then they left the deer there and went to the girls and commenced to dance with them. Dancing along they became delighted. The eldest young man chose for himself the eldest girl and the youngest boy the youngest girl, and in this way all of them did. Thereupon the eldest young man and the eldest girl went to have a look at the deer. At that time the other ones sang:

Along under the Fig tree to the young deer,
O mother, quick to see the young boi bindi deer.

Then all of them became pairs of their own accord. Having observed this Haṛam and Buḍhi said: "They have found each other, we shall marry them". Then they (two) built a house; in this they made seven rooms; when this was ready, they brewed beer; having done this all of them drank; when they had drunk, Haṛam and Buḍhi put them, one pair in each of the seven rooms, the eldest young man with the eldest girl, the youngest boy with the youngest girl, in this way all of them. In this way their marriages were performed.

After this all of them got children. They were growing up. Then Haṛam and Buḍhi said: "When there were no others, we two joined and became a pair and brought forth and multiplied them, seven boys and seven girls, and these children we have also married, brothers and sisters; but these we two shall make into septs; let no brothers and sisters be married". Then they divided them into septs. The eldest boy became Hāsdak̄, the one following him Murmu, the next Kisku, the one after him Hẹmbrọm, the one following him Mạṛṇḍi, the one after him Sọrẹn, and the one following him Ṭuḍu. Then they said to them: "Join them together in marriage in this way: don't marry them with one of their

[14] The forest names probably refer to the names of the trees there. Khaṇḍerae is the name of a bush known in Muṇḍari, but not any more in Santali; sūṛūkuć is Salix tetrasperma, Roxb., common in the Santal country. [15] Ficus tomentosa, L. [16] Ḍahar, a cart-track, a road, also the name of a certain Santal dance. [17] A mythical unknown deer.

[137] [192]

539 own sept. The bride may be of any sept, provided the young man is of a different one". Then they lived on; living in this way a very long time passed, and they multiplied exceedingly.

Thereupon they went to Khọj kaman[13]. Living there mankind became very bad, they became like buffaloes and buffalo-cows, they did not respect each other. Seeing all this Ṭhạkur became very angry, and he firmly made up his mind to destroy mankind, if they did not return to him. So he called them to come: "Come, mankind, come back to me". But they did not heed his word. Therefore Ṭhạkur called to him whether it was Pilcu Haṛam and Pilcu Buḍhi or another holy pair (some people say that Pilcu Haṛam and Pilcu Buḍhi died in Hihiṛi Pipiṛi) and said to them: "Mankind does not listen to my word; therefore I will make an end of them. But you two go into the cave in the Harata mountain; there you two will be saved".

These two listened to (obeyed) Ṭhạkur's word. They went into the mountain cave. When they had gone in there, for seven days and seven nights Ṭhạkur let fire-rain (some gurus say, sky-rain) stream down from the sky and destroyed mankind and animals, every one of them, only the two who were in the Harata mountain cave were saved and left alive. About this they sing:

Seven days seven nights fire-rain,
Seven days seven nights uninterruptedly,
Where were you, you two human beings?
Where did you two find shelter?

It is there, it is there the Harata,
It is there, it is there the mountain-cave;
There we were we two,
There we two found shelter.

Then it cleared up; when it had cleared up the two human beings were coming out from the cave; then they saw a buffalo-cow that had fallen down there. Thereupon they found a cow; this one was pressed down under a halfburnt big log; one side of the cow was burnt and stripped off, and one side was whole. They sing:

Glowing cinders, the cow fell under the log,
Pulverized ashes, the fallen down buffalo cow.

[173] [184] [13] Some gurus mention a number of different countries where the ancestors stayed for "who knows for how many years" (as they express themselves). From Hihiṛi Pipiṛi they went to Hohoro Bombore (also called Haharo Bambaro, by some); from there to Ayaro Payaro, then to Jhạl daẓ (lit., long water); from there to Dudumul, and then to Aero Kaeṇḍe; from there to Haradata and then to Khọj kaman. Some gurus do not mention Jhạl daẓ and enumerate from Dudumul to Ajodana, thereupon to Haradata, to Khọjkanọl, thereupon to Sasaṅ boḍa and then to Aero Kaeṇḍe; from there to Jạrpi and from this country to Cae Campa. Again others mention the countries in the following order: Ayaro Payaro, Dudumul, Ajodana, Jhạl daẓ, Aero Kaeṇḍe, Haradata, Khọj kamọl and through Toṛe Pokhori Baha Bandela to Cae Campa.

And they found, who knows which other animals. When they had come out from the cave, Ṭhakur gave them clothes. They made themselves a home near the foot of the Harata mountain. They lived and got children. They multiplied very much. 539

Thereupon they went from Harata to a very large plain called Sasaṅ beḍa[19]. There they stayed for a long time. There they became tribes. Haṛam and Buḍhi divided them into septs like the septs of old, viz., Hāsdaḵ, Murmu, Kisku, Hǫmbrǫm, Mạrṇḍi, Sǫrǫn and Ṭuḍu. Besides these original septs they made five more, viz., Baske, Besra, Pậuriạ, Cǭrǭ and one sept that has been lost, they were called Bedea[20]. They sing:

In Hihiṛi Pipiṛi we were born,
In Khǫj kaman we were called for,
In Harata we grew up,
In Sasaṅ Beḍa we became septs.

After they had been divided into septs in Sasaṅ beḍa the ancient ancestors came to the Jạrpi country. While living there, for some cause or other they became unable to stay, and they were coming along through forest after forest. Then they reached a high mountain. Wandering along they became exhausted by again and again trying to find a way to cross. As they were unable to find this they said: "The spirit of this mountain has doubtlessly blocked the way; come, let us make a vow, that he may let us pass through". Thereupon they made a vow to him, viz., "O Maraṅ buru (O Big mountain), if thou lettest us pass through, we shall worship thee when we shall have found a country (to stay in)". O mother, a short while afterwards they suddenly at morning time found a way to pass across, and they saw it, the sun rising as soon as it became morning[21]; otherwise when they had again and again been trying to find a way to cross, the sun had been rising only late. This pass they called Siṅ duạr (the Day, or Sun, and door, or pass; may also mean the shut door). There is a song about this:

From the Jạrpi country I,
Through Siṅ duạr, Bậih duạr
The people of the country have come out.

Then they were passing through, who knows how long a time it took. Having come out from the Bậih duạr[22] they found the Aere country. Having stayed there they moved to the Kaeṇḍe country. Having lived in the Kaeṇḍe country, for some cause or other they came to the Cae country. There the people stayed for a very long time and greatly multiplied. But there also they were unable to remain; therefore they came running

[19] Sasaṅ turmeric, Curcuma longa, Roxb., and beḍa a level stretch of land along a river. [20] Cf. Santal Dictionary s. v. pạria. [21] The description presupposes that they were on the western side of a long range of high mountains. No mountain range in India would seem to justify a description like that here given. [22] Siṅ duạr is the entrance and Bậih duạr the eastern end of the pass. [823]

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539 (migrated) to the seven-river land Campa[23]. There were two passes, one Cae pass and the other the Campa pass.

In Campa they built a great many forts in order to ensure that enemies should not be able to overcome them. One was the Khairi fort; this was the fort of the Hembrom people; one was the Koonda fort; this belonged to the Kisku people. One was the Campa fort; this belonged to the Murmus. One was the Badoli fort; this belonged to the Marndis; and one was the Sim fort; this belonged to the Tudu people. There were still other forts; but we have forgotten the names.

In Campa we stayed for ages, and there we were a great people. At that time we were not subordinate to anybody. The "kings" (rulers) were persons of the Kisku sept. The Murmus were from olden times our priests; we call them Murmu Thakur. The Soronas were peons; they were fighters. The Hembromas were the nobility, the Marndis were the wealthy class, and the Tudus were drumming the dancing- and the kettle-drums, and they were making all kinds of things of iron. The Baske people were buying and selling (merchants). What special work those belonging to the remaining septs had, we do not remember.

Having settled in Campa they placed Maraň buru, the Five-Six and the Jahgr era[24] in a sacred grove at the end of the village-street and were worshipping them. The Day-spirit they worshipped at sun-rise every fifth year.

Our ancestors of old have, people say, told, that in olden times, when Ram raja was living, at that time all Kharwar people went with him to Loňka (Ceylon) and helped him to vanquish Rabona raja; for this reason from then on for a very long time we had no fighting or anything of this kind with the Dekos[25]. They were living in the plains and we in the forests and on the hills. But afterwards we got very much fighting with the Dekos; until this day we have no happy relations with them. As soon as we have cleared the jungle in any country, the Dekos come and rob us of it. Still if the Sahibs[26] nowadays did not help them, we should soon drive them to the other side of the Ganges. At the time of the insurrection[27] we had intended to make the Ganges our boundary; but

[823] [114] [778] [829] [671] [175] [669]

[23] It is not possible with any certainty to identify the countries mentioned. Skrefsrud thought that the expression "the country of the seven rivers" might be identified with the present Punjab. Others will identify Cae Campa with the country to the northwest of the present Chota Nagpur. As regards the last mentioned, the same name might have reference to two different countries. [24] lit. The Lady of the Sacred Grove. Every Santal village is to have a sacred grove (jahgr) in its vicinity, where possible, a part of the original forest, consisting of sal-trees and at least one Mahua tree. More further on. [25] Dako is the name used by the Santals for a non-Santal of the better class, especially Hindus. A Mohammedan will not be so called, if he is recognized as a Mohammedan. [26] i.e., the European courts. The Santal's ideas of justice are not regulated by written laws. [27] The Santal insurrection of 1855, was not aimed against the Government of the day, but was a misguided attempt to get rid of the money-lenders. The Government naturally had to intervene. This insurrection marks the beginning of a new era for the Santals, according to their own estimation in many ways a beginning of deterioration. The causes of the insurrection have in an anthology.

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(what could we do) when the Europeans helped them. In olden times we had possession of the country on both sides of the Ganges river. They sing:

The Ganges river became full,
The Soṛa river became overflowing:
Do, my parakeet, come back.

Seeing whom shall I come back?
In my companion my soul is,
In my comrade my breath is.

•

My elder sister, my devotee,
The Ganges river is full to its banks.
My elder sister, my devotee,
The Soṛa river is overflowing.

My elder sister, my devotee,
We two will weave a net of thread;
My elder sister, my devotee,
We two will knit a four-cornered net.

My elder sister, my devotee,
We two will catch in the net a large prawn;
My elder sister, my devotee,
We two will drag in with the hand-net a young maṅgri fish[28].

Having fought with the Dekos in Campa we were vanquished; they took the Campa fort. Thereafter we gained the victory and took our fort back. At that time the two Deko brothers talked with their sister:

My elder brothers, Indaṇ Siṅ, Mandan Siṅ,
My elder brothers, we have lost the Campa fort;
My younger sister, don't cry, don't grieve,
My younger sister, we shall sell our wristlets,
My younger sister, we shall sell our golden ear-rings,
My younger sister, in any case we shall get the Campa fort back.

We ourselves also were fighting and were killing each other. They sing:

Get up, get up, do get up, my companion,
Be watchful, be watchful, do be watchful, my companion,
The Koṇḍa people are cutting and killing each other.

[28] A common fish, Clarias batrachus.

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Get up, get up, do get up, my companion,
Be watchful, be watchful, do be watchful, my companion.
The Badoli people are hitting and killing each other.

For what purpose are they cutting each other, my companion,
For what purpose are they killing each other, my companion,
For what purpose are they hitting and killing each other, my companion?

For the sake of a boundary they are cutting each other, my companion,
For the sake of a landmark they are killing each other, my companion,
For the sake of a landmark they are hitting and killing each other.

Up to Campa we and the Muṇḍas, the Birhor, the Kurmbis and others were called by the name of Kharwar[29]. The Birhor were outcasted because they for some cause or other ate Hanuman monkeys. Also the Muṇḍas separated themselves there, and the Kurmbis gradually became somewhat like Dekos. Some Kharwars joined in marriage with the Dekos called Siñ[30]; therefore their descendants became Siñs. Up to the present time these Siñs are landlords in the old country. Also among the Birhor some became Siñs. Among these also until to-day some are landlords in the old country. In olden times, people tell, one Siñ had illicit intercourse with a daughter of a Kisku king, and the girl bore the child out of wedlock and threw it away in the forest. Some wealthy Maṛṇḍis picked this child up and brought it home with them. The child grew up with them, and they named him Mandǫ Siñ. When this boy grew into maturity he became a great and valiant man; as regards intellect or fighting strength, nobody was able to compete with him. He became divan[31] with a Kisku 'king'. One day he said to the king: 'Please, find a bride for me'. Having called the council together the king asked them; but nobody would give him, this bastard, a girl to be his wife.

Because of this Mandǫ Siñ became very angry; he said: 'If you will not give me a daughter to be my wife, I shall forcibly apply sindur to every girl of yours and defile them'. Having heard this the people of the country became awfully afraid and said: 'Come along, let us run away'. At that time most of them fled; only a few people remained, because they coveted property.

Some people say, it is told, that this Mandǫ Siñ or some other Siñ was a friend of the Muslims. They fought so fiercely, it is told, with our ancestors, that the sun was shadowed by the shooting of arrows, and when at sun-rise it became light again, the Muslims were angry and said: 'Which fellow is it who is coming, a fellow more mighty than we, come,

[192]
[829]

[29] Kherwar is nowadays the more common pronunciation. Some present-day Santals who have wanted to effect a kind of reformation have styled themselves Kherwars. [30] Possibly Rājputs. Siñ means a lion; Pahariyas and many Bhūiyas in the Santal Parganas like to style themselves Siñ. [31] Minister, General manager.

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let us cut him down!" Then they mounted on each others' shoulders to reach him; but he kicked them, so that they fell down — thud thud. From that time the Muslims have no hair on their head; they have only a chin-beard. We feel more angry with the Muslims and abhor them more than all other races. 539

From Campa the ancestors fled to Toṛe Pokhori Baha Bandela[32]. There they stayed for a very long time. Somehow or other also the Dekos entered the open country there in great numbers. Then the country-people came together at the foot of the tope sarjǫm, labaṛ atnaḱ, the bent Mahua tree; having spread out Lotus-leaves (to sit on) and drinking the water of the Kęrę spring, they, whether for twelve years or for twelve days, legislated and ruled, viz., from this day, when we have ceremonies in connexion with birth, with the giving of full social rights, with marriage and wedlock, with dying and death, we shall act and follow such and such customs. There our ancestors, who knows for what reason, upset the rules of the ancient ancestors. Much was mixed up for us with what the Dekos have. In a former age our ancient ancestors did not cremate their dead ones, nor did they take them to the river; they buried them. At marriages they did not apply sindur to the bride either. All this we have learnt from the Dekos[33].

Then they broke up from there and passed through Toṛe Pokhori Baha Bandela, who knows whether along the embankment or over the Lotus-leaves, and came up at the foot of the Icąḱ tree[34], that is to say, the men, and the women came up at the foot of the Mahua tree. Then they saw that neither had had their foot-soles wetted, nor had the Lotus-leaves been broken; therefore they said: "We have ruled well; let these very rules and customs remain ours for ever and always." They remained there for a very long time.

Then they fled from there also, who knows for what reason. Some people say, because they feared the Muslims. As they passed along they came to the Bąṛi baḍwaḱ forest. No one was willing to go in there in front of the others; therefore they said: "We shall no one go in front of the others, we shall go in a row beside each other." Then they would cross the forest. At the Jona Jospur plain they came out and gathered there; and they asked each other: "How is it, have we all come through and out or not?" There also they tried to remain; they were in no way able to stay; therefore they went to Khaspal Belaońja. Whilst living there they were scattered, some to Sir, some to Sikhąr[35] and some to Nagpur. From that time we have mostly been under the Dekos. Only the Kharwars and Birhǫṛ who have joined in marriage with Dekos have landlords of their own; as for us we have lost the name of Kharwar, who knows why. Some people say

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[32] The place mentioned is generally taken to be situated somewhere to the northwest of the sources of the Damuda river. The first part of the name seems to be that of a dug tank (pukhri). [33] That the Santals and their ancestors have introduced Hindu customs, adapted to their own needs and ideas, is easily ascertained. [34] Woodfordia floribunda, Salis. [35] Some of the places mentioned are probably in the present Chota Nagpur. Sir is said to be to the southwest of Sikhar, and this line in a southerly direction from Manbhum.

[823] [177] [137] [823]

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• 539 they have made us to be Santals, because we for a long time lived in the Sāt[36] country on the other side of Sikhạr.

We cleared all the forests of the Sikhạr king, and under him some of us became owners of many villages; but from there also the Dekos drove us away and took our sites and agricultural land. In Sikhạr we learnt from the king to celebrate the Chata festival[37].

From Sikhạr some of us came to Ṭuṇḍi[38]: Where shall we stay? — and a place there is nowhere. The ancestors had forbidden us: "Don't cross the Ajae river[39], and those who will cross, for them nip off at once even the child in the womb; for there is the country of the Muslims[40], the defiled country". But because of the difficulty of getting food we have come, we have not obeyed the words of the ancestors. Then we have gradually come to the Santal Parganas. We have come feeding and we exist like the silkworm. And some day we shall again go somewhere, who knows where. Some people have gone past Rajmahal to the other side of the Ganges. Who knows why Ṭhạkur is punishing us in this way.

Additional matters from other sources.

Kolean's report of the creation and the wanderings of the people ends here. As it may be of some ethnological interest, and also help to the proper valuation of the statements, some information derived from other sources follows, in literal translation.

One story of the creation begins as follows: The sons of man (i. e., the Santals) say, it is told, that at first this earth did not exist; it was sea, and it was dark; but the spirit of Isor (God) was flying round over the water, and Isor was alone. (The expressions used show that the narrator must have been in contact with Christians.) From heaven above, it is told, Isor came down along the gossamer thread to bathe; having bathed he again passed up along the same gossamer thread to heaven. It is told that Isor or Chando (the Sun) has no parents; and when the sun rises we call this to be born, and about the setting of the sun we say: Now he has entered the body of his mother; but the parents of Chando or Isor are sarag (heaven) and patal (the nether world). As he was coming down and passing up one day, some thought or other came to his mind; he had just put his clothes down and had had his bath. Then he created those that stay with him; he created Jọlmae rạni (the water-mother queen), Kạlibhañj rạni, Bintoriạ rạni, Jhimoli rạni (the earthworm queen) and several others that stay with him. Thereupon he created the Five-the Six, Jahẹr era (the Lady of the sacred grove), Gosāe era (the Goddess of the sacred grove), thereupon Marañ buru and Mahadeb to stay with him.

[131] [36] See Santal Dictionary, s. v. Santal. [37] See Santal Dictionary s. v. Chata. [38] In the Manbhum district. Kolean hailed from this part. [39] The Ajae river runs in a North and South direction through the western parts of the present Santal Parganas district. The majority of the Santal people now live East of this river. [40] The expression is intended to frighten the people and prevent them from crossing the river. As a matter of fact there were very few Muslims living in the country to the East of the Ajae.

When he afterwards came down to bathe and was sitting there rubbing himself, he rubbed out, who knows how much dirt from his collar-bone; he was pressing this with his fingers and of this he made two very beautiful birds and put them down near his clothes. When he had bathed he brought up with him a little water in the hollow of his hands and was sprinkling this on his clothes; some water was spattered also on the two birds, and this became their gift of life. They at once flew upwards. And, it is told, as he saw that they were very beautiful, he sang (in corrupt Bihari):

The Hās Hąsil birds are flapping their wings,
Up to heaven, father, they went,
:/: In the heavens they are strangely flying round. :/:

And, it is told, because he has told also us of this wonder, we sprinkle flour-water (refers to part of the ceremonies at the name-giving festival), and after this the midwife tells us the race and sept or country. When the two birds became tired of constantly flying, from high up they caught sight of Mahadeb floating on the water; then flying down they alighted on him, because they did not find any other place to alight on. Every day they alighted on him, and by constantly doing this they worried him, and by letting droppings fall on him they covered him with filth.

Then Mahadeb was thinking in his mind: Why did you, Ṭhąkur Jiu, make these two birds? Look here, by constantly alighting on me they have worried me, and by dropping dirt they have also covered me with filth. I shall at once tell Ṭhąkur Jiu this. He did so and said this to him. When Ṭhąkur Jiu heard this he said to Mahadeb: Wait, let them alight for a while and also let them drop filth; we shall first have a talk about these two. Then he called together those he had created first and told them all about the two birds. He said to them: Well, I have made these two birds; where shall we place them? for we have no place for them to stay. They then said: To give these two a place to stay we shall bring up earth. And they said: Well, whom shall we get hold of to bring up earth? Again they said: Who is master of the water? They said: Rąghu boaṛ (the same as raghoṕ boaṛ); they asked him and sent Marań buru to fetch him. Here they sing to a buąń melody:

O dear, dear, do go to him,
O dear, dear, to Rąghu boaṛ.
O dear, dear, he will bring up the earth,
O dear, dear, he will make the earth appear,
O dear, dear, he will bring up the earth.

Then Marań buru called and brought Rąghu boaṛ. They asked him: How is it, are you master of the water? He answered: Yes, I am. They asked him: Would you be willing to bring up the earth? He said: Yes, because if you tell me to do so, I might

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• 539 bring it up. Then, it is told, they decked him out like he was at first; when they had done this, he became very glad and started singing to a ṣọhrae melody:

Father, deck me out, Father, give me a cloth round my loins;
Father, like the large prawn, Father, let me become grand.

Then, it is told, the boar at once with a great display entered the water; who knows how far away the earth was, he went along and reached there and took some earth on his back. When he was carrying it up, all the earth was dissolved and flowed away. He brought only some dal (Panicum stagninum, L.); this they kept. They said to him: You were unable to bring up the earth. He answered: Quite so, Father, it has not been done through me. Then they asked him: Who is, besides you, a master of the water? He answered: The master of the water is the ṣọlẹ icẹ̄k̄ (a name for the large prawn). Then they sent Marañ buru to fetch him. Here follows a song like the first to a buạñ melody, only with ṣọlẹ icẹ̄k̄ for ṛaghu boar.

The prawn was brought, and now follow the same questions and answers. They then said to him: Come then, give up your head. For some reason or other they asked for and kept his head. The prawn entered the water, reached the earth, used his two claws, and took earth on his back; but it was all dissolved and flowed away; but in one claw he brought along the roots of the dhubi grass and in the other claw the roots of sirom. This they also kept. They asked the prawn: Above you who is master of the water? He answered: Above me is Ḍaṭọ kūṛ master of the water (Ḍaṭọ kūṛ, the crab prince, is another name for dhiri kaṭkọm and heard in karam binti). They did not give the prawn his head back; therefore prawns have no heads even nowadays.

Marañ buru was asked to fetch the crab, and here follow the same questions and answers, and the same result. In one claw the crab brought the root of the karam tree, in the other claw the root of the Lotus. They also asked for and kept his head; therefore crabs have no heads even nowadays. They asked him who was master of the water above him, and he named Kẹchim kūṛ (the Tortoise prince).

Marañ buru was sent and fetched him. (They sing the same as previously, only with Kẹchim kūṛ as the name.) When they asked him whether he would bring the earth up he answered: No, Father, I shall perhaps not be able to bring it up; but if somebody will bring it up I might keep it. Then they asked him who was master of the water above him, and he answered that it was Jhimoli. Marañ buru was sent to fetch her. (Again they sing the same song with Jhimoli named.)

When Marañ buru had brought Jhimoli ṛọni (the earthworm queen), and they asked her whether she would bring the earth up, she answered: Yes, I might bring it up, but who would keep it? They said to her: We have got a person who will keep it. Then these two took counsel together, and Jhimoli said: When I bring it up perhaps enemies will eat me?

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They arranged to prevent this; they made the stem of the Lotus hollow and made her enter into this; they made Kẹchim kũar lie on his stomach on the water of the sea and placed the posterior of Jhimoli on the back of the Tortoise. Jhimoli commenced to eat down in the water and was voiding excrements on the back of the Tortoise. She voided a tremendous heap. Then when Kẹchim kũar became tired of lying on his stomach, he suddenly moved, and all the earth was dissolved and flowed away. Then they said: Oh, Oh, the earth was brought up, but as the Tortoise did not remain standing, it was lost. And they said: Let us chain him. Then, it is told, Chando from somewhere brought a chain; they fixed an iron post and chained his four legs. The Tortoise then said: Don't chain all my four legs; let me have one leg free, so that I may scratch myself with it. They therefore let one leg be free. It is told, when Kẹchim kũar sometimes scratches himself, the earth is moved. They tethered the Tortoise to the iron post, and as the Earthworm again ate earth she voided excrements on the back of the Tortoise, and this time the earth remained there.

When the earth had been brought up, they yoked the bull and the cock together to level it. They harrowed it level, and where here and there rubbish remained, these places became mountains or hills.

In the earth which was brought up they sowed grass and planted the root of the karam tree, and they arranged a garden to plant different things, fruits of all kinds and trees. Among all the trees the karam at once became very high, and when the Hãs Hẹsil birds saw this they left Mahadeb, flew to the karam and alighted there. They found their food in pools, but came to the karam to rest.

As time passed they had intercourse with each other and found a clump of sirom grass to lay their eggs. Having made their nest in the clump of the sirom grass they got two eggs. As they were sitting on these they became fecundated, and a voice was heard from their inside. Being frightened by this the two birds left off sitting on the eggs. Marañ buru then said to them: As you know, I saw that you had laid eggs there; why are you not sitting on them? They told him: We were sitting on the eggs; but there is a kind of sound in them; fearing this we are not sitting. Marañ buru then said: Well then, come along, we shall hear whether you are telling me the truth or not. Then they all went there and listened. The voice was like this (a song, buṣũ melody):

O dear, dear, in the sea,
O dear, dear, dal grass came into existence.
O dear, dear, on the dal grass,
O dear, dear, sirom came into existence;
O dear, dear, on the sirom,
O dear, dear, the Hãs Hẹsil birds are making a nest.

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539 When Marañ buru heard this he said to them: O, don't be afraid of this; sit diligently on the eggs, you two. And by their continued sitting on the eggs two human beings came into existence, and they sing to the same melody:

O dear, dear, with what to support the two,
O dear, dear, with what to keep the two?
O dear, dear, with milk to support the two,
O dear, dear, with cream to keep the two.

Marañ buru told Chando this, and Chando gave Marañ buru milk and said to him: Do support the two human beings, and take care of them. Then Marañ buru was given over to the two, and he supported them, until they grew up. He taught them to work and instructed them. But where the two birds went and what happened to them, we do not know. But where the Hãs Hąsil birds were borne, and where they laid eggs, and where the two human beings were born, this place we call Hihiṛi Pipiṛi.

Marañ buru taught the two human beings to dig out medicines, to collect and prepare the stuffs for fermenting beer, to cut trees, to sow millets, to offer the first fruits of these, to invoke the spirits of the sacred grove and other matters. There seven boys and seven girls were born, and when mankind multiplied, Marañ buru gave them races and septs.

Because the human beings fell into sin, Chando became angry, and he destroyed the first born human beings by fire-rain. But he saved two human beings, keeping them in a stone-cave. Chando made the two human beings go to the Hihiṛi Pipiṛi country. He taught them the invocation in connexion with offering the first fruits of millets, and he made them prepare the sacred grove. At the foot of the trees of the sacred grove he made them fix a stone; at the stone he made them put down the ears of the iṛi millet (Panicum Crus-galli, L.), and he taught them the invocation (as follows):

Please take it, thou Five, here as thou seest, we offer thee the first fruits of the millet; afterwards also we, like the crows, like the kites, shall eat, shall take into our mouth; do not let stomach-ache, headache be created, be formed, Father my Thakur.

In the same manner they also make invocation to The Six, Marañ buru and Gosãe era.

In connexion with preparing the beer-fermenting stuffs they offer a cake made of a little flour and make this invocation:

Please take it, Pilcu haṛam, we are preparing the fermenting stuff for beer; may it become very savoury for us, that it may be drunk, be got quickly down.

In this way they invoke Marañ buru, the Six and Jaher era. They put down a little to taste it, and when the beer is ready brewed, they make the following invocation:

Please take it, Pilcu haṛam, we have brewed tasted beer, may it become savoury for us like neat spirits, that it may be drunk, be got quickly down.

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Marañ buru said to the two: Do drink this beer, all of it. He himself lay down there in this place, and he was singing to himself (a song in corrupt Bihari).

Other gurus have a more circumstantial lore, detailing traditional incidents and attempting to explain ethnological, also religious matters. The rôle played by Marañ buru is different from what is otherwise taught; he is here appearing as a kind of factotum of Ṭhakur, a spirit that should be in charge of mankind and be their guide. We shall later, when we reach what is told of the bongas, hear something quite different.

Kolean does not mention how mankind were divided into separate races. Other gurus have a story partly relating to this, partly also to the formation of sub-septs. The story runs: After the destruction of all mankind, except one pair, Ṭhakur guided this pair back to Hihiri Pipiri. Here they got children and these were divided into septs. Gradually this division proved itself to be insufficient; they could not all get proper mates. Seeing this Ṭhakur said to Marañ buru: Do persuade these men to go to the Khaṇḍerae forest to hunt; otherwise they will again turn as bad as they were. As we (it might be noted that Ṭhakur here constantly uses the inclusive plural) did not call what they did good, we exterminated them, the earth became empty, and we also repented. Therefore we shall not exterminate mankind, rather we shall again separate them into many septs. Marañ buru did this, and all men went to this forest happy in mind. He then divided each sept into twelve, and from that time they found opportunity of marrying. Marañ buru was given over to mankind, and he is ruling.

Then something again occurred to Marañ buru: He said to Ṭhakur: Again mankind have become very numerous; we cannot get further in the old way; therefore I think we shall make mankind into different races. Ṭhakur said to him: Very well, see to their wants, that they may live well and not be exterminated from the earth, and so that they will remember us; make them work so. Then he again acted on a thought and stirred up the mind of the men. He gathered them in a plain near a river. Here he made them cook all kinds of flesh, viz., ox-meat, buffalo-meat, the flesh of goats and sheep, of fowls and pigs, of fish and camels. He arranged all this cooked meat in twelve leaf-cups, and having selected one principal man among each of the original septs he called these aside and said to them that they should look at the leaf-cups. When they had done this he took them away as far as the length of three or four plough-furrows; then he said to them: Now run along from here, and whichever leaf-cup any of you may like, take that and eat. Start running from here all of you at the same time, and any one who can gain on the others, let him.

They ran from there, and the man who reached there in advance, he took the leaf-cup with ox-meat and ate its contents. At this time, it is told, he separated the Santals and the Dekos. They who ate ox-meat became Santals, and they who ate the flesh of goats, of sheep, and of fish became Dekos. At that time their language was also altered; they

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539 who got the Deko language were spread in all directions from there, that is to say, they emigrated hither and thither. Those who got the Santal language all stayed together. (The story of this running competition is commonly heard among the Santals, both to explain the sub-septs, and also the different races. It might be mentioned that some Santals tell that their language was much influenced by Hindi and by what they call Kortha, a local dialect of Hindi, when they were living in peace with the other races after their having assisted king Rama to vanquish king Rabona.) It is told how they came to Jarpi and from there to Cae Campa.

As they felt very constrained to live in one place, they commenced to settle down on separate high-lying places (i. e., founded separate villages). At this time they had no difficulties; they were providing themselves with all they needed, also with salt and oil. They were themselves making all implements of iron, also made thread, wove their clothes, prepared everything. The comparatively poor ones were occupied with these kinds of work; they did not pay any rent, they had no money-lenders and people of that kind. They had no bongas, and nothing is told of festivals, whether they had such or not. All were called "kings" (raj, landholders), and the villages, where they had settled, were called gar (forts).

All forms of their traditions agree, that in Cae Campa they stayed for a long time and ruled the country; their septs are mentioned as having separate occupations and got corresponding surnames. The Kiskus were called rapaj (collection of kings); the Murmus Thakur (because they were acting as priests), the Sorens sipahi (soldiers), the Hembroms kûar (princes, or nobility), the Marndis kipiaŗ (collection of wealthy people), the Besra bayar (lit. uncastrated buffaloes, lascivious ones), the Tudus mandaris (drummers who play the dancing drum), the Hasdaks hasa panderae (? cultivators), the Chôrds cacarhaf (the dirty ones) and the Baskes cooks. (Cf. what Kolean has told. As a curiosity it may be mentioned that some present-day Santals have taken up some of these designations as their family surnames, e. g., there are some of the Hembrom sept who style themselves Koomar, i. e., kûar, and some of the Kisku sept who call themselves Rapaj.)

It is told that the Murmus at this time ordered that the Jom sim festival should be observed once yearly, each year in a separate village, and there all should foregather.

In Campa the relations between the ancestors and the Dekos came, according to the traditions, to a head. The Kiskus and the Marndis were fighting each other; some Dekos used this as an opportunity for entering and robbing the people. The Murmus took up the matter and commenced to fight the Dekos, but were vanquished; finally the Dekos occupied the whole country; most of the people ran away, but some remained and gradually became Dekos.

Some of the gurus explicitly state that a number of the lowcaste Hindus known to the Santals (they enumerate the Doms, Kamars, Bhûiyas, Tilis, Hadis, Bauris, Kunkals, and

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others) originally belonged to the Kherwars, especially to the Kisku and Baske septs. It is also told that those who left the Kherwars and became Dekos spread in all directions. 539 829

We are here touching on one of India's problems, and a few words may be permitted. First as regards the wanderings of the Santals, as they may be observed at present and probably are a repetition of what has happened in earlier times. The Santals are among the very best of clearers of jungle in India, themselves originally a forest people. But they have not reached the stage of being really good agriculturists; it must also be remembered that they have very little understanding of the use of money; they may be said to know the value of a pice, but do not know the value of the rupee. What often follows is this: they get into the hands of the moneylenders who will do all they can to get hold of the fields cleared by the Santals, who frequently will not know or think of any other way of getting out of their difficulties than by emigrating to some other place, always towards the rising of the sun. Combined with this we have their backwardness as agriculturists: they have little idea of getting all that is possible out of the lands they have cleared or are occupying. They are a prolific race; the time comes when they have not enough land to support themselves. The result is, that either the whole family, or some of them, will go away, either to find fresh jungle to clear and occupy, or to work for others as labourers. It is in their blood to seek fresh fields; as they often are heard to say, they have a wish "to see land". Now if the whole family does not move away, some will stay; those who stay will gradually get under the influence of the more civilized neighbours and may ultimately become attached to these. 167 241 [436] [426]

After this digression a little more about the traditions. As regards Mandǫ Sin (by some also called Madhwa or Madhǫ) some have a very detailed story, something like a folk-tale. A servant girl is stated to have been with child by some of the young men of "the kings", who threatened to kill her if she revealed anything. She bore her child in the forest and left him there, but came every day to suckle him. This went on for two months; then one day the mother did not come quickly; the child became hungry and commenced to cry. Some Kisku girls heard this, found the child and brought it home with them. They were convinced that the child was that of the girl; nothing was said about this, but they asked the girl to take charge of the child, saying that they had adopted it. The child grew up, became very intelligent and clever in all kinds of work. The king gave him office, and he gradually became indispensable. After some time the king asked him whether they had given him a wife; and as this was not the case the king ordered him to bring all the principal men to him; he wanted to ask them the reason for this. In spite of orders and persuasion they would not come and would not be brought, although the king sent elephants, horses, etc., to carry them. The king became angry and ordered Madhwa to go and apply sindur to all the daughters of these men, to the girls he might care to make his wives. He consequently went to these men and asked them whether they would 539

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•539 give hime a daughter of theirs for a wife; otherwise he had the king's order to apply sindur with force to every daughter of theirs and thus to defile them. Frightened at this they promised him a wife, but asked for time to consult with each other. All the people of the land came together, but no one was willing to give a daughter, because they did not know to what sept he really belonged. So they decided to run away; but as they needed carts to get along, they appointed a day when they said they would give him a wife, giving them sufficient time to get the carts made. Madhwa believed them, and at this time they gave him the name of Madho Siñ. When the fixed day came, they ran away during the night.

It is told that some, because of their covetousness, and because they would not leave their wealth (cattle), did not follow the others, but made friends with Madho Siñ and gave him a daughter of theirs to be his wife. These belonged to the Bedea Soren sept; this is mentioned as the cause of their being lost to the Santals; they became Dekos.

There are some very elaborate, partly fanciful tales of what happened at Tore Pokhori Baha Bandela, where the ancestors adopted so many Hindu customs.

Some of the traditions have a number of details in connexion with the wanderings from Sikhar on, naming many places where they stayed for some time, also mentioning that many became Dekos (as they call it) by entering into marriage relations with these; such people originally belonged to the Tudu and Baske septs.

The traditions generally end with lamenting the present deplorable state of the people; they are living under the feet of the Dekos; they are unable to stay anywhere, are very poor, and so on. As a consequence they have forgotten their old customs; they have no longer any regular guru-training; and besides this they have no records (written), their records are all "in the mouth"; therefore so much has been lost, mixed up and brought into disorder. Especially since the Santal insurrection of 1855 much has been lost. Curiously enough, one of my informants tells that nowadays much is learnt from old women, who in the evenings may be heard relating traditions and folk-tales. This explains much, and enhances the value of Kolean's story. This is now continued.

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881 [776] [273] [302] them all at the same time. If a child should die before having been through this ceremony, they do not cremate such ones and do not carry their bones to the Damuda river.

A man wants to have the caco chaṭiar for his children; he brews beer and procures oil and turmeric to anoint the village people. Then he calls the village headman and his deputy and pours beer out to these two. They ask him: Look here, you, what beer is this that you are giving us? He says: This, father, is intimation-beer; I am minded to do so and so, that is to say, I am going to have caco chaṭiar for my children. This happens in the morning. After having drunk the beer the village headman and his deputy [793] send the Goḍet to call the village people[7]. They come; when they are assembled, the village girls first anoint the village priest and his wife sitting on a mat; thereupon they anoint the field priest and his wife, after them the village headman and his wife, thereupon his deputy and this one's wife, the custos morum and wife, his deputy and wife, the messenger and wife, and finally they anoint all the (men and) women of the village. Now they serve beer round. First they give the village headman and his deputy, thereupon all the people. When one round has been served they ask the father of the children: For how many is this? He answers: For so and so many. Then so many children as are to have the caco chaṭiar, so many rounds of beer they serve, each round four leaf-cups to each. Then they ask the father of the children: How many iṛi and how many erba of yours have shot into ears[8]? He says: So many iṛi and so many erba have shot into ears. They say in reply: Very fortunate. Then they ask him: Whereabouts are the countries? The children's father then names the countries where the grandparents of the children live. Then they call for the namesake-beer. Now the grandparents of the [603] children give the village people beer that they have brought with them from their homes. Thereupon the village people dance singing: • [539]

Along here, along in this direction are Nilgai tracks,
Along here, along in this direction are Nilgai hind tracks.

Track, track the Nilgai tracks,
Follow, follow the Nilgai hind tracks.

On the tank embankment are Nilgai tracks,
On the river bank are tracks of the Nilgai hind.

Tie on him (her), O mother, a golden bell,
Fasten on him (her) O mother, hollow sounding bells.

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[7] Nowadays the Jog Mâjhi is generally asked to call the people together; the people sit in rows on straw spread out for the purpose. [8] I. e., how many girls and how many sons have been born to you? iṛi is Paniram Oraon-gulli, L., fg used about a girl; erba is Saharia Sulka, Kanth., fg used about a boy.

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All then drink this beer.

Thereupon they commence the recitation. How the world was created, and how the Santals have from that time come, feeding like the silk-worm, to the different countries, all this they tell, in order that the children may not forget it. When enumerating this they reach the words "they were scattered here and there", they mention Hikim pargana, the first overchief in the Sikhar country; they say: Hikim pargana said to them: Come along, we shall settle down; I have spied out for us virgin forest, virgin soil. The ancestors said: Come along, let us help him; we shall clear jungle, burning and felling; we shall support ourselves and get a living. Having come together there they joined in marriages; they cleared the jungle, burning and felling; they kept the iṛi and erba seed hidden away in gourd-shells, big and small; what they had sown as iṛi grew up into erba ears; what they had sown as erba grew up into iṛi ears. What they had cleared by burning they would watch, the iṛi and erba ripened; now birds might eat it; then they said: Come, we shall keep watch. The fowls cluck, the lizards nod, and the birds also chirp. Consequently at this time two persons keep watch, husband and wife. They had cleared the jungle at the junction of roads, at the cross-road. They both keep watch; while keeping watch they climb a slanting dry pọpọrọ tree[9] and play; and by the grace of Ṭhạkur the broken grain, the husked grain was not spilled, was not scattered; it came well down from the dry pọpọrọ tree. And when it 'trod' the earth it became religiously, ceremoniously unclean.

On the day of the pestle, on the day of the mortar we are first; on the day of fire, on the day of flame we are first, at the dug hole with percolated water, at the pool water we are first; at the day of fetching firewood, at the day of fetching leaves we are first; those of you who would not go, these also we made go; let this especially be your grief. (The village people here answer: Those who are grieving have gone to Somae's narrow sloping valley[10], to the fine sand to be crocodile herds.) Now we humbly beseech you village people, from to-day, when we are having the cleansing at birth, the social initiation, we have run into debt, we borrowed at the Suṇḍi house, the Haḍi house[11]; then we provided, collected (the needful), and then we asked you, invited you to come. Consequently you came on your legs, we received you with our heads, as regards sitting and standing, as regards this also we overlooked and left it half-done: high seats, a high verandah, as regards this also we are lacking and in want. Now we beseech you, on the day of marriage, the day of wedlock, on the day of cleansing at birth, the day of social initiation, the day of dying, the day of death, we shall work and earn to squeeze out the beer, we shall work and earn to draw water, we shall work and earn to stitch the leaves

[9] Pọpọrọ (or more commonly pọ̄pṛọ̄ or pọpṛọ), Gardenia latifolia, Aiton. Rare fig. about the wife.
[10] Somae sokṛa, acc. to tradition, a place near the sources of the Damuda river. [11] Suṇḍi is the beer-brewing Hindu low-caste; Haḍi the Hindu low-caste scavenger.

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881 together. We are imploring you, the village people, we were like crows, we have become
● 539 white like paddybirds; you village people be witnesses.

Now they drink beer, and commencing to sing chaṭiar and doṇ songs they dance. Then all is finished.

Song.

O, the sirom ear had been formed.
Of the woman such and such a girl was born.

O, the marăr bush[12] had blossomed,
The boy so and so was born.

The plump one, the stout one,
The little parakeet, the little starling,
The sucking boy, the sucking so and so,
Bring the two down at once,
The little parakeet, the little starling.

c. Of the burnt-mark.

304 The ancestors of old said that if any one did not get the burnt-mark, in the other world
[775] they would put in their arms a caterpillar big as a log; therefore all boys will diligently stand the pain. Some persons take only one burnt-mark, some three, some five, and some take seven burnt-marks. They get the burnt-mark on the left arm. The burnt-marks are made in the following way: They make a roll of a rag like a cigar. They set fire to this at the top end and put it down on the spot where the burnt-mark is to be. It burns slowly down. When it is burnt out the person who makes the mark quickly presses the ashes down on the spot. Then a blister forms and it becomes a sore. When this heals the burnt-mark is there.

d. Of tattooing.

[562] Women do not take burnt-marks; they let themselves be tattooed, in order that in the
[775] other world they shall not put a caterpillar big as a log into their arms. They are tattooed on the breast. There are no special figures, only something indefinite, to look beautiful. First they draw with a bit of wood and soot-ink, and afterwards they prick with a needle along the pattern. When tattooing is done, they smear turmeric on, and they go and bathe.

[12] Erythrina indica, Lam.

d. Betrothal.

584 The marriage-broker goes and comes. They fix a day for the betrothal[10]. They perform the ceremony of betrothal with the bride-elect first. On the fixed day the marriage-broker takes the young man's father, his father's younger and elder brothers, his mother's brothers, his father's sister's husband, the village headman and his deputy and a couple of the people of the village along to the girl's home. The Jǫg Mạńjhi of the prospective bride's village meets the visitors at the end of the village street with water in a loṭa and conducts them to the bride's home. Here they place bedsteads, stools, and wooden slabs before them, and they sit down.

The girl's parents and their brothers now come out from the house, and pouring out water for them they greet the visitors. After this they act as it was done in the young man's home, wash their feet, take them out to bathe, and when they have come back after bathing, they give them beer and parched and flattened rice. When they have eaten, the visitors go into the cow-shed, where they sit down.

As in the young man's home, they also here bring a castrated goat and pour water on its head. The Jǫg Mạńjhi now says: Honoured friends, here are some vegetables[11], cut it down for us. The visitors then kill the castrated goat. The Jǫg Mạńjhi calls out: You, eldest boy, do come here, cut this castrated goat up for us. They do so, cut the meat into bits and prepare the rice and curry. The visitors now say: Please, Jǫg Mạńjhi, be quick and expedite us.

The Jǫg Mạńjhi then says: You, eldest boy, do spread out the mats for us thus. He does this and the Jǫg Mạńjhi says: Honoured friends, we shall get off the bedsteads and sit on the mats. They sit down on the mats, and the Jǫg Mạńjhi says: Please, now bring the beer. They drink each two leaf-cups, just so much.

The Jǫg Mạńjhi then says: Please, Sir, now bring some water by the hand of the bride. They bring beer in a brass-cup. The bride-girl first brings a brass-cup full of beer and a loṭa with water to the village headman and bows to him. After him she brings the same to his deputy and bows to him also. Thereupon she gives the bridegroom's father one brass-cup beer and water in a loṭa. When he has drunk the beer, he puts the brass-cup down, and taking hold of the bride's upper arm he makes her sit on his thigh; he puts a brass necklet on her and kisses her mouth. Now those of the bride's side sing:

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Please, my good mother, let me have one loṭa with water
To place before my father-in-law, when I greet him.

This they sing while the prospective bride gives the water to the bridegroom's father. When he makes the bride sit on his thigh they sing:

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[10] See Santal Dictionary s. v. cikhnạ. [11] Fig. about the goat.

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Look at her, so and so,
Know her, so and so,
If you are pleased with her, place her on your thigh.

The bride-elect comes off from the thigh of the bridegroom's father and bows to him; once again she gives him beer. After this she gives all of them beer and water in a loṭa. And they sing: [539]

Who are they who take water round in a gourd-shell, in a spout-vessel?
Who are they who received the water in the gourd-shell, in the spout-vessel?

Who are they who sought, who are they who got the good omens,
With the water of the gourd-shell, of the spout-vessel?

So and so are the people who take round the water of the gourd-shell,
of the spout-vessel;
So and so are the people who received the water of the gourd-shell,
of the spout-vessel.

So and so are the people who sought, so and so are the people
who got the good omens
With the water of the gourd-shell, of the spout-vessel.

Instead of the words "so and so" they name the septs of the prospective bride and bridegroom. As is known, persons of the same sept do not marry, only when they are of different septs. [582]

When all have drunk they say to the Jog Mañjhi: Listen, Jog Mañjhi, please go at once inside and see whether the rice and curry are ready or not as yet. He goes in and sees that they have it ready. The girl's father then calls out to the wife of his eldest son: O daughter-in-law, bring water in loṭas and cups. She does this and from the loṭa pours water into the brass-cup for one after the other of them, to wash their hands. Now the Jog Mañjhi calls out: O eldest boy, please, you there, bring the rice and curry, the leaf-plates and the leaf-cups. Bringing these they place them first before the village headman, thereupon before his deputy, and afterwards they give to all who are there, to one after the other. Now the village headman makes the ceremonial recitation to the visitors: The wealthy ancestors dried the paddy and the husks; we, Sirs, are drying you; please be especially grieved at this. They answer: Yes, Sir, we certainly intend to eat; only when a great many things are brought near shall we be able to eat, straw-bits to wit, water to wit, leaves to wit, firewood to wit; only when all this is brought together, when it is cooked, when it is finally prepared, when all requirements are in order, then only we shall be able to eat.

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584 [276] When they have done eating and drinking, they wash themselves, and coming out into the courtyard they chew tobacco. The Jog Mâjhi then says: Look here, Sir, when shall we see the visitors off? They say to the Jog Mâjhi: Please go at once in and see whether there is room or not. He does this, there is room. Then they take the visitors (viz., the village headman and his deputy and the father of the prospective bridegroom and with him two-three people) inside and spread out mats for them to sit on. When they have sat down, the Jog Mâjhi says: Please, bring the beer. They do so and give it to the visitors; when this is done, the fathers of the bridegroom and the bride sit down together in one place, and they bring them beer at the same time. Both of them then say: Please, co-parent-in-law, let us drink this beer. While they are drinking they say: Let us salute the friends. They both salute every one of the visitors. Thereupon the two co-parents-in-law take hold of each other's hands and move them three times backwards and forwards between them; they raise them up towards their heads; thereupon they butt each other's shoulders three times, and when this is done they again move their hands backwards and forwards between them and raising them towards their heads they say: Saheb! At this moment they sing:

[539]

Pleasure, pleasure, pleasure, o mother,
Pleasure, look what enjoyment!
On both sides the co-parents-in-law
Are tied together with chains,
On both sides the co-parents-in-law have
great enjoyment.

The girl's father then says: Listen, my co-parent-in-law, now this is your house. And the bridegroom's father says: The house far away is yours, my co-parent-in-law. Thereupon both co-parents-in-law say to each other: My co-parent-in-law, when you somehow were wandering about in villages and hamlets, were coming hunting and chasing, up to this time in the plains and open country, in the forest and jungle, you have drunk water from the dug-out holes in the rivers, from the pools; now from to-day please cease doing this, there is the shade of a pole with creepers, water in a gourd-bottle, the nest of a Finch Lark, please come straight here with a rush; don't turn to the right or to the left; when you somehow come wandering in this direction, come in here on your way past; you will drink some water on your way; you will also visit the children on your way. Talking together they finish the beer.

The visitors then say: Sir Jog Mâjhi, please make haste and send us off. Then they go out into the courtyard. The people of the bride's side stand on one side, and those of the bridegroom's side on one side, opposite to each other; they salute the visitors one after the other; when they have been said good-bye to they go home. At this time the Jog Mâjhi says: Honoured friends, as you know, you plucked hill-vegetables for us,

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585 [515] into the bridegroom's house, brings out oil and toothbrush twigs and gives this to the young men and says to them: Do go and have a bath. They consequently go and bathe and brush their teeth. Coming back to the house they sit down. The Jog Mañjhi brings an earthenware pot of beer out from the house of marriage, pours the beer out and gives it to them, and they drink. Thereupon he brings out one big flat basket with rice and one small earthenware pot with curry. Further he brings leaf-plates and a loṭa out; handing them the loṭa he says to them: Do pour out water for yourselves; wash your hands. They do this; the Jog Mañjhi then says: I say, one of you, please give us the rice, and one of you the curry. Then they all eat, and when they have had food, he says to them: Twist some strings with fringes, some of you young men twist the strings, and some of you fetch mango leaves and insert them in the strings; tie the strings in the four corners of the marriage-shed. They do this. Again the Jog Mañjhi says to them: Fix strings in three places in the village street[23], one string outside the headman's house, and one at each end of the village street. They do this and finish all, so far as they are concerned.

[302] Thereupon the bridegroom's father says to the Jog Mañjhi: Please call the village headman and his deputy and all the married ladies of the village and bring them here, to anoint them with oil and turmeric. He does this himself, and they come. When they have sat down, they first give each of them two leaf-cups of beer. After this the Jog Mañjhi calls the anointing girls and says to them: Do anoint them for us with oil and turmeric. They do this; first they anoint the village priest and his wife, thereupon the priest of the outskirts and his wife, thereupon the village headman and his wife, thereupon his deputy with his wife, next the Jog Mañjhi and his wife, next his deputy and his wife, thereupon the Goḍet and his wife, and thereupon all the married ladies of the village. This they call the marriage-shed oil and turmeric. When all have been anointed, the parents of the bridegroom sit down on thatching-grass sheaves, and they are both anointed. Lastly they anoint the bridegroom sitting on a mat between his follower and the lady conductor of ceremonies. At this time they sing[24]: [539]

Turmeric, turmeric, perfect stuff,
Who is she who anoints me with turmeric,
Consecrating me to become a man?

Turmeric, turmeric, perfect stuff,
Mother anoints me with turmeric,
Consecrating me to become a man.

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[23] These strings are arranged so as to run across the street. [24] The song is, like many others sung during the marriage ceremonies, in a corrupt form of Bihari; these songs are often very difficult to understand. As a matter of fact, it has in many cases happened that no Santal has been able to tell what they really mean.

The Jog Mañjhi then says to the best-man: Please shave the bridegroom; and he does this. For shaving he gets two half-seers of flattened rice, two half-seers of rice, salt, and tobacco. Thereupon they take the bridegroom to the water in the marriage-shed. And they bring out two yokes and find a sword. They make the bridegroom sit down on the two yokes and make his father stand in front of him, holding the sword resting on his head. The Jog Mañjhi pours water with a loṭa from the omen-pot on the sword, and the water drips down on the head of the bridegroom, who is sitting behind his father's back. Thereafter they take the sword away, and the conductress of ceremonies bathes the bridegroom with the water of the omen-pot. 585

Now the bridegroom's party make themselves ready; they take food and drink beer in the bridegroom's home. While they are eating and drinking the anointing girls anoint the bridegroom, put necklaces and a solid neck-ornament on him and also apply eye-paint to his eyes. At this time they sing (in corrupt Bihari): [539]

How far away, how far away is the house of my bride's father?
How far away is the house of my father-in-law?
From here is the Ganges river, from there is the Jabo river,
Between these two, my boy, is the house of thy bride's father.

The oil and turmeric not spent in anointing they give into the marriage-broker's charge. The Jog Mañjhi now says to the bridegroom's parents: Please bring out the cloths for the bride, the red and white striped cloths, the cloths for the bride's grandmothers, the (turban) cloth for the bride's youngest brother, sindur for the bride's parents, oil for the bride's parents, Neem, ricinus leaves, and a little husks. They bring these things out to him, and he arranges them in a flat basket, and giving it into the marriage-broker's charge he says to him: Here are your things, see. [292]

Next the best-man asks for five Sal-leaves, a small packet of sindur, and one handful sun-dried rice. They give him this, and he ties it up in his clothes. Thereupon the best-man puts a turban on the bridegroom, and the bridegroom's party all go out. The bridegroom's mother arranges a loṭa with water and molasses in a leaf-cup, and his father ties money up in his clothes. They go to the Mañjhi than. Here they spread out a mat, and the bridegroom's mother sits down on it. She lets the bridegroom sit on her thigh. When he has sat down, she gives her son molasses into his mouth. She washes his mouth and gives him a little water to drink. The bridegroom now takes a rupee into his mouth, and his mother sucks him a little. His mother holds out her hand, and the bridegroom lets the rupee he has taken into his mouth fall out into his mother's hand. This they call sucking money, and this is the mother's right.

The bridegroom, the best-man, the bridegroom's follower, and the anointing girls now bow to the Mañjhi haṛam (the deceased one), and a small pot of beer, that they have [769]

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585 [764] brought there, this they also offer to him. The anointing girls now carry the bridegroom on their hip to the end of the village street and set him down there, and from there they return home. The marriage-broker conducts the bridegroom's party to the bride's home, carrying a kettle-drum along. Nowadays they go taking with them big drums, trumpets, horns, tubas, [534] [178] cornets, palanquins, rockets, catherine-wheels, bombs, guns, and so on, that is to say, wealthy people do this; but such things were not used formerly, and we did not employ Doms to drum.

When the bridegroom's party reach the bride's village, they call a halt at the entrance to the village street. The marriage-broker goes to the bride's home and says to them: We have arrived; if there is anything you have not got ready, finish it quickly. They answer him: We [302] are ready. The Jog Mañjhi now at once sends the Goḍet to summon the village people. They come there; they anoint themselves with oil and turmeric, beer they also drink, and all married women apply sindur[26] to themselves, but not spinsters, divorced ones, or widows.

Now the Jog Mañjhi makes the Goḍet carry a vessel with water on his shoulder, and he himself carries a loṭa with water, standing on a leaf-plate, kept on the palm of his hand turned upwards; they both go to the bridegroom's party, who have been dancing in the meantime. Seeing the Jog Mañjhi they stop. The Jog Mañjhi and the Goḍet say: Please, friends, drink water. The Jog Mañjhi hands the loṭa with water to the bridegroom's party; they receive it with both hands; thereupon they salute each other, and the bridegroom's party drink.

Thereupon the bride's mother, carrying on the up-turned palm of her hand a loṭa with water and a leaf-cup with molasses standing on a brass-plate, conducts the bride's party and the anointing girls on the bride's side and the women of the village to the end of the village street to meet the bridegroom with water. When they have reached there, she says to the marriage-broker: Bring the bridegroom here, we shall give them molasses to eat and water to drink. When the bridegroom's party and the bride's party have greeted each other and thus become one party, they dance. The marriage-broker says to the bride's mother: Look here, this one is the bridegroom. He salutes his mother-in-law and also a couple of the women. When the other women and the anointing girls see the bridegroom, [539] they sing a number of abusive songs:

To-day, they say, to-day he will come, to-morrow, they say, to-morrow he will come;
How big a wealthy man's son is he, that we must wait until midnight?

Thy mother made friends with a dog,
Thy mother made friends with a cat.
Fie, fie, to a bastard,
My daughter I do not give.[27]

[302]

[26] The sindur, the blood-red vermilion, is applied to the forehead at the parting of the hair, just enough to show that the lady has a husband living. A Hindu custom. [27] These two verses are in a kind of Sādarī; the following verses are all in Santali.

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Formerly they say, young and nice, young and nice, they say,
Well, I saw him, he has teeth standing out,
Face like that of a goat to be sacrificed, ill-shaped forehead.

Your mother's love, young man,
Your father's predilection, young man,
You have become wrinkled, young man, like a garden fig.

The mother and father of the bridegroom, they say,
Have gone to the town to sell oil,
To trade in salt they have gone;
Oil, O no oil trade,
Salt, O no salt trade;
To the blacksmith's working place to blow the bellows they have gone.

Formerly, they say, go to the town with a fine little oil pot,
I saw him, I looked at him,
He is standing there with a hideous face like a holed pumpkin ladle.

Instead of "young man" here they use the bridegroom's name, singing his praise. The bride's mother then washes the bridegroom's feet; thereupon she rinses his mouth and puts molasses into his mouth; after this she again washes his mouth and gives him a little water to drink. In the same way she feeds also the best-man and the bridegroom's follower.

Now the anointing girls carry the bridegroom and his follower on their hip to the place outside the first house in the village street; the Jog Mañjhi goes along with them carrying the lota with water on the palm of his hand. The bridegroom's party and the bride's party follow after them dancing. Where the anointing girls have set the bridegroom down in the village street, here the woman of this house comes out and gives the bridegroom, his best-man and his follower molasses and water in their mouth. In the same way they treat them at every house. When they reach the outside of the bride's home, the bride's mother again feeds them. From there they go along the village street, and outside every house the women there feed them. Thereupon the Jog Mañjhi takes them outside the village, to where the bridegroom's party are to be encamped, and says to them: Here are your lodgings: please stay here. The bridegroom's party now eat their own food and drink their own beer.

The Jog Mañjhi then goes to the bride's home and tells them, i. e., all the women, to get ready; he says to them: Come along to bathe the bridegroom. They bring out one leaf-cup with oil, one leaf-cup with turmeric, one pot with water, one mat, one wooden slab to sit on, and one piece of loin-cloth and one cotton shawl for the bridegroom, and [515]

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Now the village headman and the Jog Mãjhi go inside the house. They give them each two leaf-cups of beer. They ask the bride's father: Let us take the bridegroom's party into the marriage-shed. Here they everywhere spread out straw for them. They call them; they come and all are standing there. The Jog Mãjhi on the bride's side speaks to the village headman on the bridegroom's side, addressing him by name, and says: You, our so and so village headman, Sir! He answers: Sir! The Jog Mãjhi says: Please, let us put our bodies upright like a grain-basket, let us set down the end of the spine. Now the bridegroom's party all sit down. Thereupon they bring one loṭa with water and put it down in front of them, and one leaf-cup with tobacco. 585

After this the bride's people ask the village headman on the bridegroom's side: You, our so and so Headman, Sir! He answers him: Sir! They say: When we sit down in one place, it is as if we live in one place. Now as regards soul and sept, body and skin, is it well with us or not? The bridegroom's party answer: As you see here, Sir, since it has been asked, inquiries have been made, our souls have grown like hills, our breasts have become broad like bamboo mats, our legs have grown five cubits longer, our beards have grown like buffalo horns: Sir, by your blessing we have become well. Those on the bride's side then say: By the grace of Ṭhakur we shall get what is well. Then they sing:[2] [539]

O mother, don't go to your father's house,
O father, don't go to the king's court,
They are coming, O mother and father, my bridegroom's party.

Let them come, my daughter, let them come,
At the entrance, my daughter, there is a fine Sandal tree.
We shall place before them, my daughter, golden seats,
We shall give them to eat betel nuts.

Come, friends, sit down, friends,
In our courtyard, ladies.
Let first the prince, so and so prince sit down,
After him let the ten friends sit down.

Bring, O sister, one loṭa with water,
Bring, O sister, one bowl with tobacco;
Hookah and tobacco, it is the proper act.

Now they bring them beer; they drink two leaf-cups each. Thereupon the village headman and the Jog Mãjhi go inside to the bride's father and get each two leaf-cups of beer. When they have drunk this, the village headman says to the bride's father: We

[2] In corrupt Bihari.

585 have given beer to the bridegroom's party; how is it, shall we, while they are sitting there, ask them for the remaining bridepriee money or not? If there is not much beer, he will say: We shall settle it now, while they are sitting there.

The village headman and the Jog Mąjhi then both go out. The village headman says: We are to give these friends beer, you, Jog Mąjhi, bring it out from the house. The Jog Mąjhi fetches two men and takes them into the house. There they give them each two leaf-cups of beer, which they drink. The Jog Mąjhi says to them: I say, you two give these friends beer; give to all who have come, big and small. They say to him: [415] Please, Jog Mąjhi, get us two earthenware narrow-necked pots. He procures this for them and gives them a basket full of leaf-cups.

Commencing with the village headman and his deputy they give to the bridegroom's party and to all the village people, and they drink. Now the Jog Mąjhi says: Please, honoured bridegroom's party, we wish to see the remaining bridepriee money; do take it out. Then they sing: [539]

Bring out, young man, bring out
Money, fine like the puṭhi fish.
Bring out, young man, bring out
Gold, like fish-blood.

Hand over, young man, hand over
Money, fine like the puṭhi fish.
Hand over, young man, hand over
Gold, like fish blood.

Who are you sitting there?
Money, fine like the puṭhi fish.
Who are you there with the others,
Gold, like fish blood?

So and so is sitting there,
Money, like the puṭhi fish.
Big people are together there,
Gold, like fish blood.

Now the marriage-broker gives the remaining one rupee (or three or five rupees) into the Jog Mąjhi's hand and says: Here, Sir, is the rest of the money. Commencing with the village headman he goes round and salutes all there. Thereupon the marriage-broker takes out a piece of women's clothing, two cloths for the bride's grandmothers and one cloth for her mother. Seeing these they measure them, how many cubits long they are;

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they are of the proper length. The bride's mother then puts on the red and white striped cloth, and the mother of the bride's father and the mother of her mother put on the two grandmothers' cloths. And they sing:[26] 585 [539]

Mother took the fine cloth,
Father took a handful heavy rupees,
Brother took the bullock.

For one seer of rice
They bought sindur;
For all my life I shall be bound.

Soiled and torn will the fine cloth soon be,
Spent or stolen will the handful heavy rupees be,
Gone and broken will the bullock be.

For one seer of rice
They bought sindur;
For all my life I shall be bound.

Thereupon the marriage-broker brings out a goat that is to be (later) sacrificed, a pot of beer that is to be (later) libated, one half-seer of rice for each rupee of the brideprice, three bits of turmeric, a little salt, a little oil and a little tobacco, and gives it all to the parents of the bride. Thereupon he salutes all there, one after the other. The women who have got cloths, take the goat up in the lap and salute all, one after the other. Having tied the goat to the post they pretend to milk it. Then they bring a small earthenware vessel, and in this they put the malted grain of the beer; they bring leaves, and pretending that it is milk porridge of rice they divide it among the bridegroom's party, who pretend to eat it, and the women wash their hands.

Now the village headman says to the Jǫg Mạṅjhi: Please bring a loṭa with water. He brings it and takes it from the village headman to his deputy and thereafter to the bridegroom's party. They do nothing with this loṭa with water. The Jǫg Mạṅjhi only takes it to them. The village headman says to the Jǫg Mạṅjhi: When you take the loṭa with water to the bridegroom's party, tell them that we shall pluck vegetables[27]. One after the other they salute the loṭa with water.

The father of the bride now smears cow-dung round the foot of the marriage-shed-post; after this he brings rice on a leaf-plate out from the house and puts this down on the cow-dung plaster. Thereupon he brings one small earthenware vessel with beer and four leaf-cups. Thereupon they bring a castrated goat from the house and let it feed on the

[26] In a kind of Bikari. [27] Fig about the goat.

2: Skrefsrud M-5 (1870-1871) 1942 AW42 Santal AW42

585 rice. They place a pole on its neck. The Jog Mañjhi now takes the cord round the goat's neck and the pole, and calls out to the village people: Come here you. They come and pour water on the head of the goat. The Jog Mañjhi calls out to the bridegroom's party: Please, honoured bridegroom's party, the vegetables are becoming old and tough; come and pluck them for us. Then they sing:[38]

[539]

Seize the sword, seize the sword, valiant cavalier,
A pair of fine castrated goats are tied here;
Please, valiant one, use the sword quickly.

One man among the bridegroom's party then stands up, and as they told him, he brings a sword along, and with this he beheads the goat. The Jog Mañjhi goes into the house and brings out rice on a leaf-plate; on this they place the head of the goat. Again the Jog Mañjhi goes into the house and brings out one pot of poured-out beer and two large leaf-cups and three to four ordinary leaf-cups.

The bride's father now pours out as a libation two leaf-cups of beer; when he has performed this, he calls the one who kept the goat and the one who beheaded it. When they come, the bride's father takes the two leaf-cups; thereupon he links the arms of both together and hands them each a large leaf-cup, and gives them each one large leaf-cup full of beer. They both drink this, and he says: Please salute each other, and thereupon salute the village headman and his deputy and all the people here. Both of them do this, and now they all say: Up to this we presume we have made all well; let us break up the meeting. The bride's people then say to the village headman on the bridegroom's side, addressing him by name: Please, you our so and so headman, Sir, like a grain-basket let us move our bodies a little. He answers: Sir, it is well, it is right. They then all stand up together, and after having saluted the bridegrooms' party go to their lodgings. But five of their number stay there.

Now the Jog Mañjhi brings oil out from the house, and taking hold of two young men he says to them: You two please wash the feet of these friends. They do this; afterwards they again bring more water. The Jog Mañjhi then says to the five of the bridegroom's party: Come along, we shall go inside. When they have gone in, they place wooden slabs before them, and they sit down on these. The Jog Mañjhi then says to the two young men: Do bring beer and give the friends four leaf-cups full each. They give them this, and they drink it. Again the Jog Mañjhi says to the two young men: Do, one of you, give them rice and one of you curry, until their stomach is filled. They eat.

After this the bridegroom's party get from the bride's parents the return presents for the brideprice, viz., one goat, five half-seers of rice, salt, turmeric, oil, and one pot of beer. Having received this they salute them; they lead the goat away, carry the beer pot on

[38] In a kind of Bihari.

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Now the bride's people ask them: Well, Sir, you are coming from so far away, which headman, which deputy is buying, is trading? At this time they sing:[46] 585 [539]

Tell us, tell us, brother,
Tell us your sept.
We don't know the sept, we don't know the tribe,
We do not know your sept.

The bridegroom's party answer: As for us, Sir, when they were talking of sept and tribe, we had gone to herd the goats, — yes, well then, we shall listen. The corporal is such and such a man (naming the sept of the young man's father), and the agent is such and such a man (naming the sept of the young man's mother). Now the bride's people ask: Well, Sir, how many flocks of bullocks have you broken in (to carry loads)? The bridegroom's party ask each other, how many brothers they are, viz., of the bridegroom, and they say to the bride's people: As for us, Sir, we have broken in three flocks (or if there are more brothers they tell so many). The bride's people then ask: How many bent sticks and mortars have we? The bridegroom's party answer: Sir, the mortars are so many. (They tell how many girls there are.) The bride's people then say: Sir, at which watering place[47] did you drink water? The father of the bridegroom answers them: Sir, we have drunk water at such and such a watering place. The bride's people again ask: Well, Sir, what are you trading in? The bridegroom's party answer them: As for us, Sir, we are trading in diamonds and pearls[48]. The bride's people say: The market is closed now, it is very far away, waiting get, watching get.

The bridegroom's party then answer: Yes, then we shall get it waiting, watching. The bride's people say: Take hold of the village headman, he will buy for you. What have you brought? Mustard or Sesame?[49] The bridegroom's party answer: We, Sir, have brought mustard. The bride's people then say: In our country, Sir, the mustard is very cheap, and the diamonds are very dear; only if you are able to buy it, only in that case will the headman procure it for you. There are both scales and jeweller's scales, there are both 86 grade weights and 80 grade weights; which do you like? The bridegroom's party answer: We, Sir, we will take it by the headman's balance, whatever will be shown as the proper full weight; we are satisfied with the diamond, we shall buy this one. Then they sing: [539]

On the rock at the tank bank
The traders have camped;
You know, Father, there
They are melting gold;

[46] In a kind of Bihari. [47] A figurative reference to a son's marriage. [48] Diamond, fig. for a girl; pearl, fig. for a young man. [49] Again fig. speech. Mustard, tuṛi, Brassica campestris, L., stands for a boy or bridegroom, and Sesame, tilmiṛi, Sesamum indicum, L., stands for a girl sought in marriage.

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585 [539]

You know, Father, there
They are casting wristlets;
You know, Father, there
Are those who buy and trade in diamonds and pearls.

The bride's people then say: Sirs, you have taken hold of the village headman to buy for you; in connexion with this something more is to be paid; you must pay this. The bridegroom's party say: How much will have to be paid, Sir? It is said, one four-anna bit, four annas are to be paid. The bridegroom's party answer: What shall we do then? If it has to be paid, shall we not give it, Sir? The Jog Mañjhi then says to them: Out with it then. They now give into the Jog Mañjhi's hand one rupee, the marriage-shed fee for the village headman. The Jog Mañjhi receives this rupee and salutes the village people, and as he salutes, he says: This is the rupee to snap the foot-rope of the bed of the father's younger brother[59]. After this he also salutes the bridegroom's party all round. The poured-out beer and the squeezed-out beer of the bridegroom's party and the beer that the headman brought out, they have drunk up while they have been talking. Of the poured-out beer the village headman got two leaf-cups.

Now the village headman on the bride's side says: So far as this place is concerned, I presume we have done all well or how? The bridegroom's party answer: Yes, we are likely to have done it well. The Jog Mañjhi stands up and says: Our so and so headman, Sir! (he addresses the village headman of the bridegroom's side by name) Come, we shall stretch the end of our spine a little. All there then stand up, and the bridegroom's party salute all the village people there, one after the other, commencing from the headman, and then go to their lodgings.

Now the Jog Mañjhi calls out to three men among these: Honoured bridegroom's party, please come along with me some three men of you. He takes them into the house of the village headman. They sit down there, and they give them each two leaf-cups of beer, good beer. They drink this; thereupon they give them what is customary right: One pot of beer, a full one, twelve seers of rice, one solid brass arm-ring, one four-leaves-cup full of split peas, some three branches of the root of turmeric, tobacco, and salt. Of this rice the Jog Mañjhi measures out again for himself one seer. Thereupon these three men also go to their lodgings, taking all these things with them.

Now the Jog Mañjhi says to the bride's people: Come, we shall gather the people of the village, we shall have the waving ceremony. He then sends the Godet to call the village people together. He himself, keeping a loṭa with water on a leaf-plate on the palm of his hand, goes to the bridegroom's party and says to them: Come along,

[604] [593]

[59] The father's younger brother is fig. for the village headman. The whole expression is said to imply that the last tie by which the bride is bound to her parental home is broken.

585 their feet, take them into the house and first give them two leaf-cups of beer each. Thereupon they give them rice and curry, as much as they are able to eat. This they call present-food, in exchange for the goat to be sacrificed and the other things that the bridegroom's party have given. When they have eaten, they go to their lodgings.

Now the Jog Maṅjhi brings the bridegroom's father and a couple of elderly men among the bridegroom's party to drink the "rafter counting"[35] beer. They take them into the house, and the two co-parents-in-law find a place beside each other, and they give them both beer at the same time. They salute each other and drink. Thereafter they give to all.

[539] Now they sing[36]:

Look at the posts, look at the posts, my co-parent-in-law,
Look at the posts from the lucky forest.

Look at the roof-beams, look at the roof-beams, my co-parent-in-law,
Look at the roof-beams from the lucky forest.

Look at the rafters, look at the rafters, my co-parent-in-law,
Look at the rafters from the lucky forest.

Look at the wattle, look at the wattle, my co-parent-in-law,
Look at the wattle from the lucky forest.

Look at the thatching grass, look at the thatching grass, my co-parent-in-law,
Look at the thatching grass from the lucky forest.

Under the laths on the rafters
Who are the people sitting?
Who are the persons resting there?

Under the laths on the rafters
So and so persons are sitting,
So and so persons are deliberating.

Young father-in-law, big father-in-law,
We shall rejoice, we shall play together,
So long as life lasts, father-in-law.
The king of the netherworld will soon call out.

They finish the beer, and they also stop singing; they go to their lodgings, that is, the bridegroom's party go.

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[35] See Dictionary s. v. sạnạr lekha hạụḍi. [36] All the verses are in a kind of Bihari.

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585 [782] said to the bride and the bridegroom. When going in the forest may there be no tripping, no stumbling, no widows, no women of ill omen; spells or enchantments may not be thrown on, may not hit them; on the road, in the forest may no stomach-ache, no headache arise, come into being; — before the year turns round also for these two, for the bride and the bridegroom may we old men cover leaf-cups below the bedstead: Thou going first, we going after thee, may the bride's and the bridegroom's parties, the bride's brothers reach there in good order. Thereupon all there, the bride's people and the bridegroom's party go to the cross-road at the end of the village street.

At the cross-road they spread a mat and make the bride's mother sit down on it. They then first bring the bridegroom and make him sit down on the thigh of his mother-in-law. She washes his mouth; thereupon she three times puts molasses into his mouth, and he eats it. Now the bride's mother takes the lota with water in her hand; she washes the bridegroom's mouth and then kisses him. Thereupon he gets off, and they bring the bride. Her also she treats in the same way. After this the two wives of the brothers of the bride's father also treat the bride and the bridegroom in the same way.

Thereupon the people of the bride's village stand in rows, on one side the men and on the other side the women. The bride's mother then says to the bridal pair: Do salute them, one after the other, commencing from the village headman. They do this, the bride with the anointing girls first, and the bridegroom with his best-man and his follower after them. They salute all the men and women. After this the bridegroom's party salute all the people of the bride's village, one after the other, commencing from the village headman.

[539] Then they sing[57]:

Start, dearie, go, dearie
To your own house, dearie,
The swinging chair, dearie, is very heavy.

In the Tilai tree (Wendlandia tinctoria, DC.) plain, dearie,
I have tied, dearie, the horse.
The swinging chair, dearie, is very heavy.

In the deserted village
Sugar-cane was planted.
How sweet is that sugar-cane?

We do not know whether it is bitter,
We do not know whether it is sweet,
We do not know, how it is.

[57] All the verses are in corrupt Bihari.

66 585 [539]

MARRIAGE

So and so people will know,
The village brothers will know,
The people of the country will know.

Thereupon the Jog Mañjhi asks the bridegroom's party for the customary dues: For finishing the painting two annas, for fireplace damages two annas, and as a "shepherding" fee one pice. The painting fee the conducting girl gets, she who made the drawings at the marriage-shed post, and the fireplace damages those get who cooked the feast-food, and the "shepherding" pice the Jog Mañjhi gets.

Thereupon the Jog Mañjhi calls out to the bridegroom's party: Come, we shall have a little talk together. He takes aside the elderly men, and they sit down in rows beside each other. The Jog Mañjhi then calls the village people. Of these he also takes out the elderly men, who sit down opposite to the bridegroom's party facing them.

Now the village headman of the bride's side commences to talk: Honoured bridegroom's party, there is one matter about which I shall talk: During the hunt or the chase, when there is distress and danger, there is not promise — well then, having had good omens, a bullock on the right-hand side, a woodpecker on the left-hand side, we have tied together, joined together the bonds; now then the Day-spirit, the Five mountain spirits, the ancestors of old sitting together, we have joined the bonds; the house of the bride's side the bridegroom has got, and the house of the bridegroom's side the bride has got; it has become an exchange of houses. Now you may happen to wander hunting and chasing, you may happen to go to market or some such thing, you may wander to villages and hamlets, well then, up to this time, due to lack of knowledge, you drank water from hollowed out cavities in rivers and from pools; now as is seen here, we have bought houses, from to-day then do not pass to the right or to the left; in the house there is a cup of water and shadow in a cowshed, please come to this. From twelve kilns you have selected a vessel; having tapped it and found it sound you bought it: Then if it is lazy, if it is slothful, if it is irregular and knotty, if it comes to grief, if it is lost, it is not our responsibility; — if it becomes tin, if it becomes copper, if it becomes a strumpet, a harlot, if it becomes a drug, a witch, it will be your look-out; as the quality of the house is, the people develop, as the quality of the cow-shed is, the cattle develop, — we have also taken the bridesprice without giving anything in return, the bullock for the bride's brother, the cloths for the grandmothers, the cloth for the mother of the bride, these also we have received without giving anything in return: both bones and ashes have we sold. Head-blood, ear-blood, this we have not sold, this we shall follow up. Well then, if one full day or half-a-day the rice is burnt, or the curry is burnt, may you suffer it, may you endure it; if by exhorting and tutoring it will not get well, then so and so headman, please send us a man; if no man is to be had, please send us a crooked stick; and if a stick is not to be found either, please send us a dog; we shall take counsel together.

[illegible] – Bodding.

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585 ceremony over the bride and the bridegroom and party three times. Thereupon she puts the brass-plate down, and keeping together in her hands a little dhubi grass, sun-dried rice, and sun-dried paddy she performs the waving ceremony three times over the bride and the bridegroom and party; thereupon she throws it down behind the back of the bridal pair.

Now she smears the turmeric water that she has put in a leaf-cup, mixed into a soft mass, on the bridegroom's cheek, and he also does the same to her. Thereupon the bridegroom's mother smears turmeric also on the bride's cheek, and she also does the same to her mother-in-law. Next the bridegroom's mother smears oil on the head of the bride and combs her a little, and she applies sindur to her; and she also smears oil on her mother-in-law and combs her a little and in her turn applies sindur to her. At this moment the bridegroom's mother puts an iron wristlet on the bride's left arm, and the flour-balls and cow-dung balls she at once throws away in three directions. Thereupon the wives of the bridegroom's father's elder and younger brothers also do the same.

Now the bridegroom's mother says to the marriage-broker: Give me the wooden pestle. He asks the bride's brother for this and hands it to the mother of the bridegroom. This they call the "gift pestle". Now the anointing girls on an earthenware lid bring glowing embers out from the house to the entrance door from the street. Now the three wives of the three brothers (first the mother of the bridegroom) take the wooden pestle in their left hands, wave it over the glowing embers on the lid and salute it with their right hands; thereupon they take the pestle in their right hands and wave it and make the salute with their left hands; again they once take the pestle in their left hands, wave it and make the salute with their right hands. She who was the last one to perform the waving ceremony stabs the glowing embers on the lid with the pestle, breaking them up, and the pestle she takes away and into the house. This act they call the purifying ceremony in bringing the bride and the bridegroom in.

Then they bring the bride and the bridegroom to the house-door; here they wash their feet over a brass-plate. Thereupon they are going to take them into the house; then a younger sister of the bridegroom shuts the door against them. Now they sing:

[539]

If you have strength, you so and so,
If you have maturity, you so and so,
Open, you so and so, the stone door.

If you have strength, you so and so,
If you have maturity, you so and so,
Open a little, you so and so, the stone door.

This they call the song of the closed door. The bride then gives her sister-in-law one anna, and she opens the door for them. They go inside, and the anointing girls spread

2; Skrefsrud M-5 (1870-1871) 1942 AW42 Santal AW42

out mats for them. The bride and bridegroom sit down there and with them the best-man, the follower, the girl conductor, and the duenna also. The anointing girls smear oil and turmeric on them. While they are doing this they sing[38]: 585 [539]

For whom, Father, is the elephant saddled?
For whom, Father, is the Maena-like queen?

For the young prince is the elephant saddled,
For the young prince is the Maena-like queen.

•

You went to the East, my boy, you came from the West;
Where, my boy, did you find, my boy, the Kiṣ flower?

On the other side of seven seas, at the way down to the Ganges river
Father bought the Kiṣ flower.

Now the anointing girls apply sindur to the bride and the bridegroom and their party, all who are sitting there; after having done this they wash their hands. Now they give the bride and the bridegroom rice cooked in milk, and to the others they give rice and curry. At this time the younger sister of the bridegroom forcibly takes rice from the bride; she puts one handful into the bride's mouth; thereupon they both eat their food together. When they have eaten, the anointing girls wash the hands of all. They go out gradually; the bridegroom stays with the brothers of the bride, and the bride with her duenna. [262] [607]

The Jog Mañjhi then calls the bride's brothers. Two boys of the village wash their feet; thereupon the anointing girls pour out water for them. They wash their hands, and the Jog Mañjhi says to the bride's brothers: Come along into the house, we shall have some gruel. They go inside; they spread out mats for them, and they sit down. First they give each of them two leaf-cups of beer. They drink this; thereupon the bridegroom's mother herself gives the brothers of the bride food; she makes them eat plentifully to make them pleased. Again the Jog Mañjhi says: Please bring the beer. Again they drink, each two leaf-cups of beer, of the very best. The two boys wash them. Thereupon the Jog Mañjhi takes them to a house open for all. When they have gone there, the Jog Mañjhi calls the bridegroom's party. When they come, they give them beer and food. This they call "dust removing food and beer". All lie down to sleep.

When day dawns the bridegroom's father says to the Jog Mañjhi: Please remember the bride's brothers, have they got up or not? The Jog Mañjhi answers: They are up. Then the father of the bridegroom, the bride's brothers, the bride and the bridegroom, the duenna,

[38] In a kind of Bihari.

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people of the community, have planted me: these two here are my mother and my father in righteousness, and this one here is my righteous mate: he may come tired and hungry from anywhere; as soon as I see him, I shall pour out water and meet him with it; and my mother and father may come from anywhere tired and hungry, for them also I shall pour out water and meet them; if I do not act in this way, you, the people of the community, will blame me. 585

Now the village headman speaks jokingly, saying: The bride is exceedingly good; the way in which she has given us rice and curry and beer, this we have all seen; we have had food and drink; we believe it.

Now the father of the bridegroom gives the marriage-broker and the best-man their dues. The marriage-broker gets a loin-cloth, five cubits long and one four-anna bit and one anna for sandal-wear, and the best-man gets a loin-cloth, five cubits long. They now go out into the court-yard.

The Jog Mañjhi enters the house and says to the mother of the bridegroom: Please give me oil and a comb. They procure this for him. They then spread out a mat in the cow-shed; on this they make the brothers of the bride sit down. Three young men from the village rub them in with oil; thereupon they comb them and poke a good deal of fun at them. The women of the village also treat the duenna in the same way, and they apply any amount of sindur-spots on her. The anointing girls make tassels of straw and plaits of hemp. The young men of the village make the plaits into hairknots on the brothers of the bride and tie them tight with the tassels.

The Jog Mañjhi now brings a dancing-drum out into the court-yard. They drum and the oil-smearing young men take hold of the brothers of the bride to dance, and the women take hold of the duenna to dance. They are dancing and singing dọn songs: [539]

Please, bride, tell your brothers to wait for the midday meal,
Eating off, a spotted back he is leaving for you, mother.

A thieving dog slinking about,
A brother of the bride greedily licking.

Who, girls, who, girls, is the thieving dog?
Who, girls, who, girls, is the brother of the bride?

With a ladle girls, beat the thieving dog,
With a vessel, girls, cover up the brother of the bride.

The duenna, the diarrhoea covering,
Some one importuning,
Some one importuning, mother, girls, in the house below the hill.

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585
[539]

The brother of the bride, shaved and cracked,
Some one importuning,
Some one importuning, mother, girls, in the house below the hill.

Thereupon they go out into the street outside the house. They fix five days to take the bride and bridegroom away and back again. Again they take the duenna into the house. They put down for her one seer rice, one seer flattened and parched rice and on the rice one wristlet; thereupon she goes out into the street outside. The Jog Mānjhi now brings out for the brothers of the bride five half-seers parched and flattened rice; their sticks and different implements and the quarter joint he also brings out.

Now the brothers of the bride say to her: Please, girl, don't grieve; in five days we shall come back and take you both away. As for you, brew beer in the meantime, and make five seers of flattened rice in the meantime. After this the duenna instructs and tutors the bride before leaving: Please stay here, girl, this here is your home, this here is your door to go out and in through; work all of you, eat diligently. Do not long for us; this is your home for life; both bones and ashes have we sold you; for one leaf-cup have we sold you, also for half a leaf-cup have we sold you; therefore you would not fit in with us. Do not grieve; in five days we shall come again.

Thereupon the bride and bridegroom and the brothers of the bride and the duenna salute all the village people, commencing from the village headman. When this is done, the brothers of the bride and the duenna stand on one side, and the bride and bridegroom salute them, and these two go alone inside the house. The bridegroom then takes out one small packet of tobacco and one small packet lime, and the bride a loṭa with water. They go both to the brothers of the bride. The bride gives her own real brother the loṭa with water. He drinks and gives her the loṭa back. Thereupon the bridegroom gives him the lime and the tobacco; this he puts in his waist-cloth. Thereupon they go.

When they have gone, the young girls and men in the village take the marriage-shed down, and as they acted in the bride's home, in the same way they eat and drink "dew beer" and "dew rice". They get no presents. Afterwards they dance.

When it becomes time for drawing water, the bride goes together with a couple of the [312] village girls to draw water. She takes with her to the water-fetching place a little oil and sindur. There she makes five marks with oil and sindur downwards, and having drawn water she comes back with her companions. This they call to buy way down to water.

After five days the marriage-broker and two of the brothers of the bride come. After having saluted each other they "water" their feet, take them inside the house and give them beer. Afterwards they kill some fowls for them, and preparing rice and curry they give it to them. They lie down to sleep. When day dawns, they give them stale food, flattened and parched rice. For the midday meal they prepare rice and curry for them.

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585 184 The customary dues are as in a marriage with parties; eating and drinking and beer are also in the same way. After having had food and drink the bridegroom's party bring the bride to the bridegroom's home. Three brothers of the bride and a duenna go along with the girl. For "finishing the painting" and for "fireplace damages" nothing has to be given. The applying of sindur is done in the house of the bridegroom. Here they also act as customary at a marriage with parties. In connexion with taking the pair away and back again it is also as in other marriages.

h. Ghardi jäwäe[63] (house son-in-law).

583 People who have no son, or whose sons are small and not fit to do any work, such people keep house sons-in-law, when they have grown up daughters; and only a poor man or an orphan will stay as a house son-in-law. House sons-in-law have no brideprice or expenses to pay, nor have they any customary dues to give; the expenses are all on the girl's side. The marriage is performed for them like for other people. They serve for the bride five years with their father-in-law. They do not get any wages, only food and clothes. When they take in a house son-in-law, they show him a calf. If before the five years are gone, the girl does not pull together with her husband, he goes away taking the calf with him. At the time when the two are married the father gives also the girl a calf. And for five years she gets her reaping perquisites, and this paddy she gives out on interest to somebody. When five years have passed, they will, if they are pleased, stay on, getting wages; if not, they leave.

(428) And if a girl's parents have no male children, and if the house son-in-law and his wife will take care of and feed the two (parents) until death, the two will get the house and household, all the agricultural and other land, and they will get half the cattle; the other half the brothers (or cousins) of the girl's father will get. The ghardi jäwäe and his wife have to bear the expenses in connexion with the final funeral ceremonies. If there are two or three house sons-in-law, they divide.

i. The marriage of widowers, widows, and divorced ones.

587 (539) Widowers are not liked; therefore (girls) will not quickly agree to be married to such ones. They say: "As a widower snarled"; "a widower a worn-out broom, scraping, scraping, who will be fool enough to agree to be married to such a one"?

Divorced men are not liked either. They say: "A divorced man, a fickle fellow, who knows for how many days."

They also put blame on widows. They say: "A widow, a stallion, neighing, neighing."

Divorced girls are especially blamed. They say: "A divorced girl, the head of a maena, smooth, smooth"; "a divorced girl, a green Bulbul bird, they cry in a thousand ways";

[63] See Dictionary s. v.

"a divorced girl, a decoy partridge, they are leading astray"; "a divorced girl, a cọḍgọć[84] fish, they do not remain in one place". 587

If a widower or a divorced man marries a spinster, her parents will take a brideprice of five or seven rupees for good, that is to say, the bridegroom does not get anything in return. The marriage is performed as between bachelor and spinster. [539]

Formerly bachelors did not marry widows or divorced women, and also nowadays this is not in accordance with the rule; still nowadays a few men marry such persons, because the age has become depraved. Those who marry a widow or a divorced woman have to pay only half the brideprice, and the Jọg Mạńjhi gets eight annas as marriage fee. The village headman gets nothing. Cloth for the mother, cloths for the grandmothers there is nothing of, and presents and the like are absent also; there is no bathing and hair-washing, no going and coming either. This is no real marriage, we call it a temporary hire. The name of such a marriage is saṅgha. The bridegroom does not apply sindur to the bride. Applying sindur to a flower, he with his left hand sticks this into the bride's hair. This is saṅgha (marrying a widow or divorced woman). No feast has to be given either, the bridegroom gives only a couple of people some beer.

Girls who get a child while being spinsters they call cupi chạḍwi, tail-divorced. Any one who marries such a girl, pays a brideprice as for a divorced girl. But the marriage is performed as a marriage with a spinster. 848

j. Running in.

If in any village a young man and a girl have become of one mind, the girl will inform the Jọg Mạńjhi of this. Having found out what the young man wishes, the Jọg Mạńjhi takes the girl into the house of the young man's parents. A couple of days afterwards the parents tell the village headman. They come together and have a talk. They ask the girl and the young man what they intend. If these two say they are willing and agree, they separate them and fix a day for the marriage. The village community gets five four-anna bits. The marriage is performed like other marriages. 583

If any young man and girl have sexual intercourse, and the young man afterwards is unwilling to marry her, the girl will run in to the young man, forcing her way in. If the young man professes to marry her, in this case their marriage is performed as with the above run-in girl. But if the young man will not agree to marry her, he will in accordance with the decision of the village council have to pay the girl three rupees, and the village council will fine the father of the young man and the father of the girl each five four-anna bits. When the girl has got the money, the Jọg Mạńjhi will take her to the house of her parents. 583 836

[84] Ophiocephalus gachua, Ham. Buch.

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of the very best bullocks or buffaloes to the house of the village headman, and the two killed castrated animals they also take there. 583

The village headman now calls the village people together to a council meeting, and they judge in the matter. They follow the matter up, to find out how it happened. They then also send a couple of men to the girl's home and ask her whether it was with her consent or forcibly that the young man applied sindur to her, and they take with them also from the girl's home a castrated animal (goat or pig). The three castrated animals the people of both sides eat, and the cattle the headman of the young man's side and the village council give in charge to the village headman of the girl's side, until the father of the young man pays the fine money. The girl's father gets sixteen rupees without giving anything in return, whether the young man gets the girl or not. And the headman of the young man's village gets five rupees from the father of the young man. This they call the head-saving rupees. Formerly they have sometimes beaten such a young man to death on account of the crime of forcibly applying sindur to a girl. And this they did not take up for inquiry. The village headman stands to shelter the young man; therefore he gets the money. Of these five rupees the headman gives two rupees to his village people as their share. A girl that has got sindur applied to her they, with a few exceptions, give in marriage to the young man. They afterwards marry the two over again as at the marriage of bachelor and spinster. And if they do not bestow the girl on the young man, she becomes a divorcee. [178]

l. About getting a second wife.

In bygone days they were living satisfied with only one wife; none had two wives. And also nowadays, if they out of licentiousness get two or three wives, they do not call this good; and there are very few such people. But if a man's wife does not get children, then the husband may, both of them agreeing, take a co-wife. The first wife rules the household. And if the elder brother of the husband dies, then his younger brother can, even if he has a wife, keep his sister-in-law as a wife, and they do this in order that the children may not be alienated. And this they do not deem bad. But if some one's younger brother dies, then an elder brother cannot keep this one's wife. A younger brother's wife they honour equal to a bonga, — they do not even touch their bedsteads. 595

Those who commit the fault of getting two wives, will afterwards reap the fruit of this, because a first wife and a co-wife will not live in peace. People say: "A co-wife, needle pricks, they prick"; "a co-wife, ebony firewood, crackles"; "a co-wife, a hen with just hatched out chickens, at loggerheads, they are not reconciled"; "a first wife, kicked in going, kicked in coming, they will endure it"; "co-wives make a dull sound with a wooden slab rapping with the feet"; "a co-wife, the itching of the etka[68], cannot be endured". [539]

[68] Mucuna pruriens, DC., produces an intense itching.

[1] Oslo Ms. Mss. — Bodding.

2; Skrefsrud M-5 (1870-1871) 1942 AW42 Santal AW42

IV. WHEN A MARRIED SON LIVES IN THE HOUSE OF HIS FATHER

a. Brothers living together.

Santals do not at once, when getting married, set up separate households; they stay in the house of the man's parents. If a man moves away to live in the house of his father-in-law, they blame him very much, and such a man will not afterwards get any share of the inheritance. Some people will, because they are annoyed beyond sufferance, perform the final funeral ceremonies for such a son. Nowadays a few men will give them a share of the original property; but this is only a favour; formerly they had no right to this. 428 591

Until the father makes his sons set up separate households, they work together, eat together. The parents of the young men look upon their daughters-in-law as their own daughters. Among his sons the father will love the oldest son most, provided he is good, and the mother will love her youngest child most. The young men with their wives honour their uncles and aunts like their own parents, and these look upon them as their own children. 591 593 606 604

The father guides, instructs and tutors his sons, and the mother does the same with her daughters-in-law and daughters. The younger daughters-in-law address the elder daughters-in-law as elder sisters and obey their word like that of their mother-in-law; the elder daughters-in-law address the younger ones, saying "girl" to them, and look upon them as younger sisters. When the parents have lost their strength, the eldest son and the eldest daughter-in-law manage the household, and they have to stand up when the young ones misbehave or commit any fault. If the elder ones while living let the younger ones manage, awful quarrelings arise. The old man mostly scolds his wife if the work and business don't go well, and now and then he will also upbraid his sons, but never his daughters-in-law. Those who really start quarrels, are the mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law, and the wives of the brothers, and through their quarrels brothers also become enemies. Santals say: "A mother-in-law, a bitter pumpkin, not tasty"; "a daughter-in-law, plugged ears, they don't hear"; "a daughter-in-law, a python snake, dragging themselves along, they do not move". Of the husbands of daughters they say: "A daughter's husband, crooked firewood, will be still more crooked"; "Another's child, a forest fowl, they will not become one's own". 593 606 607 [539]

An elder brother's wife and the younger brothers and sisters of her husband are great friends; they do not quarrel. Girls tell the wife of their elder brother everything, both 607

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leave for ever this house; what is ill, what is diseased, may that recover, may it get well; what there is of pain, of suffering, mayest thou fasten, mayest thou make less; like water in a hollowed out hole in a river, in a spring pool, may he become pure, may he become well, Lord, Father my Ṭhākur. 755

Thereupon he spreads out (rice) for the bongas of the places along the boundary. He then says to these: Here, O Lords, ye are here in these parts, in stumps and in roots, in water, anywhere, in recesses, in holes, ye who are moving, come near, and ye who do not move, be witnesses from a distance, favour it.

Thereupon he brings roots and crushes them for the patient. If the patient recovers by this, well and good; if not, the ojha says: I am unable to manage it; apply to the village headman and his deputy; somebody, who knows who, are instigating and entering into this.

k. Concerning relatives.

Among the relatives, excepting those of both parents (i. e., of husband and wife), they like those on the wife's side best. For the maternal uncles and their family and for the brothers of the wife husband and wife have much thought. They mostly visit these. When they are visited, they kill a good many fowls and pigs, and they give them much beer and food. And the two themselves also show them much hospitality. They also love and show hospitality to the brothers of the husband or the maternal uncles on the husband's side and their families, but not to such a degree. There is a folk tale: Once, who knows when, they tell, the maternal and paternal uncles of a child had come on a visit and met at the couple's house. When they had had their noon meal, it commenced to threaten to rain. At this time the woman took the child on her hip and fondled it in the court-yard; then she said: In the direction of the home of your maternal uncles, my child, heavy heavy clouds have arisen, it is black there; in the direction of the home of your paternal uncles there is a clear sky. Then the brothers of her husband came out and looked about; there were the same kind of clouds everywhere; consequently it dawned upon them: the wife wants to send us away, so that she may entertain her brothers. Thereupon, pleading something or other as an excuse, they quietly took themselves off; what could they otherwise do? Then her brothers were also on the point of going. But then she says to them: Don't, my elder brothers, go away, there is a pot of weak, weak beer, stay to-day. When it became evening, she poured out beer, and she made her husband kill a pig. She gave them any amount of meat, rice, and beer; they ate and drank abundantly. 602 [539]

The women do not turn their back to the relatives on their husband's side; they keep water for the children (i. e., arrange for their support), in order that when their father is no more, they may teach them to worship the spirits; but they have not much love for them, it is only for the sake of profit.

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k. Concerning mutual behaviour and respect.

At the time when we were boys, all members of a family living in the same village greeted each other in the morning, as soon as they got up, and the people in the village also greeted each other when they met, and when members of a family go anywhere on a visit or come back, then also they greet each other. And when the young people of a village go to attend a festival, they bow to the Mṛñjhi haṛam and Mṛñjhi buḍhi (the village headman and his wife), when they leave. In the house the master and his wife once daily are sure to kiss their sons and daughters-in-law, big or small. The young men and girls all honour the old men and ladies much. What these say to instruct or exhort them, this they fix in their mind. They are not impudent towards old men and women; in their presence they do not sit down on a bedstead even; young men and girls do not drink beer or liquor; the young men do not go to a place where an ox is eaten either. Women pay much heed to what the men say; they do not let their hair down in the presence of men. The village people honour the village headman and his deputy much, and these two also do not neglect what the village people say.

Nowadays the age has been spoilt. The women do not honour the men; the sons do not respect their old fathers either; daughters are also very impudent towards their mothers; they do not greet each other either; they pass each other like animals; the young men and girls drink an awful amount of beer; when old men come, they do not get up either; when old men or the parents upbraid them, the young men and girls answer back, or they run away in the sulks, and only when coaxed a good deal, will they come back home. The women and the children have become the kings in this age. Some few people are good even at the present time; but most people have become bad. The village headman also judge covetously (taking bribes), and the village people do not follow the headman's order either. Also co-parents-in-law are quarrelling a good deal in the present age; formerly they never quarrelled, they were very respectful towards each other. The ancestors said: "Rice like flowers, curry like fish, liquor like fire, and a friend like a co-parent-in-law, where will you find such a one?"

l. Concerning friendship.

Living in the same village all are relatives, quite so; but there is not friendship with all there. In a village many people are on friendly terms with each other, and some people also are on good terms with each other, but friendship they have only with one or two others, and intimate friendship they have only one with one other, and this is very rarely found. Intimate friends will give even their life to help each other in calamity and danger. People who are intimate friends tell each other the sorrows and joys of their heart, and in all matters they help each other, when there is any necessity. In the village elderly men

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n. About pride.

Sensible people do not feel proud. Only stupid people swell up like frogs; all feel disgust for such people. People who were paupers and have become a little well-to-do, or who have acquired a position for themselves by dishonest means, the conceit of such people quickly rises up. People say: "If a servant girl becomes the wife of the village headman, and a servant becomes an overchief, their conceit will not go even on twelve carts". This has been seen from time to time. A few Godet men have in the country deprived village headmen or overchiefs of their position; these mostly swell like boils; among them some are utterly covetous, and their women also scoff at poor people.

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Thinking they look nice some girls let themselves be praised like a Paradise Flycatcher bird, although they are looking like an owl; they are giving themselves airs.

o. About mocking people.

Santals cannot endure mocking; it pains them very much, and it makes them awfully angry. They will rather stand upbraiding and rebuking words; mocking words they feel itching like the etka[10]. Men do not mock much; women speak vituperatingly to give people pain; they speak very irritatingly, they may make you vexed. Through women's mocking much quarrelling is caused, and thereby people are separated, they are even divorced.

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p. About getting angry and sulky.

Santals do not, like the Dekos and the Turks, become quickly angry; still they become angry when they are much hurt. The men especially get angry, and at such times they are quick to strike; the women become sulky; they quickly become cross and sullen. If you ask them anything at such time, they snarl, and when you say anything to them, they snap at you, as if they were burning you with a nettle. Both elderly women and girls are such. The anger of men is easily appeased; but the sulkiness of women is assuaged only when you coax them a good deal; therefore the women break people in, without needing a training yoke.

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q. About passionate and irascible speech.

Some men are, when angry, unable to restrain their rage; therefore when people say something to them, they speak passionately to them; but when a woman has become sulky, she will speak irascibly to you, even when you talk friendly to her. The passionate word of a man will glance off like a blunt arrow with a bamboo head; but the rage of a woman is as when your shoulder-blade is shot through with an iron arrowhead.

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[10] Mucuna pruriens, DC., has hairs that cause an unbearable itching.

[11] Cuis. Sta. Mus. – Bedding.

beans hoṛeć, raheṛ, ghaṅgra, sutri; further alpaluạ, vegetables, fowls, pigs, goats, hares, peafowls, the Indian Gaur, the Sambar Stag, birds, and the winged creation. And salt they were preparing from saline earth. They scrape off and bring some earth, mix it up in an earthenware pot and strain it with water; they boil the water, and when the water evaporates, the salt comes there. Because it is very pungent, they cover it up in a cloth and bury it in hot ashes; then it becomes tasty salt. They were preparing this during the cold season. Oil they were pressing out of different forest fruits; they were weaving clothes for themselves. People of the Ṭuḍu sept were making all kinds of implements of iron; and they were themselves making winnowing-fans and baskets, earthenware vessels, and so on. Whether we formerly had gold or not, we do not know; but in the old country they called gold samanom. Later on people of the Baske sept were transacting business, buying and selling by barter, and since rupees and pice have appeared, we buy and sell using money. Formerly also the village people were bartering, some bartered buffaloes for goats, some goats for pigs, and so on.

Nowadays people of both sexes have become very lazy; they do not press oil, neither do they prepare salt; they do not much weave cloth either; they buy everything; thereby we Santals are becoming poor, and we are becoming deeply involved in debt to the money-lenders.

v. About debts and loans.

In former times no people were getting into debt or taking loans from the money-lenders; and there were no money-lenders either. In the Sikhar country the money-lenders found us for the first time. There the first money-lender with the Santals lived in Nạnduạṛa. From that time up to now we are in their hands, and they are tearing us up like vultures. By constantly paying we become numb; still the debt never comes to an end. They say: "If a seer has come into the house, it will never get out again"; "a Deko usurer, an old hyena, even old bones they crunch". Really it was also due to hardship in connexion with these that we ran away from Sikhar. At first they did not unrighteously charge us interest to such a degree; they were taking only 25 pct., in paddy or money; but gradually they commenced to charge exorbitantly. For a debt of three or four rupees they would without justice or reason drive pair after pair of plough-cattle away, and if you remonstrated with them, they would at once commence to strike.

But there is fault also on our side. Foolishly the Santals run into the hands of the usurers; whether they will be able to pay back or not, this they do not think of, and when they have what is needed to pay with, they will not pay at once; consequently interest upon interest is heaped up; thereupon the money-lender comes and carries all and everything away. And in the present age many Santals also deceitfully cheat the usurers and money-lenders of what is their right.

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The Jom sim bonga was not from the beginning; at the Jom sim festival they were offering only to the Sun bonga. They had, it is told, had a sacrifice to their Abga. When they had eaten and were going home, they forgot a battle-axe and left it there. When they remembered this on their way, one of them ran back to fetch it. To this man the Jom sim bonga revealed himself; he was picking up and eating what was lying scattered there. While he was eating the bonga was talking to himself: Oh, now I have felt pleased for the first time. Then seeing the man, he disappeared. The man brought the battle-axe, but he did not tell them of the bonga that had revealed himself. After this they got a good deal of fever, so that they were near dying. Then they had some divination made for them. The ojhas told them: Some bonga or other is revealing himself to you. Then the man who had fetched the battle-axe remembered what had happened to him, saying: Really I saw him when I was fetching the forgotten battle-axe. I heard him say: Now I have felt pleased for the first time. Therefore they called this bonga Ahaṛ. The ojhas said to them: This bonga says: Offer to me at the Jom sim festival. From that time the Santals worship him. 776

c. Worship and festivals.

The Sowing fowl is the first offering of the year[1]. In the month of Asar (middle of June to middle of July) we eat the sowing fowls, in the name of sowing and scattering the seed. Every house has to give one fowl. The village priest offers these in the sacred grove. He offers one fowl to each, to Marañ buru, Jaher era, Mõṛõko, Gosãe era, Pargana, and Mañjhi haram. He offers one black fowl to the bongas of the surrounding boundary. The remaining fowls he offers to the bongas along the boundaries; and if there are fowls left, they kill them wringing their necks. They do not offer them in a lump, but each separately. They make an invocation, as follows: Be greeted thou, Father my Ṭhakur, Jaher era (or Marañ buru, and so on), here then in the name of the Sowing fowl this is given to thee, handed to thee; we shall sow in one place, in twelve places may it shoot up in tufts, may they blow and bring, flood and bring rainy season rain, burning rain; into this village, this hamlet do ye not let suffering and sin, disease and illness, stomach-ache or headache enter, penetrate; with golden slings, with golden shoulder-yokes ye will carry it away on your shoulders, ye will carry it away with shoulder-yokes to another side, another boundary, Father my Ṭhakur. Widows, women of ill omen, a torn leaf, a folded leaf they will select for destruction, will doom; so then do not ye let them get good omens, favourable signs; then one day, half-a-day they will pry, stand on tiptoe, do not let any spell be thrown, any hurt be done, the calf-mothers, the goat-mothers may they wander about, walk about satisfactorily, the Sid forest, the Man forest, the half-grown dogs may ye press down, cover up, Lord, Father, my Ṭhakur. 796 782 796 782 539 [787]

[1] The Sowing fowl, the fowls sacrificed in connexion with the sowing of paddy.

796 When the village priest has sacrificed the fowls they cook them with rice into a hash, and all the men of the village eat this. The fowl for Jaher era and the fowl for Mṛṛko the village priest alone eats. The next day or the day after this they have offerings in every house; they make sacrifices to the Abge bongas, the House bonga, and the ancestors, and Marak buru.

When they have finished planting the rice they offer in the month of Sau (middle of July to middle of August) the "Green" fowls[9], that the paddy may grow green. On this occasion they sacrifice only to the village bongas. Then also they make the same invocation, they only insert the words "for the sake of the Green fowl" instead of "for the sake of the Sowing fowl".

The offering of the first fruits of iṛi and gundli takes place in the month of Bhador (middle of August to middle of September). Then the village priest bathes and goes to the highland field of such a one where the crops have first ripened, and whatever he, standing in one place, is able to cut, this he takes to the Sacred grove, and after having cleaned the places with cow-dung, he offers it to the bongas of the Sacred grove in succession, first to Jaher era, thereupon to Mṛṛko, thereupon to Marak hor[10], then to Gosāe era, and finally to Pargana. Thereupon he pours out milk as a libation, and he makes
[539] an invocation: He greeted then, Father my Thakur, Jaher era, here as ye see, new crops, new rare I am giving ye, handing ye; consequently we shall eat, take it into our mouth; do not let stomach-ache, head-ache be created, be formed, Lord, Father, my Thakur. After this he goes to the village, and in the same way in the Majhi than, making an invocation to Majhi haram, he makes an offering to him. What is left, the village priest takes with him.

Janthar (the offering of first-fruits of low-land paddy) they offer in the month of Aghar (middle of November to middle of December). At this time the village people buy a pig or a ram. This they call the sacrificial animal for Janthar. This sacrifice the priest of the outskirts offers at the place of the Pargana in the Sacred grove. What is needed for the sacrifice the priest of the outskirts has to provide, and also the rice for cooking the hash of and eating the sacrificed animal he has to give. When the sacrifice is performed, the men alone eat it. The invocation is as follows: Be greeted then, Father my
[539] Thakur, Pargana, in the name of the Janthar we are giving thee, handing thee sacrifices, offerings; consequently we shall eat, take it into our mouth, do not let stomach-ache, headache be created, be formed; in the ricefields, on the threshing-floors we shall reap, we shall thresh; mayest thou make it fertile, make it rich; mayest thou add to it, multiply it; rat and field-mouse will attack it; these also thou wilt restrain, keep back, Father, my Thakur. — The village priest offers the first-fruits of the paddy, as he did of the iṛi and gundli. The village people also offer the first-fruits of paddy in every house.

[9] "Green" naturally refers not to the colour of the fowls, but to the growing crops. [10] Marak hor is here used instead of Marak buru.

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Sohrae[11] is our great festival. We have this in the month of Pus (middle of December to middle of January), when we have reaped and threshed the paddy. As we have got fresh crops, we also fill our bongas; and our relatives we also entertain, as we have food and drink. Small and big, poor widows included, all of us then feast. 796

The village headman gathers the village people to have a council. Then they fix the time for the Sohrae. The village headman now gives the Goḍet an order: Do collect the beer-contributions and tell them in every house that they are to brew beer; after so and so many days we shall bathe for the Sohrae. In every house they now brew beer, and they invite their respective relatives to come. On the fixed day sisters and daughters, sisters' children and male relatives, all come together. In the evening of the day before they bathe the Goḍet takes three fowls and brings them to the village priest, two white ones and one speckled. The village priest binds them, and this night he himself observes religious abstinence, that is to say, he lies on the ground on a mat. When it becomes dawn, the Goḍet takes one fowl and half-a-seer rice together with salt and turmeric in every house. Having had her bath the wife of the village priest comes and pounds meal for the priest. About the middle of the forenoon (ca. 9 o'clock) the village priest goes out to the water's edge to sacrifice. The Goḍet goes along with the priest, taking the fowls collected in the village with him; a couple of the men of the village also go along.

After having bathed and come up from the water the village priest makes a magic square, plastering a long spot with cow-dung, in the direction of North and South. Along the magic square he puts small handfuls of rice in many places; thereupon he makes marks of sindur near the small heaps of rice, three marks at each heap. Thereupon he sprinkles water on the speckled one of the fowls that were taken the first day, and applies sindur to its head, and thereupon sindur to its wings and legs. Next he puts an egg down on the small heaps of rice, marking it with sindur; and letting the fowl eat from the rice, he makes an invocation: Be greeted then, Jaher era, Father my Ṭhakur, in the name of the Sohrae this is given to thee, handed to thee; with pleasure and delight mayest thou receive, mayest thou accept this; this mayest thou be pleased with, mayest thou be agreeable to; we are inexperienced girls, inexperienced boys, we do not know and recognize; in the plastering, in the cleaning with cow-dung, in the observances, in the religious abstinence, where anything may have been forgotten, been indifferently done, we do not know, do not recognize it; may ye bear it, suffer it. In former times, in some manner or other, our ancestors of old, in silk clothes, in women's sindur-red attire, received ye, met ye, Father my Ṭhakur. In the village, in the settlement do not let stomach-ache, headache enter, do not let it intrude; relatives, persons of our sept, from the other side of the big river, from the other side of the stream we have invited, we have notified sister's sons and daughters, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, they will dance and enjoy themselves, may there

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[11] See Dictionary s. v.

[12] Cole Ein. Mus. — Bedding.

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796 [782] [539] be no spells, no enchantments, no loss, no waste, no quarrel, no dispute, may they dance with joy, enjoy themselves, Lord Father, my Thakur.

Thereupon he sacrifices the speckled fowl. In the same way he sacrifices to all the bongas. Having cooked the fowls with rice into a hash, all the men of the village eat them. And the collected beer they drink there. All the people of the village, poor and others, then ask each other: Well, how is it? Perhaps some among us have a fever or are ill? If this is the case, we must let each other know. The village men then answer: We are well, Father headman, by your grace. The village headman then says: By the grace of Thakur we shall all get what is good. As we see, we have brought the Sohrae festival, the great Elder Sister has arrived. For five days and five nights dance and enjoy yourselves, brothers and sisters; let there be no disputes, no quarrels, no covetousness, no greed; if there is any covetousness and greed, look out well, also the fenced vegetables you may pluck, but not what is climbing on poles, nor what is shrivelled up, pluck what is unripe; and the flowers that they have fixed with latha, have tied with thread, do not commit the sin of plucking these flowers for us, Hira. The village men then answer: With twelve balls of cotton we are shutting our ears up; then whatever there may be, small or big, we shall not see or listen to it[12]. Thereupon they sing[13]:

[539]

Who created	Thakur created	Tirmuti created
The wide earth?	The wide world.	Kanu the Goala.
Who created	Thakur created	Towards the East he drove
The cattle, you there?	The cattle, you there.	The cattle, you there.
Who created	Thakur created	Towards the East he drove
The cattle?	The cattle.	The cattle.

Where, young man, did you lose	On the road I lost
The flute at your waist?	The flute at my waist.
Where, young man, did you lose	At the place of worship I lost
The cattle, you there?	The cattle, you there.
Where, young man, did you lose	At the place of worship I lost
The cattle?	The cattle.

Thereupon they call the cattle-herd boys: Come with them, fellows, bring the cattle, we shall let them trample on the magic square and blot it out. They then drive the cattle near to the magic square. The village priest now asks for all the sticks of the cattle-herds;

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[12] The expressions used all refer to women; they must not touch those who are too young or too old, and not married ones. It is shameless. [13] In a kind of Bihari.

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he puts them down at the magic square; he applies sindur to every single stick of theirs. Thereupon they drive the cattle near to the magic square. 796

Any cow[14], who treads on or smells at the egg put down there, this cow they catch and, washing her legs, they anoint her horns with oil, and apply sindur to her horns. The herd of this cow they lift up and place him on some one's shoulder, and bring him to the village headman and put him down there. The boy bows to the headman and after him to all the elderly men there.

Now they go home, drumming the dancing-drum as they go along. They enter the house of the village priest, who gives them beer. After they have drunk this, they proceed to the house of the village headman, who also gives them beer. At this time the village headman says to the Jog Mañjhi and the Jog Paranik: So long as the festival lasts, the young men and girls are in your charge, and the festival is also in your charge. If you let the village street become deserted, we shall fine both of you. Thereupon they separate. They take food and drink beer in their respective houses.

It is evening. The elderly men and women go to bed, and the young men blow[15] the cattle. Standing at the door of the cow-shed they drum the dancing drum and sing[16]: [539]

The cows have gone to the Siribandha forest,
The buffalo-cows are grazing on the other side of the Ganges.

The cows come home when the sun sets,
The buffalo-cows come home, after having grazed, at midnight.

On what horn is it to get oil and sindur?
Where on its back is grass and paddy to be strewed on it?

In this way they sing, drum, and blow the flute at every house exceedingly, and all along the village street they shout indecently. Although they hear this in every house, they do not listen to it.

After these the girls perform the waving ceremony over the cattle. They also commence at the house of the village headman. They bring with them sun-dried rice, and sun-dried paddy, mixed together, dhubi grass and a lighted lamp. They make an invocation: Take it, you reddish one, through you, reddish one, may there become one hundred reddish [782] ones, by your guiding them, following them, fill this cattle shed, this place of omen, fill [539] it to overflow; may you earn, may you produce, to the backside of the house, to its eaves;

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[14] The word used may also mean any piece of cattle, not necessarily a cow. [15] The word translated "blow" is ordinarily used about "awaken"; the object of the proceedings is to cause the cattle to become fruitful and effective. [16] In a kind of Bihari. [192]

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796 782 539 may water from the eaves fall down on it, may mushrooms spring up, your owner, your watchman, on the other side of the big river, on the other side of the stream, co-parents-in-law, their near relatives, may they eat, may they drink; hear it you, listen you, the Turks' measure of capacity[17], awfully large, your owner, your watchman with his arrow, his battle-axe may he dig and smite, pierce and smite.

Take it, you Bugi, through you, Bugi, may there become one hundred Bugis, by carrying them on your hip, by bearing them, guiding them, following them up here, may you fill this cow-shed, this place of omen, fill it to overflow, your owner, your watchman on the other side of the big river, on the other side of the stream, co-parents-in-law, their near relatives, may they eat, may they drink, hear it you, listen you, the Turks' measure of capacity, awfully large, your owner, your watchman with his arrow, his battle-axe may he dig and smite, may he pierce and smite.

At the same time when they make this invocation they strew out the dhubi grass and the sun-dried paddy and rice towards the cattle-shed and the cows. Then they sing[18]:

Having taken sun-dried rice in the hand,
Having arranged the betel nut, a bunch,
Come along, so and so goddess, at the proper time
To bless waving over the cows.

More than once waving and blessing
To wave and bless twice is great.
This happened on the big bullock
Alone.

Wherefore are you crying, bullock?
Wherefore are you worrying, bullock?
I shall give you, my son,
Excellent betelnut.

Slowly he will go, slowly he will go,
The young bullock;
Afterwards I shall apply sindur.

796 539 In this way the girls perform the waving ceremony in house after house and continue singing at every cattle-shed. In the village street they sing in another way:

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[17] The translation is literal; no Santal has been able to explain to the writer what is really meant. [18] In corrupt Bihari.

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The dove is always on the move,
The crow is eating with legs spread out,
The young servant of the headman's family
To-morrow he will go out;
The servant girl of the deputy headman's family,
Later in the day she will come out.

At the cow-shed of people who have buffalo cows they sing the praise of these differently, when they perform the waving ceremony:

Whose cows are these? the cows are shining white.
Whose buffalo cows are these? the buffalo cow is black and bulky.

The cows of so and so, the cows are shining white.
The buffalo cows of so and so, the buffalo cow is black and bulky.

The leg of the buffalo cow is thick and fat,
The leg of the green dove is covered with feather low down.

These ones went to the Sihegor forest,
These ones went to the Manegor forest.

Do, you so and so, turn them round,
Do, you so and so, turn them round back.

In the Sihegor forest, mother, is the tiger,
In the Manegor forest is the young leopard.

These will graze making scratching sounds in the straw pins,
The saline soil you will clear quickly.

The young men finish blessing the cattle, and the girls also bring the waving ceremony to an end; thereupon they all wander in the village street and sing; they drum the dancing-drum and the kettle-drum, and blow the flute, that is to say, the young men do this and the girls beat the cymbals and dance, they make a tremendous din and noise. [533] [534]

At cockcrow the young men again bless the cattle once, and following after them the girls perform the waving ceremony. The young men sing[29]:

The cock has crowed,
It has dawned.
Get up, my son, to let the cattle out to graze.
Get up, my son, to let the cattle out to graze.

[29] In corrupt Bihari.

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Don't, father, make me stand up,
Don't, father, awaken me;
The sleepiness is calling out to me,
The sleepiness is calling out to me.

In his hand he took the stick,
On his feet he took the wooden sandals;
He went along, so and so man,
To let the cattle out to graze.

The girls sing, when they perform the waving ceremony over the cattle in the morning[20]:

The cock has crowed,
It has become morning;
Get up, my son, you so and so,
To let the cattle out to graze.

Don't, mother, make me stand up,
Don't, mother, awaken me;
The sleepiness is calling out to me.

In his hand he took the stick,
On his feet he took the wooden sandals;
He went along, so and so man,
To turn the cattle round.

The stick of gold, mother,
Will turn the cattle round.
The silver-flute, mother,
The flute he will blow.

When they have finished the waving ceremony, the cattle-herds let the cattle out. The girls stop dancing and begin to do their separate work. And the young men dance the ḍaṇṭa[21] in the street outside the village headman's house. They sing:

Come along, children,
We shall go to catch fish.
The fish was pierced by a thorn,
The fish was pierced by a thorn;
We shall go along leaving the marsh,
We shall go along leaving the marsh.

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[20] In corrupt Bihari. [21] See Dictionary s. v.

796 the rice. At that time they make the following invocation: Be greeted then, white-haired
[782] one, Father my Ṭhakur, in the name of the Sohrae I am giving ye, handing to ye rotten
[539] food, rotten cooked rice, with this may ye be pleased, be agreeable. On the other side of the big river, on the other side of the stream, relatives, people of our own sept, daughters, sisters we have invited, we have notified; what remains, what is left by ye, they will eat, take into their mouth; do not let stomach-ache, headache be created, be formed, Father my Ṭhakur. They make some further long invocations. Thereupon they all eat and drink.

[539] They sing:

Small, small fowls and pigs,
Numerous are your relatives;
I shall prepare the rice, the curry,
As for me, Father, I will certainly not serve it out.

When they have eaten, they paint atnak leaves with wetted flour in the door of the cattle-shed, that it may look nice, and on the posts of the cattle-shed they splash flour-water and smear sindur; the yokes and the bar-posts they also treat in the same way. The married men and women go from house to house and drink beer and sing, and the young men and girls dance the whole night along in the village street.

[539] When married men and women go to an other house to drink beer, they sing, as they go:

This year, Father, make my cloth bordered,
Next year, Father, make my cloth with white and red stripes.
The village headman of the Jhariạ pạṭi country
Are coming on a visit.

[539] In the house where they go in, the people of this house meet them singing:

Please, sit down,
Please, stand,
Food and drink, my companion, we have none,
To meet and see each other, my companion, is a bewitching courtesy.

He made bad seasons, my companion,
He made good seasons;
Seed and seed-grain, my companion, we did not get;
All my children have become utter paupers.

Next day dawns. Then they drum the kettle-drum at the village headman's house, in order that the people may come together. The leading men of the village assemble. When they have gathered, the village headman asks them: How is it, are we, poor people, all

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Hearing the sound of the kettle-drum
You came, brothers-in-law;
Sit down on the gold-strapped bed.
We did nothing at all,
Brothers-in-law, as we are filled with joy.

One bowl tobacco,
Smoke this first, brothers-in-law,
It is a fine custom.
Drink at once one brass-cup water,
Brothers-in-law, a great enjoyment.

The country people answer[24]:

Cup after cup of beer, know this,
We have drunk, brothers-in-law,
Leaf-cup after leaf-cup of soup with the castrated goat.
We have not done or arranged anything for you,
Brothers-in-law, as we are filled with joy.

[535] Thereupon the young men of the village and the young men among the visitors dance the sword-dance in the village street outside the headman's house, and the people look on. When they have finished dancing, the visitors go away to their various villages, and the young people of the village wander about in the village street the whole night. Some of the young men and girls appropriate things; from house after house they take Taro[25], egg-plant fruits, beans, and tubers; with straw-rope they make two tiny bundles, and some of it they keep aside for themselves to eat. One bundle they hang up in the headman's door and one bundle in the Paranik's door. Then they sing:

[539]

Be careful coming out, Sir headman,
You might knock against the tubers and Taro and hurt yourself.

Give us, Sir headman, our ash-pot,
We shall cook and eat tubers and Taro.

The headman then brings one earthenware pot with beer out to the young men. Also in the house of the Paranik they get, by singing in the same way, one earthenware pot with beer. Both these pots of beer the young men and girls pour out and drink in the village street outside the headman's house, and they dance the whole night until dawn. When day dawns, the Jog Manjhi and the Jog Paranik make the young men take up the

[24] In corrupt Hihori. [25] Arum Colocasia, Willd.

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posts fixed in the street. On this occasion the young men collect one egg from every house, making fun. One of them "dies", and carrying him into the house, they exorcize him and sing chants: 796 [539]

Above it sounds like scraping,
Below it is stiff:
If you exorcize, let the exorcizing take effect,
Otherwise I shall go and plough the sun-grass thicket.

They get one egg and one handful of rice; thereupon the "dead" person quickly comes alive. They act in this way in every house.

When they have finished this, the young men and girls and women do the final functions (dancing and begging) at every house, commencing at the headman's house. Entering the courtyard they sing[28]: [431]

The Jugis beg [539]
For twelve years;
The young men beg
Just this day;
The young men beg
Just this day.

He does not ask for much,
He does not ask for a little,
He asks for one winnowing-fan of paddy
And one small pot of poured-out beer.

In this way they get paddy, split peas, salt, and beer in house after house. When dancing they sing songs, mutually blaming each other. The young men sing, blaming the girls for having maimed hands, and the girls sing, blaming the young men for having swollen legs; they sing, blaming each other in many ways. When they have finished begging at every house, they give all in charge in the house of the Jug Mańjhi during the night. They then dance at the last house and sing ḍahar and other songs. [431]

In the mustard, in the mustard they make their nest; [539]
In the middle-sized earthenware pot they make the juice.
In the large basket are rustlingly the straw bundles,
Witness the strong buzzing sound.

The people of this house give them one earthenware pot of beer, twenty cakes, and five seers of flattened and parched rice. This they eat and drink. They call this dew beer. [431]

[28] In corrupt Bihari.

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Some say the old man is dead;
Some say he is alive.
Exorcise him slowly, sitting.
Smearing red earth on him.
The old man is fidgeting.
The old man is fidgeting.

The women do their separate work, clean the ground with cow-dung, make flour, and so on; and after having finished dancing the young men go about and beg for fun's sake. Once they beat the brushwood fences from one end of the village street to the other end, and when they reach the house of the Godet, they shut the Godet in, closing the door to the village street. The Godet then gives them one earthenware pot with beer. Then they open (the door) for him. Thereupon they continue beating right up to the end of the village street. There at the end they make different "dancers" of straw; when they have made these ready, they take them to the house of the village headman. Here they make them dance, and the headman gives them rice. In this way they beg from house to house. When they have done begging, they give what they have begged together in charge in the house of the Jog Mānjhi. Now all the men go to bāthe, taking yokes, battle-axes, and knives along with them. They have their bath and come back. [431]

Thereupon they sacrifice fowls and pigs in every house. They sacrifice them to Marañ buru and to the house-bongas; to the ancestors they fell them. With flour they make the magic squares, two; in the middle of each they put down a small heap of rice and they make five marks of sindur, and on the animal to be sacrificed they sprinkle water and smear sindur on it, on its head, shoulder, and hoofs. Thereupon they let it feed on the rice in the magic square, and they make an invocation: Be greeted then, Marañ buru, Father my Ṭhākur, now then, in the name of the Sohrae, I am giving thee, handing to thee offerings, sacrifices; with this mayest thou be pleased, be agreeable; with pleasure, with delight thou wilt receive it, accept it, thou wilt fondle it, consider it great; formerly the ancestors of old received ye, met ye in silk clothes, in sindur-red women's attire; we are inexperienced girls, inexperienced boys, we do not know, do not recognise; in the plastering, in the cleaning with cow-dung, in the observances, in the religious abstinences, some may have been forgotten, been indifferently done; may ye bear it, may ye suffer it all, Father my Ṭhākur. Thereupon they make further invocations; but these I have quoted formerly. They make the same kind of invocation to the house-bongas. And letting the fowls feed on rice on a small leaf-plate they fell them, offering them to the ancestors, and they pour beer on the ground as a libation to Marañ buru and the ancestors. [782] [539]

Having finished the sacrifices they prepare rice and curry. They cook separately the flesh of the animals offered to the ancestors. This they throw down to them together with

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796 water on the three bongas and rinses them with this. Just as he has done this, they at once jump up screaming. Now the Jaher era commences to wash. He washes the feet first of the Mĕṛḍko, thereupon of Marañ buru, thereupon of the two, the village priest and his wife, thereupon of the village headman and of his deputy, of the kettle-drum drummer, of the horn blower and of the singer, and what is left of the water after washing he pours out on their heads. They also call out screaming. The village priest asks the Jaher era to get back the vessel in which the washing water was, and he makes them sit down on the mat like at first. Thereupon the village priest, in order to induce the spirits to leave, says to them: Please, my Lords, now time has passed, it is late, the horses, the umbrellas have become tired, depart ye. They drum the kettle-drum for them and blow the horn. They come to, and the village priest gives to each of them a brass-cup of beer, and also to the village people, that is, to all the men who have gone there, he gives beer and food. To the singer they give beer and food separately, somewhat more, and they do not let him go home either.

796 Now they commence to dance, and the singer sings in advance for them:

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High up in the Pipal tree,
There, Lord, the Crimson-breasted Barbet is singing;
In the hanging branches of the Banyan tree
There, Lord, the Woodpecker breathes.

The country has turned round,
Lord, the Crimson-breasted Barbet is singing;
The country has turned back again,
The Woodpecker, Lord, breathes.

It has certainly turned round,
Lord, the Crimson-breasted Barbet is singing;
It has certainly turned back again,
Lord, the Woodpecker breathes.

Who of you cared for him?
Lord, the Crimson-breasted Barbet is singing;
Who of you was anxious for him?
Lord, the Woodpecker breathes.

The Five cared for him,
Lord, the Crimson-breasted Barbet is singing;
The Six were anxious for him,
Lord, the Woodpecker breathes.

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He did certainly care for him;
Lord, the Crimson-breasted Barbet is singing;
He was certainly anxious for him;
Lord, the Woodpecker breathes.

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In accordance with custom I have put
On my hand a ring;
In accordance with custom I have put
On my leg an anklet.

Where have you, my elder sister,
On your hand the ring?
Where have you, my elder sister,
On your leg the anklet?

In the water of the hollowed-out hole I let it fall,
O mother, the ring on my hand.
In the water of the pool I let it slip down
The anklet on my leg.

Why, my friend picked up
The ring on my hand;
Why, my companion took up
The anklet on my leg.

Tell him to give
The ring on my hand;
Tell him to hand over
The anklet on my leg.

With your friend is not
The ring on my hand;
Nor with your companion is
The anklet on your leg.

They dance the whole night until dawn, and they sing some very beautiful songs. In the Flower festival there are only beautiful songs; there is nothing indecent. The village priest and his wife both pass the night lying on the ground, to observe religious abstinence.

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When the day dawns, the wife of the village priest, after having come back from bathing, pounds flour. And the Godet catches fowls in the village, one fowl from each house,

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796 further a pinch of rice, salt, and turmeric. The village priest arranges his requisites for sacrificing, a new large flat basket, a small flat basket, in which he puts sun-dried rice. The oil, the sindur, and the spices he also arranges in this, and in a winnowing-fan he puts the flour and a battle-axe. In the large flat basket he arranges a chain, an armlet and a broom, just these things; and the bow and arrows, the horn and one narrow-necked earthenware vessel an unmarried young man carries along. The narrow-necked earthenware vessel they call the good omen vessel. Now they go to the sacred grove. Following [539] immediately after the village priest the young men and girls dance and sing, as they pass along:

The hard verandah, the verandah of abstinence,
To-day the village priest spent the night on a bamboo mat,
To-day the village priest lay abstinent on the floor on a bamboo mat.

•

Of the house, of the house,
Of the stately house,
Of the homestead, of the homestead
In the leaf-cup mustard.

Who of you will put it down
In the stately house?
Who of you will receive
In the leaf-cup mustard?

The Mŏṛṛko will put it down
In the stately house;
The Jaher era will receive
In the leaf-cup the mustard.

They first take omens
For the forest country;
They wander round about
In the villages, the hamlets.

It is there, it is there,
The cow with the black female calf.
It is there, it is there
The speckled pullet.

The village priest goes to bathe; when he has come back from bathing, he applies cow-dung to the bonga-places. At this moment the men again become possessed by the bongas. The bongas get their separate implements, like yesterday night; when they have got them, they run off to the forest. The young men run after them. Any Sal tree that has got very fine flowers, this the Mŏṛṛko bonga shoots at with an arrow, and the Marañ buru bonga climbs this tree and snips the flowers off and lets them fall down. The Jaher era receives the flowers in her flat basket. When Marañ buru comes down from the tree, they pick Mahua flowers up and take them along to the sacred grove. Thereupon the village priest, with a cloth round his neck, receives the bongas, the flowers, and the implements, all of it.

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Now the village priest makes the bongas sit down on a mat under the shed, and he himself sits down in front of the bongas and sacrifices fowls. The invocation is the same, only that the priest inserts the words "in the name of the Flower festival". At each of the bongas of the sacred grove the priest puts down one flower bud and one Mahua, at each bonga-place. Thereupon they sing: 796 [539]

The Mŏṛṭko are five brothers,
The Turuiko are six brothers.

The rainy season rain comes pellingly,
The rain of Sita's valley comes drizzlingly.

What will they use for plastering?
What will they use for levelling?

Milk they will use for plastering,
Cream they will use for levelling.

Here, please, is your oil, your sindur;
Here, please, is your eye-paint, your roṛa bark[20].

Receive your oil, your sindur,
Accept your eye-paint, your roṛa bark.

Thereupon the village priest says to the bonga-possessed ones: Please, Lords, look out for what is yours, listen to what is yours. The priest then goes aside; the bongas sip the blood of the fowls that has trickled down. The priest washes the feet of the bongas. The Jaher era washes the feet of the priest in return; thereupon they splash water on each other. And the priest makes them come to. The dancing girls ask the priest for flowers. They sing:

We two shall ask, my elder sister, we two shall ask
The Mŏṛṭko for Sal flowers. [539]

The girls and the young men each separately receive flowers from the priest and bow to him. Thereupon they sing dancing:

The wild cow, the wild cow
Runs out, runs in;
Very nice is the wild cow. [539]

The Bison cow, the Bison cow
Runs out, runs in;
Very nice is the Bison cow.

[20] Malleus philippensis, Müll. Arg.

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796 The young men and girls then return to the village, dancing the whole way. They sing:

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The blind buffalo wallowed
In the Sihjo river,
In the Sihjo river, girls, the two girls
In the big river.

The priest cooks the speckled fowl into a hash in the sacred grove, and some of the villagers cook the other fowls into a hash. When it is cooked, they call the wife of the village priest to the sacred grove. The priest and his wife eat the speckled fowl, and the villagers who are there, eat the other fowls. All of them go home, only the village priest remains in the sacred grove.

The village people offer fowls and pigs in their own houses. When they have cooked them, they eat and drink. When it becomes the middle of the afternoon, a few men go to the sacred grove. There they drum the kettle-drum and blow the horn. Now the village people know that the priest is coming, and they say: Come along, we shall go and meet the priest. Then they go to the sacred grove. When they have reached there, the priest arranges flowers in the flat basket; this he lets a young man carry on his head, while he himself takes two or three flowers and the winnowing-fan in his armpit and carries a lota with water suspended from his hand. The narrow-necked omen vessel he lets the unmarried young man who is with him carry on his shoulder. In the vessel there is water. The rest of the implements some others take along. They reach the village. The village girls have in the meantime taken water in narrow-necked earthenware vessels, wooden slabs to sit on, and oil in small earthenware cups, out into the village street outside their respective houses. When the priest reaches the village, a girl washes his feet in the village street outside the first house he passes, and he gives her a flower. When she gets this, the girl bows to the priest, and he pours water on her. In the village street they do the same outside every house. Having finished this the priest goes home to his own. There they also wash him in the same way. When the priest is entering his house, he pours the water of one lota out on the roof, and then he goes inside. The people who follow him also go in. The priest gives each of them two leaf-cups of beer.

The girls and young men of the village have made a noise; they splash water on each other, and elderly men and women also splash water on each other, that is, people for whom this is permissible. Thereupon they dance in the court-yard of the priest. They sing:

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Who is it, girls, in the court-yard,
The reddish white horse?
Who is it, girls, in the place outside
The reddish companion mare?

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The priest is in the court-yard, girls,
The reddish white horse;
The priest is in the place outside, girls,
The reddish companion mare.

Moving up and down, moving up and down, girls,
Is the reddish white horse;
Swaying, swaying, girls,
Is the reddish companion mare.

Bind on him the bells, girls,
On the reddish white horse;
Tie on to her the jingle-belt, girls,
On the reddish companion mare.

The dancing ones dance, and the beer-drinkers drink beer. Until sunset they dance in the house of the priest singing Flower-festival songs; and when the sun has set, they go to outside the house of the village headman and dance lagṛẽ in the village street. When they have finished dancing, they go to their respective homes to lie down and sleep.

The next day the priest of the outskirts takes the Goḍet along with him and goes to the forest. Here he pricks himself and offers the blood to the Pargana bongs and the others. At all offerings he acts in the same way.

Offering to the Abge we have every year, sometimes in Aghãr (middle of November to middle of December), sometimes in Asar (middle of June to middle of July); there is nothing fixed. To the Abge bonga we sometimes give fowls, sometimes pigs, and sometimes rams. Marah buru and the others with him are bongas common for all, but the Abge bonga belongs to each one separately. The Abge bongas watch over their respective families, in order that no fever or pain, no epidemics, no witchcraft, and no deaths or calamities shall befall them. Santals say, it is told, that if witch women get hold of the Abge bongas, then the members of the family have no possibility of being saved; they will die; therefore they exert themselves to keep their Abge bongs satisfied. And if they make vows to them at times of danger, they will stand up and save them. When they sacrifice to the Abge, only brothers invite each other and eat, the men only; they do not give the women anything. In the open field, near a white-ant hill they perform the sacrifice to the Abge bongs; the invocation is not different, it is the same at all sacrifices.

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Also to the boundary bongas they make sacrifices every year, that is, those who plough in the places where the bongas are. The boundary bongas are very jealous; if they are not kept satisfied, they kill awfully; in a moment they make snakes appear; they make tigers eat you, or they cause disease to come suddenly; therefore we fear them very much.

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754 Thereupon they brought the Pargana. He gave this order: Do bring a battle-axe. They brought one. Then the Pargana said to the witches: Do make him well; otherwise we shall cut off your heads; you are the firewood, he is the dead body. Then out of fear they made the man well. Witches who have not made ill people well, have in many places been pruned (got their head cut off).

If the wives of the village headman and of his deputy are witches, it is very difficult to get it proved against them, because their husbands will not let it be admitted. Formerly, it is told, an ojha once became angry and called the wives of the village headman and of his deputy witches. The headman and the others said to him: If you do not prove this, we shall make your head fall down. He answered them: Some day I shall show it to you, so that you see it with your own eyes. Then they became quiet. One evening when he had had his food, the ojha went to the sacred grove taking bow and arrow with him. Climbing a tree there he was waiting and watching.

At the time after supper the women whom he had slandered as being witches went to the sacred grove. Just as they had reached there, they danced round once. Thereupon one of them became spirit-possessed. Then they called a tiger to come, naming his name Lukhu. They whistled twice for the tiger; then two came quickly. They combed both of them; they were kissing them; at that time the man in wait suddenly shot the big tiger. Then the tiger thought: these have apparently done something to me. Being angry for this he bit and killed the witches, every one of them, in a mash; also the other tiger he shot with an arrow and killed; thereupon he went home.

When it dawned next morning, they saw: their (wives) were not there; they were asking each other in their different houses, saying: what has become of our (wives)? Then the ojha said to them: Go towards the sacred grove and look for your (wives); I saw them go in that direction. Then they went there; they saw them, the two tigers had bitten and killed them in a mash, and the two tigers were also lying there. Then as they spread the report of this, the people of the neighbourhood assembled and saw them. At that time the ojha told them the whole story. From that time we have been believing in witches.

• 539 754 The ancestors of old tell, they say, that Marañ buru was teaching the men witchcraft; but by a trick the women got the magic power first. One day, it is told, the men had sat down in council to consult each other, what they should do with their scolding women. They said: We are men, how is it that our word does not count? When we say a couple of words to the women, they commence to scold shamelessly; we will not stand such behaviour. Then they said: Come along, let us go to Marañ buru; from him we shall learn some kind of secret skill, that we may subdue these women. They then fixed a time, viz.: At midnight we shall meet in such and such forest. They went; they called on Marañ buru to come; they called loudly: O grandfather, do come here, we a large

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number of men, have come to thee in distress. Marañ buru came quickly and asked them: What trouble is it that you have, grandchildren? They told their grief, and they implored him that he should teach them some secret skill to subdue their women.

Marañ buru said to them: Well, I shall teach you, but only if you make marks with your blood on these leaves. When they heard this, they became very much afraid and said to him: To-morrow we shall come again and, giving the marks, receive the secret skill. Thereupon they went away; but their women had come there secretly, and had from a hidden place heard exactly all that was said. Then they said: This, as we have heard, is the justice of these men; before they married us, they were continually following after us like dogs; now when we have become wives, they deem us bad; they are thinking of killing us. Well, we shall have a look at them, who of us are able to kill. When they had said this, they quickly went in advance of the men, following a path. On the way they decided what they should do. The men also came afterwards. As soon as the men came, the women met their husbands with caresses; therefore the men thought; they have become good by themselves; what shall we go there for?

Next day the women prepared excellent rice and curry for their husbands, and in the evening they poured out any amount of beer for them. The men drank themselves drunk and tumbled down on the ground. Then the women called on each other and assembled, they dressed themselves in male loin-clothes and turbans and fixed goat hair on their lips and started to go to the forest to Marañ buru. They called out to him: O grandfather, please come quickly, our women have been plaguing us day and night.

Marañ buru came at once. Then they said to him: Do bring your leaves out quickly; we shall make our different marks; we are not able to stand the worrying of the women. Marañ buru brought out his Sal-leaves, and they pricked themselves, and with the blood they made the marks of their respective husbands. Thereupon Marañ buru taught them incantations and charms and initiated them in the eating of people. Smiling and laughing they returned home.

As the men were not getting up quickly next morning, the women abused and cursed them in every possible way. The men got up half-blinded and were rubbing their eyes with their hands; they awoke from their sleep, and that the women had not become gentle-minded, this they also got to understand. Feeling sick they came together to take counsel together. There they said: Come, let us go! Whatever Marañ buru may say to us, we must learn the secret skill. Consequently at night they went to the forest, and they earnestly implored Marañ buru: Do, father, please teach us, the women are tormenting us awfully.

When Marañ buru heard this, he was astonished and said to them: Why, I have given you the secret skill; what is it you wish to get again and again? Then the men unanimously said: How is that, when have you given it to us? Why, since that day we

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539 754 have never come here, as you know. Hearing this Marañ buru became dumbfounded and said to them: I have given it to you, what else have I done. Look here, look at your own marks! Seeing their different marks the men said: The marks are ours; but we have never made the marks; somebody, who knows who, have made our marks.

Then Marañ buru put his hand to his cheek and was thinking it over in his mind; then it suddenly dawned upon him: The women have made a mere child even of me. And becoming angry he said to the men: Do make marks here at once, we shall see these deceitful women. They made their marks, and he initiated them as ojhas and witchfinders, in order that they might be able to find out the witches and punish them. From that time the witches and the ojhas and witchfinders are enemies. But the ojhas and the witchfinders are unable to do anything, because the witches easily subdue their bongas, so that they are unable to catch them quickly; other people emerge in the divination, and being hoodwinked the witchfinders name other people.

Some people say that the witches, ojhas, and witchfinders have all learnt from Kẹmru guru. It is reported that very long ago our ancestors were disciples with him. With regard to becoming ojhas that is quite so, because ojhas mention him first; but as regards witches and witchfinders, I don't know whether they have learnt from Kẹmru guru or not; so far as invoking is concerned, they do not invoke him; therefore my opinion is, that they have not learnt from him.

b. The ojhas.

756 To become ojhas[3] we have really learnt from Kẹmru guru[4]. Very long ago his country and our country were near to each other; our ancestors have told us this. The work of the ojhas is of six kinds: 1) they make divination; 2) they sow rice; 3) they bite people or rub them with a ball of rice flour; 4) they dig up bongas; 5) they exorcise bongas; and 6) they give medicine to people. If ill people do not recover by the medicine, the
755 village people get an ojha to make divination. They bring oil and Sal-leaves to him, and, sitting down, he smears oil on two leaves, and with an incantation he rubs the leaves: Oil oil, mustard oil, man mustard oil, bẹru oil, Mahua oil, castor oil, bherṇḍa oil, ras rui mustard oil, this oil, reading, what will appear, a witch may appear, an imp may appear, a female demon may appear, poison may appear, who reads, the guru reads, the guru's knowledge, mae (the mother) reads, do read by Kẹhri's knowledge, by Kamru's grace, grace he reads[5].

Having done this he puts it down on the ground for a little while. Thereupon taking off one leaf he looks at it, and they ask him: Do make an offering first; what have you found? Only when you tell us, we shall understand. Now the ojha has, before making

[3] Cf. the writer's Santal Medicine and Connected Folklore, Asiatic Society of Bengal's Memoirs, Vol I. [4] See Dictionary s.v. Kẹmbru. [5] This formula has been dealt with in Santal Medicine.

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XI. DEATH AND FINAL FUNERAL CEREMONIES

a. Death.

When people among us die, our women cry awfully; they cry alas, alas; they wail, they beat their breast, they knock their forehead against the ground; they sing mourning songs, mentioning various matters. When a mother is dead, they cry:

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Alas, alas, my milk tree,
My milk tree, O mother, fell down.
Going in which direction
Might I catch sight of the form of the milk tree?

Alas, alas, up to now
Like a hen-mother she covered us with her wings.
To-day, O mother, like chickens,
To-day, O mother, you shook us off and left us.

Alas, alas, up to now
When we came from anywhere,
Our mother sitting in the door
Was meeting us with caresses like maana chickens.

When a father has died, they cry in the same way:

Alas, alas, the author of my life,
The author of my life left us to-day.
Going in which direction
Might I catch sight of the form of the author of my life?

When the husband dies, the mistress of the house will cry:

Alas, alas, my shading umbrella,
My shading umbrella, O mother, is blown away.
Going in which direction
Might I catch sight of the form of my shading umbrella?

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Alas, alas, my pigeon-mate,
My pigeon-mate and I, our pair is broken.
Going in which direction
Might I catch sight of the form of my pigeon-mate?

When children die, their mother cries:

Alas, alas, my parakeet,
My parakeet, O mother, flew away.
Going in which direction
Might I catch sight of the form of my parakeet?

They mention again and again various griefs of their heart, not what they have heard from others: just what at the moment comes up in their heart, this they mention in their lamentation.

b. The cremation.

764 We cremate people on the day they die. We inform the village headman and his deputy, and these two give the Goḍet an order: Do call the people together, we shall go to carry firewood in such and such a house. And they assemble in the house of death, taking axes with them. The women of that house grind turmeric and roast cotton seed and paddy. The men catch a fowl, apply fire to a straw-rope and pull out some thatching-grass from the eaves; the roasted cotton-seed and paddy and the thatching-grass from the eaves and the fowl they place in a worn-out winnowing-fan. And what the people of the house send with the dead one, all this they place on the bedstead, viz., clothes, a brass-cup, rupees, pice, a battle-axe, bow and arrows, a stick, a flute and all his implements. When they have finished arranging all this, four men come in, and taking hold of the four bedstead-legs they carry the dead one out; when they have brought him out into the courtyard, they carry him on the bedstead on their shoulders to the junction of roads at the end of the village street; here they put him down for a short while. Here all the women of the house and of the village anoint him with oil and turmeric, and they put a sindur mark on his forehead, and the roasted cotton seeds and paddy they drop down in small heaps at the four bedstead-legs.

[756] Thereupon an ojha exorcises the dead one with the fowl mentioned, waving it three times round over him. Now the women return home, and the men carry the dead one on their shoulders to the place where he is to be cremated. If the man has a low rice-field with running water, they will cremate him there, and if he has not, then at a river. There they build the funeral pyre running North and South, after having cut wood. At the four corners they fix four posts to prevent it from falling down. These they call pyre-corner-posts. Thereupon they wash the hands and feet of the heir of the dead one; they

rinse his eyes and pour a little water on his mouth. Thereupon the carriers lift him (the dead one) up and carry him three times round the pyre; when they have done this, they lift him up on the pyre; they put him down with his head towards the South. 764

The clothes of his body, necklaces, and loin-string they loose, rings, ear-rings, all of his they take off, the things sent with him they remove from him, and they cover his private parts with a branch, and they put down on him four pieces of wood, one on his breast, one on his stomach, one on his waist, and one on his feet; this they call covering wood.

The village men stand round the pyre. Any one whose wife is enceinte, stands some distance away. Now the ojha exorcizes them, waving the fowl mentioned three times round them; thereupon he nails the fowl to the pyre corner-post, and he cuts the bedstead and comes away from it. Thereupon the heir breaks off a sedge-culm and, uncoiling some threads of the fringes of the cloth of the dead one, he twists this round the sedge. Having kindled this he sets fire to the mouth of the dead one, while looking away to another side. This they call ag mukh[1]. [843]

Thereupon all the brothers and cousins first throw each one branch of firewood on the dead one; after them all the village men. Then they recite: Here then, we have all of us given thee one branch of firewood; do not keep us long, go like the wind. Thereupon they set fire to it round about. Thereupon they sit down together at a distance. Here one man shaves them. They are all shaved, and at the same time the dead one is cremated and finished. Now they quench the fire by pouring water on. When this is done, the heir rinses the bones with water and pours turmeric water and milk on them, and he puts them into an earthenware vessel. As we nowadays live very far away from the Damuda river, they put only the skull and collar bones, three pieces, into a small earthenware vessel. On this small vessel they place a potsherd, and in the middle of this there is a hole for the dead one to breathe; and into this hole they insert a crab-straw; on this the dead one wanders out and in. Round it they close it up by smearing on turmeric. The other bones, the ashes, and the charcoal they push out into the water of the river and immerse it there. When they pick up the bones, they sing[2]: [593] [605] [539]

Above the funeral pyre
The vulture is sweeping round;
My father's bones
Pick out for me.

Here, take it, vulture,
The gold in the ear.
My father's bones
Pick out for me.

[1] Ag means fire, mukh means mouth, both Hindi words. [2] In a corrupt form of Bihari.

[illegible] Cole Rte. Mus. — Bodding.

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/For examples of Santal folk-tales as gathered by the author in Mayurbhanj, see category 116, pp. 311-335./

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773 own ; and although there are local variations in
212 different areas where the Santals are found at present,
184 they agree essentially in substance.

•539 *Santal Genesis and Exodus*[1]

The "Hòṛkorèn Mare Haṛamko Reak' Katha[2]" which contains the Institutes and traditions of the Santals, lays it down that man was created in the east, the land of the Rising Sun. According to them, in the beginning there was only water and underneath the waters soil. Then Ṭhàkur Jiu (*the spirit of God*) created the aquatic animals as the crab, alligator, crocodile, "raghòp'-boar" (*whale*), tortoise, earth-worm, lobster and others.

Then Ṭhàkur Jiu said, "What shall I create now ?, I shall create man." So he made men in dual form out of earth. And as he was going to breathe life-breath into them, lo! from the skies "siñ sadòm" (*horse from the sun*) came down and destroyed the two images.

Ṭhàkur Jiu was very sorry. He said that he would no more make men but create birds.

[113] 1. This was published in the form of an article in the Mayurbhanj Chronicle, January, 1938, being a contribution by the author.

2. With acknowledgements to Mr. R. Kisku Rapaz, Assistant Headmaster, Dumka Zila School and the Benagaria Mission Press, Santal Parganas, which publishes the book.

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And he made the birds called "hans hànsil,"[1] out of his own flesh near the chest. He kept them on his hands. The birds looked very beautiful. Soon he breathed on them when they became living birds and flew away. The birds fluttered here and there, but finding no place to alight, perched on the hands of Thàkur Jiu. Then "siñ sadòm" came down again, holding the thin thread which, according to the Santals, always hangs through space called "tòrè sutàm[2]" to drink water. While drinking water, he let go the foam on his mouth. It floated about on the water and what we know as sea-foams, originated from it.

Then Thàkur Jiu called on the birds: "Perch on the foam and travel about the sea as on a boat."

"We are moving about, but getting no food," replied the "hans hansil" birds.

Then Thàkur Jiu sent for the crocodile and when he came, said, "Can you get the soil from the bottom?"

The crocodile agreed. But as he was bringing in a piece of earth, it dissolved. So he failed.

1. Hans hansin (Campbell's dictionary) = Two mythical birds, a male and a female, who according to Santal tradition, were the progenitors of the human race, the first man and woman being produced from their eggs.

2. *Tòrè sutàm* = gossamer (Campbell).

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•539 Next Ṭhàkur Jiu ordered the lobster. He also failed. Then came the chance of the "Raghòp'-boaṛ" (*whale*). He tried to bring earth on his back as well [825] as with the mouth. He was also unsuccessful, but as a sign of his efforts, his species have no scales on their backs even to-day.

The crab, summoned next, shared the fate of his predecessors.

Then the Earth-worm came forward. "O Ṭhàkur Jiu," he said, "I can bring up the soil you ask for, if the tortoise stands still on water." The tortoise did as he was requested. He stood on the water with his legs chained.....The Earth-worm came down and reached the subsoil with his tail on the back of the tortoise. He began to eat the soil with his mouth and transmitted it through his hind portion. And thus earth stuck on the back of the tortoise. For a long time, the Earth-worm continued the operations and when he ceased, the earth was created.

At first, the surface was very uneven. Then Thàkur Jiu harrowed the earth. But even then many ridges remained. And they became the hills. The foam, floating on the water, next touched the earth. [824] On it he planted "sirom"[1] (*Andropogon Muricatus*) [412] plants with which broom-sticks are made.

1. Mayurbhanj Santals substituted *Karam* trees (a large forest tree, Adina cordifolia).

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plants with which broom-sticks are made. Grass grew next, and then a giant tree called "karam" (*Adina cordifolia*). Other trees like "asan" (*Terminalia Tomentosa*), "Sal" (*Shorea Robusta*) and "mohua" (*Bassia Latifolia*) followed, when the earth became strong enough.

Then Ṭhàkur Jiu separated the earth from water by placing hills along the shores and whenever water gushed in, he shut the inlets with rocks.

The birds "hàns hàṇsil" were then made to perch on the cluster of "sirom" (*Andropogon Muricatus*) plants, where they built nests and laid eggs. And when they hatched the eggs, lo and behold! two human beings came out of them. One of them was a man, the other a woman. Then the birds sang:—

Hae hae, jalapurirè
Hae hae, nukin manewa
Hae hae, busàṇr akankin
Hae hae, nukin manewa
Hae hae, tokarè dòhòkin.
Hae hae, do sè làiaeben
Hae hae, marañ Ṭhàkur-Jiu
Hae hae, busàṇr akankin
Hae hae, nukin manewa
Hae hae, tokarè dòhòkin.

The sense of the above folk-song may be rendered as follows:—

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• 539 "O, O, on the waters ; O, O, these beings;
O, O, they are born.

Oh! for these beings! O, where shall we keep them? O, where?" (Then someone answered:—)

"O, go and tell Bara Ṭhàkur. O, they are born, these beings!

Where will you keep them? Yea, where will you keep them?"

On the birds flew to Ṭhàkur Jiu. "How shall we maintain these creatures?" they pleaded.

Ṭhàkur gave them cotton. "Whatever you eat, squeeze the juice and feed them with the cotton," he replied.

Thus the children grew up, but as they became older and older, the worries of the parents increased. Where were they going to house them, was their only thought. Again they approached Ṭhàkur Jiu and informed him of their fresh problems.

"Fly away and find a place for them," advised he.

So on they flew, and on and on, till they reached a place called Hihiṛi Pipiṛi.[1] They came

1. Hihiṛi Pipiṛi = "Their earliest abode was Hihiri or Ahiri Piri, a name which Skrefsrud derived from *hir* origin, and which others identify with pargana Ahuri in Hazaribagh." Risley, *People of India*, App. VII. Skrefsrud considers Hihiri Pipiri to be a reduplication of Hiri Piri, which again is a jingle of Hiri, like "hako-pako."

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back and informed Thàkur about the land. Afterwards, they carried their two children on their backs to the new place and kept there. Soon they left them for good to take care of themselves. 539 •

What became of the parent-birds, none can tell anything. The Santal traditions are silent about them.

The names of these first-parents were Haṛam and Ayo. 'Haṛam' means 'old man' and it is interesting to note that the Santali expression "hòṛ" meaning "man" has been derived from the name of their first-father. "Ayo" in Santali means "mother". We need not say, perhaps, that these two names can be usefully compared with Adam and Eve. [192]

There is, however, another account which calls the Santal first-parents as Pilcu Haṛam and Pilcu Budhi.[1]

We are told that so long as they lived in Ihiri Pipiri they ate seeds of "sumtu bukuch" (*Eleusine aegyptica, Pers*) and "sama" (*Panicum Colonum*, L.) as their food. They had no clothing on and they did not know what shame was. And they lived in perfect peace and happiness.

1. The Mayurbhanj Santals named the first parents as Pilcu Haṛam and Pilcu Budhi.

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539 [192] Then came temptation in the shape of an old man (*Liṭà*)[1] who introduced himself as Gòròm Baba (*grand-father*). With soft speech, the old man (*Liṭà*) lured the first-parents to prepare a drink and then to drink the liquor. They got drunk. And soon they behaved as man and wife.

Next morning while they were still tipsy, Gòròm Baba reappeared and enquired, "Hallo, how are you doing? Why don't you come out?"

And they awoke and discovered themselves nudes, for the first time in their lives. Then they felt ashamed and said, "How can we come out? We have no clothes on."

Gòròm Baba went away smiling. The Haṛam and Ayo wove shirts of fig (*Ficus indica*) and clothed themselves. Henceforward, they increased and multiplied.

[614] In course of time, they grew in large numbers, till there were seven clans of the tribe, viz. Hansdak', Murmu, Kisku, Hèmbròm, Màrṇḍi, Sòrèn and Tuḍu. It is noteworthy that inter-marriage within the same clan was prohibited from the very beginning of things.

Now from Hihiri Pipiri, the early Santals migrated to Khòj kaman. Khòj kaman means the place

1. Liṭà is, according to the traditions, the real name of Maraṅ Buru, and is preserved in the word *liṭà ak'*, meaning the rainbow (Rel. *Dt. Gazetteer*, S. P. 1910, p. 118).

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where God enquired after them. We are told that men degenerated here so much that they lost all sense of morality. Many abuses crept into the members of the tribe and they began to live like beasts.

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At this Ṭhàkur Jiu became very angry with them. He visited them and warned them of the coming evil. "Come to my ways," said he, "and return to the path of correct conduct while there is time." But they heeded not. They were not in a mood to listen to good advice.

We learn that among the unfaithful lot, God found two virtuous persons, a man and a woman. Some say, they were Pilcu Haṛam and Pilcu Buḍhi by name. Ṭhàkur Jiu ordered them, "Go to the Harata mountains, both of you. Enter into the caves therein and you will be saved." They obeyed and left for Harata.

Then in a mighty indignation Ṭhàkur Jiu rained fiery liquid over Khòj kaman, for seven days and nights. And although one version says that only water was poured, everybody agrees in saying that all men and beasts were totally annihilated. A Santal folk-song thus describes the flood:—

Eae siñ eae ñindà sèṅgèl dage ho,
Eae siñ eae ñindà jaḍam jaḍam ho.
Tokareben tahèṅkana, manewa,
Tokareben sorolen?,

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539 Menak' menak' Harata ho,
Menak' menak' buru dander ho.
Onareliñ tahèⁿkana àliñ do,
Onareliñ sorolen.

This may be roughly translated as follows:—

For seven days, nights seven,
it rained fire and fire.
For seven days and nights seven,
rained water in floods.
O Ye men! Where ye then?
Where did you shelter take?

The reply sings:—

Behold there is a mountain called Harata,
Behold there is a cave therein, where we hid.
And therein, therein we escaped unhurt.

173 At Harata,[1] a new generation sprang up, a race of good men and women. And in course of time they multiplied in large numbers. Then they migrated to Sasaṅ beḍa, the plain of turmeric. Here [614] they separated into five more clans than they did at Hihiṛi Pipiṛi, viz. Baske, Besra, Pàuṛia, Còmṛèⁿ[2] and Bedea (now extinct). So altogether, like the Israelites there were now twelve clans of the Santals.

1. Risley spells the name as Hara.

[114] [104] 2. The spelling adopted by Risley is "Chore". The Mayurbhanj Census report (1931) p. 192 Vol. 1 spells it as "Chane" but the Santals were heard to pronounce it in a manner more akin to Risley's transliteration of the name.

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This early migration of the Santals is reflected in the following folk-song:—

Hihiri Pipiritèbon janamlen,
Khòj kamantèbon khòjhen,
Haratatèbon haralen,
Sasan Bedatèbon jàtena ho.

The sense of the stanza may thus be rendered into English:—

We were born in Hihiri Pipiri,
We were sought in Khòj kaman,
We increased in numbers in Harata:,
And divided in clans in Sasan beda.

Thus forming themselves into clans, the forefathers of the Santals came to a land called Jàrpi.[1] But they could not stay there. No reasons can be assigned for this, but the fact is, they had to leave. They roamed from jungle to jungle finding out their way. At last they reached a big mountain. Here, they were at a loss to find out the pass. They were too much fatigued with the long, long journey. They discussed among themselves, "The hill-god must have shut the way for us. Let us pray for his favour; it may be, he may listen to our entreaties."

It was time to be morning and the sun to rise. But the Santals were groping in the darkness,

1. Jàrpi—where is the great mountain Marañ Buru, through which they could not pass.

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539 173 tantalised by the curious behaviour of the sun. And they prayed, "O thou hill-god (Marañ Buru), if thou wouldst let us pass, we shall offer thee worship for the rest of our lives, when we have settled down somewhere. Do please show us the way, O God of gods!" A yell of delight was heard. The god had listened to their prayers. The sun rose revealing a path for the wanderers. The early Santals named the path "Siñ-duàr" (*shut-door*).[1]

The Santals have a couplet about this phenomenon in their journey which means that from the land of Jàrpi, they came to Siñ-duàr and Bànih duàr (exit).

173 It took a long time for the Santals to cross the mountains. And then, they after much trouble came to the country of Aere. Then they came to Kaende. They stayed long at Kaende, but for reasons now unknown, migrated to Cae. Here also they stayed for a long, long time and for many generations. They multiplied by leaps and bounds. But they could not stick to the place. So they came to the land of Campa, the land of seven rivers. This country had two gates, one was called Caeduàr, the other Campaduàr. To protect themselves from

1. Siñduar—they found a pass leading into a country called Ahiri where they dwelt for a time, passing into Kendi, Chai, and finally Campa. (Risley, *People of India*, App. VIII, page clviii).

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173 At this time, say the old Patriarchs, Ram Chandra, the mythical king of the Hindus, as we read in the Ramayana, was reigning. We hear that
173 some Kharwars[1] accompanied Ram Chandra's ex-
648 pedition to Lanka, to help him in his fight against the demon king, Ravana; and so, the Santals had peace with the Dekos (*non Santals*) for a long time.
[192] The Santals inhabited the jungles, while the Dekos (*non-Santals*) used to live in the plains. But in later times there was frequent friction between them.

Even now, the Dekos are considered as thorns by the Santals. They say that when the Santals reclaim a forest, Dekos come to snatch it away. They regret that the English helped the Dekos during the Mutiny (*the Santal Insurrection*); otherwise the boundary of Santal lands would have been the Ganges.

173 The Santals assert that in days long gone by,
• 539 their positions extended on both sides of the Ganges. There is a song about it: —

Gaṅ nàni dò pèrèc'ena,
Soṛa nàni dò coṛañena:
Do ja miru, ruàṛme.

1. The forefathers of the Santals, as we shall learn later, called themselves "Kharwars." (Cf Kherwal, Mayurbhanj).

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Cele ñèlèteñ ruàṛa ?,
Gateñtège jiviña,
Saṅgañtège satahedeña.

Nàjiñ namar gosàne ho,
Gaṅ nàni dò sèkè sèkè ;
Nàjiñ namar gosàne ho,
Soṛa nàni dò doro botolo.

Nàjiñ namar gosàne ho,
Teñoalaṅ sutàm gànàri ;
Nàjiñ namar gosàne ho,
Galaṅoalaṅ ràṅki janalom.

Nàjiñ namar gosàne ho,
Jhàlialaṅ sòlè nicàk ;
Nàjiñ namar gosàne ho,
Gàrialiṅ bale màṅgoṛi.

The sense of the above is thus given in English :—

The Ganges has swollen to the brim, Soṛa river is in ebb-tide :
Go back my son, go back to your country own.

Semi-chorus answers :—

Why, for whom shall I go back ?
My soul is in my friend,
My breath is in my brother-in-law.

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Others sing:—

Lo, lo my elder sister,
The river Ganges rises,
Lo, lo my elder sister,
The Sora river's full of water.

Semi-chorus :—

O my elder sister,
Let us have a net.
O my elder sister,
Let us catch fish.

Semi-chorus :—

O my elder sister,
Lobsters shall we catch.
O my elder sister,
Let us gather *balemâingori* fish.

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While in Campa, it is said the Dekos (non-Santals) defeated the Santals and took possession of Campa Gaṛ. But in the second battle, they were worsted and the Santals got back their fortress.

The Santals have a song in conversation between the two Deko brothers who led the battle and their sister, as regards the loss sustained by them. We hear that the names of the Deko brothers who fought were Indan Siṅ and Mandan Siṅ.

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The sister sings: —

Dadarè Indan Siṅ Mandan Siṅ,
Dadarè chuṭalòṅ Campa ka gaṛ.
Bàhinge na kando, na khijò,
Bàhinge hate ka sàṅka bicòṅ ;
Bàhinge kane ka sona bicòṅ,
Bahinge tao hona lèbò Campa ka gaṛ.

The above is roughly rendered as following: —

O brothers, Indan Siṅ and Mandan Siṅ.
O brothers, we lost Campa gaṛ.

The brothers said in rèply :—

O do not cry, do not cry, O our sister dear.
Campa gaṛ shall we conquer back,
By selling your bracelets and ornaments of ear.

The Santal sojourn at Campa is also noted for a serious civil war between the Kisku and the Màrṇḍi clans. There is also a song describing the fight: —

Beret', beret', beret'mè sè, gateñ ho,
Cirgàl, cirgàl, cirgàlmè sè, gateñ ho,
Kòeṇḍako mapak' gòpòc' kan.

Beret', beret', beret'mè sè gateñ ho,
Cirgàl, cirgàl, cirgàlmè sè, gateñ ho,
Badoliko nèṅpèṅt' gòpòc' kan.

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Cetè làgit' mapak' kana, gateñ ho,
Cete làgit' gòpòc' kana, geteñ ho,
Cete làgit' nènpènt' gòpòc' kan ?

Simà làgit' mapak' kana, gateñ ho,
Ḍàṇḍi làgit gòpòc' kana gateñ ho,
Ḍàṇḍi làgit' nènpènt' gòpòc' kan.

The above folk-song may thus be rendered to bring out its sense:—

First stanza:—

Get up, get up, O my friend;
Watch, watch, O my friend.
Look here, the *Kòeṇḍas*[1] are killing.

Second stanza:—

Get up, get up, O my friend;
Watch, watch, O my friend.
Look here, the *Badolis*[2] are killing.

Third stanza:—

The friend in reply asks:—

What are they fighting for, O my friend.
What are they killing for?
What are they destroying each other for?

1. Kòeṇḍas—Kiskus.
2. Badolis—Maṇḍis.

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Fourth stanza:—

For land are they fighting,
For boundary are they fighting,
For homestead are they fighting.

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Here an explanation is forthcoming as to who the Kharwars were. We have already seen that some Kharwars are said to have accompanied Ram Chandra, in his fight against Ravana of Lanka (Ceylon). Now the Santal traditions say that upto the period the people were at Campa, the Santals, Birhors, the Mundàs and Kurmbis (Kurmis)[1] were called Kharwars. The Birhors were outcast because they ate the flesh of monkeys, considered as their taboo.[2] At Campa, the Mundàs were gradually separated and the Kurmbis gradually adopted Hindu customs.

We hear that some Kharwars entered into matrimonial alliances with a section of the Hindus known as Siñs. Gradually their descendants became known as Siñs. They founded kingdoms. Some Birhors also became Siñs.

It is narrated that in ancient times one of the Siñs lived as man and wife with a daughter of a

1. A Santal can now even marry a Kurmbi girl. They are now found more in Hazaribagh, Manbhum and Purulia. [582]

2. The Santals of Mayurbhanj said that they never ate monkeys. [262]

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Sili Sikhar,[1] some from Manbhum, while others from Dhalbhum. They asserted that Mayurbhanj was not their original seat.

Conclusion

We would conclude this chapter with a discussion of the origin of the name "Santal." In this connection, it is worthwhile to remember that the Pre-Dravidian Muṇḍà tribes uniformly designated themselves as Hòṛ, Hòṛò or Ho. The words mean "man." It implies that the tribes were proud enough to consider themselves as men, and indirectly thought of the rest of mankind as sub-human. Even to-day one can hear a Santal saying, "Mit' hòṛ dòñ ñèlledea bañ dòe Hòṛ kan 'bañ dòe Diku can" (I saw one man, but I cant't say whether he was a Santal or a non-Santal). The traditional origin of the Santals however consistently refers to them as Kharwars. A legend about the origin of the name was referred to us by Raghunath Mañjhi, teacher of Rairangpur, Mayurbhanj, which goes to show that the forefathers of the tribe got the name from a hero of that name. There are many at Mayurbhanj, who derive

1. 'Sili' is one of the Eastern parganas of the present Ranchi district. 'Sikhar' is probably an abbreviation of 'Sikharbhum', the ancient name of Manbhum dt. It is in the territory of the Raja of Panchacote.

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to be the most prominent. Any one glancing through a Santali dictionary will be struck with the vocabulary bodily assimilated by the Santals from the current dialects of Bengal, and any one listening even to their folk-songs will notice that a large number of them are really in Bengali. We marked it even in the heart of Santalia, the Santal Parganas, when we heard a Santal woman humming, "Panch takar ghati bati chore laia gela" (*My pots and bowls worth rupees five have been stolen by thieves.*)[1]

Santali itself is a peculiarly expressive language so far as natural objects and things concerning the common life of agriculturists. But when it comes to the expression of things spiritual or the common ideas of modern civilization, it has got to fall back on the speech of the neighbours.

It is not, however, a written language and their traditional legends are orally handed down. The question of a Santal script engaged the attention of the early European Missionaries and they used the Roman script. It is due to their efforts that a large number of books have been written in the Roman script and the education imparted to Santals in the

1 The missionary in charge of the Dharampur district (S. P.) tells a story that while he was there with his wife, a Santal tried to explain that it was useless for them to teach Santali, as they knew the language well enough and pressed for Bengali or Hindi. (*Annual Report of the Santal Mission of Northern Churches* 1934).

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The Economic Background of Santal life

"Where shall I get the rice to brew beer?" pleaded a Santal accused in an excise case answering a charge of distilling spirits. It was pointed out that no excise rules prevented him from fermenting "hàṇḍia," the home-made beer. "Where shall I get the rice?" the puzzling defence was hurled at the magistrate, sitting at the courts of Dumka, S. P.

Some time after, news trickled from Jamtara areas that some infuriated Santals ran after those who went to help them during a conflagration in their villages with bows and arrows, seeking to shoot them down. "We have nothing to eat, let fire take our houses too," was what they exclaimed, not that they could not understand the humanitarian services of the village fire-brigade.

Those were years of some scarcity no doubt, but the pictures afford us a glimpse of Santal economic life. They seem to have no power of resistance against a rainy day and think more of drinks to drown their sorrow, even if they have to infringe excise laws. In the Santal economic background poverty seems to loom large. No wonder that one of their folk-songs during the December Harvest Home has these telling lines:—

Dè ho duṛup'pè,[1]
Dè ho tèṅgònpè,

1 The full song has been incorporated in the chapter on Folk-poetry.

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539 Jòmak' ñunyak' bòcha bànuk' taleya,
Mènt' ñèpèl bòcha ahajibà.
Akal kèdae gateñ sāwanek'edae
Ità rànu gateñ, bale ñawana,
Sanam hòpòniñko ḍiñgàṛ cabayen.

(Translation)

Welcome, welcome! O friends dear!
(We have) neither food nor drink to offer.
But we offer you our greetings,
(It matters little whether) the harvest
failed or it was in plenty;
For want of seeds (and consequent want
of food)
All my sons have nothing of their own.

342 Out to trace variations in Mayurbhanj from the
184 Santals in the Santal Parganas, we were somewhat
735 pleased to see that their houses were better built and more commodious, but the inner economic structure told the self-same tale as in the folk-song.
735 We selected some villages at random and questioned
[114] the Santals (without claiming for ourselves the func-
[123] tions of the economic surveyor) on the point. But they replied, "We are very poor. Our average
735 agricultural income is from Rs. 5 to 6 per month.
434 Those more industrious supplement it by working as
[464] day labourers which may bring them Rs. 3 more.
[426] But about half of the population are indebted to

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4. Maternal uncle

In ceremonial functions, the maternal uncle takes the place of the guardian of the house, if the father or the brothers be dead. Thus the father stands first, next the paternal uncle, the maternal uncle holds the third place. The maternal uncle gets a marriage-present called *mama pòn* (bride-price, to be paid to the maternal uncle in case the father is not living).

5. Son-in-law

During certain *pujas*, the son-in-law of the family sacrifices goats, and during marriages he holds the basket of the bride (*dàurà*).[1]

As regards the mutual behaviour of relations, the Santals do not very much differ from the Hindus. Thus the mother is respected just according to Hindu ideologies. The brothers have friendly and fraternal feelings, and sisters are affectionately treated. The wife respects her husband like her lord. They have a folk-song which will illustrate the point further :—

Niṅgàñ nàpuñ sàri cando barabàri
Gateñ tuluc' tòkòe barabarik';

1. Bàhu dàurà = A specially large basket in which a bride is raised shoulder high at the time the bride-groom applies the red-paint (sindur) to her forehead, Dr. Campbell's Dictionary, p. 139.

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593 Jiwi boge bàṛic' gatiñge natañ
• 539 ,, ,, ,, ,, tingun,
Niñañ jiwi dòre gateñ tire.

Translation:

Father and mother are like Gods,
(But) Who will claim equality with the husband?
All the joys and sorrows of life,
Are readily accepted by the husband,
,, ,, ,, by the husband standing (firm).
My life fully depends on my husband.

Prohibited degrees of marriage

582 In our discussion on the principles of marriage-grades we had occasion to refer to the fact that although theoretically speaking, the Santals have exogamous clans for purposes of marriage, they have developed several prohibited degrees which regulate the marriage tie.

[614] The general rule that the Santal can marry into any clan except his own, is qualified by several restrictions which we will narrate here. Thus they can marry into the clan of their mothers, but three generations are prohibited now.

For purposes of marriage regulations, a Santal's relations and those on his wife's side may be classed under three separate groups:—

(1) Agnates.

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585 524 latter cannot answer a battery of riddles to their satisfaction. A sample of such a riddle may prove interesting reading.

Question

[539] "Sather mahisi panara kila bejor kari bundhre bala ?" (There are sixty buffaloes and fifteen posts. Can you tie them in odd numbers ?).

Now the proper answer to this riddle is to repeat the very same question with an emphasis on "jor" in "bejor" which will imply that you can tie them by force. Questions like this are put every three or four steps that the procession may advance and amidst a good deal of these amusing blockades, the party of the bridegroom reaches the bride's house at night.

585 The next step, an important one, involves the inspection of the *gònòñ* (bride-price) articles by the bride's people, the unsatisfactory ones being returned forthwith for being replaced ; and when they are thought to be all right, *Gònòñ Toṛaoni* (being food and liquor given to the bridegroom's party on payment in full of the bride-price) is supplied to the bridegroom's party. Meanwhile, the bridegroom shines as the observed of all observers in a booth, (maṇḍwa) in front of the bride's house. Now, the [588] bride will have her first marriage with a *mòhua* tree (Santali, *Matkòm*, *Bassia Latifolia*, Roxb.), called

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585 The following song is sung on the occasion—
539 Haribolo mènte sindur sari,
Haribolo mènte baha sari,
Haribolo mènte sindur noṭanadiñ,
Haribolo mènte baha rèbèt'adiñ,
Jiwi jàti sàṛi goṭanak'.

Translation:—

The vermilion in the name of Hari is pure and true.
The vermilion in the name of the flower is pure and true.
The vermilion in the name of Hari is wafted on me.
In the name of Hari, he (husband) tweaks a flower,
My life and clan are now complete.

585 The marriage thus solemnised, the couple are now brought down on earth. The ends of their cloths are tied, and they salute all their superiors. After this, the bride is taken inside the house by her mother; while the bridegroom, conveyed by his father-in-law, finds the doors shut against him by the sporting sisters of the bride ready to tease him for their dues, in the shape of money or ornaments. Escaping from his fair jailors, he is now fed along with the bride, and presentations to the couple now pour on from the bride's relations. This eating

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Eròk' Sim (June)

796 [243] The first agricultural festival of the tribe, *Eròk' Sim*, is connected with the sowing of paddy seeds in June.

796 782 It begins with each house-holder subscribing fowls which are sacrificed by the *Naeke* (village priest) at the *Jahèrthan* (Holy Grove) in honour of Maraṅ Buru, Jahèr era, Mòṇṛènko, Pargana, Gosane era and Maṅjhi Haṛam, one for each. A speciality is that the Boundary Deity is offered a black fowl, while the remaining ones are sacrificed to the deities presiding over the adjacent quarters of the boundary. The priest then utters the following incantation:—

[539] "We salute you, Creator (Bapu Ṭhàkur), Jahèr era, Maraṅ Buru and others. In the name of the sowing festival, we are offering sacrifice unto you so that we may sow in one quarter and in twelve quarters these may flourish in a bumper crop. Let the wind bring rains. Let rains shower in profusion. Let no diseases visit the villages such as colic pain, head-ache, and bowel-complaints. Convey these diseases away in golden water-carrying apparatus, bound with golden chains, elsewhere, from the direct harm of the tribe. Let our cattle increase in number. Protect them from the attacks of wild animals, when they will frequent the jungles. Protect our hunting-dogs."

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796 almost identical to the *Erok' Sim*, the June sowing
[782] festival.

[114] That this is an essential Santal festival is corro-
[184] borated both by Risley and Dr. Campbell, but the Mayurbhanj Santals do not seem to observe it any longer.

796 *Iṛi Gundli Nànwàni* (The Millet Festival—August)
243 This festival is connected with the offering of
782 the first fruits of millet (Iṛi, *Panicum milleceum* ; Gundli, *Panicum frumentaceum*) to the tribal gods of the Santals.

796 The essentials of the festival are that the
793 *Nacke* (priest) after a purificatory ablution
243 goes to the field of a *raiyat* (tenant) where the crop
782 has ripened and harvests as much as he can. Then he goes to the *Jahèrthan*, cleanses it with cow-dung and offers the corn to all the gods of the Holy Grove viz. Jahèr era, Mòṇṛènko, Maraṅ Hòṛ, Gosa*ne* era and Pargana. Next he spills milk and utters the hymn :—

[539] 'We salute you Creator (Bapu Ṭhàkur) and Jahèr era. We offer you the first-fruits of our corn. We shall eat these, but let us have no bowel-complaints or head-ache."

The priest then returns to the village and going to the shrine in the Headman's house offers

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The special feature of the festival is that articles for worship are supplied by the priest himself, and only the male members of the tribe are allowed to eat the meat of the animals sacrificed. The priest then prays to the god *Ianthar* with the following incantations:—

We salute thee Father Creator *Pargana*.
We offer you all these in the name of *Ianthar*;
We pray that whatever we may eat, we may digest.
Let there be no diseases like headache, diarrhoea and bowel-complaints.
And bless our crop in the field, and grain in the barn.
Protect them from rats and other pestilence.

Ianthar (called by Risley *Ianthar puja*) is in effect the offering of the first fruit of low-land paddy, as *Iri Gundli* is of millets. Another name for the festival is *Baihar Horo* Nanwàni.

In course of our enquiries in Mayurbhanj, many Santals stated that this festival passes under the name of *Maamanc'* there, as was very clear from the fact

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1. One wonders if the name is Mak' *Mòṇṛén* in disguise. It is stated by Dr. Campbell to be a festival observed by the Santals after five years or so when the god "*Mòṇṛènko*" is propitiated with the sacrifice of a white goat. The account in the District Gazeteer of the Santal Parganas considers it "an occasional sacrifice performed as the result of a vow made at a time of great distress", when sacrifices are made to all the national *bongas* in the *Jaherthan*.

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The following is a folk-song sung on the field on the first day of *Sohrae*, with water near about:—

Kò nàhi sirijala
Boma prithima ho;
Kò nàhi sirijala
Gàia jo yo re;
Kò nàhi sirijala
Gàia jo.

Ṭhàkuràhi*n* sirijala
Boma prithima ho;
Ṭhàkurahi*n* sirijala
Gàia jo yo re;
Ṭhàkuràhi*n* sirijala
Gàia jo.

Ṭirmuṭi sirijala
Kànure Gowala;
Purubàhi*n* ḍaharàli
Gàia jo yo re;
Purubàhin ḍaharali
Gàia jo.

Kaha*n* bàbu hèralòñ
Ḍaṇḍa ka bàsi ho;
Kaha*n* bàbu hèralio
Gàia jo yo re;
Kaha*n* bàbu hèralio
Gàia jo.

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Baṭèhin hèralòñ
Ḍaṇḍa ka bàsi ho;
Gòṭèhin hèralio
Gàia jo yo re;
Gòṭèhin hèralio
Gàia jo.

The sense of the above folk-song may thus be rendered in English:—

Who has created this world?
Who has created the cattle?
Ṭhàkur (God) has created this world.
Ṭhàkur has created the cattle.
The hawk created Kanu Gowala.
He used to feed cows in the east.
Well, my son! (Kanu) where have you lost your flute which you always keep in your loin?

Kanu replies:—

I have lost my flute in yonder field;
I have lost my cattle in yonder pasture.

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Thereafter, the Santals take a meal and assemble at the *Jabèrthan*, where one of the most interesting sports is witnessed. The village-elders sit. The cow-boys of the tribe are summoned before them and asked to make their cows walk on a particular spot on which eggs have been placed. The cow-boy, who can make his cow break the egg or even smell it, is called the "Lucky Boy" by the applause

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of the audience. The feet of the successful cow are then ceremonially washed.[1]

The second day is devoted to the preparation of food for the different tribal gods, in whose honour animals like fowls, goats and pigs are sacrificed. Ancestor-spirits are also worshipped and their memory honoured and offerings and libations made to them at home by heads of families. The evening is spent in community feasts on a large scale with drinks of rice-beer offered to the gods and thereafter drunk by the members of the tribe.

The climax of the ceremonials reaches with the worship of cows (*Gohal Puja*). When all are sleeping, young men of the tribe keep vigil and go from place to place to awaken the cows, beginning with the Headman's house, playing on pipes and kettle-drums.

The following is a song sung on the occasion :—

Gàini còlilo siribinda bònè ho,
Màhisini carae gañga para jo yo re,
Màhisini carae gañga para jo.

---

1 E. G. Man, in his *Sonthalia and the Sonthals* (p. 57) in this connection refers to the Egyptian myth of the "Bull and the Egg." The ceremony consists in newly laid hen's eggs being placed on the village lane and oxen driven past, and the one who stoops to smell the egg is held in high estimation for the year. "I believe," says Man, "the Egyptian mythology states that the earth came out of an egg which the bull broke."

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Gàini awae adha berena ḍubayete,
Màhisini awae adha rata jo yo re,
Màhisini awae adha rata jo.

Kòn siñge debo telare sindura,
Kòn pithe debo dhubi dhana jo yo re,
Kòn pithe debo dhubi dhana jo.

The sense of the above may be rendered as follows:—

The cows have gone to Sree Brindaban.
The buffaloes are grazing on the bank of the Ganges, on the other side, look there!
The buffaloes are grazing on the banks of the Ganges, on the other side.
The cows are returning at sun-set.
The buffaloes return home at mid-night,
The buffaloes return home at mid-night.
On which horn shall I apply oil and vermilion?,
Oh! on whose back shall I place grass with paddy?,
On whose back shall I place grass with paddy?,

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On the other hand, the maidens form a batch. They deck their hair with flowers and entwine their arms with their sisters. Thus they march in a procession to the tribal Headman's (*Pròdhan*) house, where, with fresh paddy, grass and lamps, they

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sing special songs round the cattle and thus visit all the cow-sheds of the village. Cattle are anointed with oil and daubed with vermilion, and a share of rice-beer given to each.

We give below a standard folk-song sung on the occasion : —

Hate lela arwa cal
Gocha lela pakal pan
Càli bela àmki devi
Gàiye cumbài.

Eka cumbài cumbài lagal
Dui cumbài barare
Pàri gela sirà barda
Akeka lo.

Kae barda kanda sè
Kae barda khèja sè
Dèbore putà
Rila malare pan.

Dhire calae dhire calae
Bàburè barada
Kaise tò kambe sindur,

It is very difficult to translate the above to bring out its sense. All that we gather is that it appears that the worshippers have taken sun-dried rice in their hands. The sun has gone down. The cows

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796 are kissed. The horned bullock falls down. They
539 are in a puzzle as to which bullock they will give
23 the *pan* (perhaps water). Next they feel that the bullock is slowly going. How can vermilion be applied (while in motion) ?

On that night, the *knlbis* (village-lanes) resound with various other songs sung by women. The meaning of these orthodox songs is somewhat obscure. We give below a song sung by those who possess female-buffaloes in their cattle-shed : —

Tòkòerèn gàiko ho, gàiko borot' borot' ;
Tòkòerèn bitkil ho, bitkil ñàhum dàrum.

Phalnarèn gàiko, gàiko borot' borot'
Phalnarèn bitkil, bitkil ñàhum dàrum.

Bitkil jañga ho, dama domo,
Huhàr jañga ho, tilmàñ talmañ.

Neko dòko calaoen siñegòr bire,
Neko dòko calaoen manegòr bire.

Dotè amka ho, nàcur leko,
Dotè amka ho, bihur leko.

Siñègòr birerè kule gò menac,
Manègòr birerè tàrube hòpòn.

Neko dòko nàtiña car cur carèc'
Rehda hasa ho ;arapè lòyòñ.

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The bare idea of the above folk-song may thus be given in English:

Who has got so many cows which look bright and beautiful ?
Who has got so many female buffaloes black and bulky ?
So and so's cows look bright and beautiful.
So and so has female buffaloes black and bulky.
The legs of the female buffaloes are very plump,
But green pigeon's feet are very light and soft.
These buffaloes went to the forest of Siñ,
These green pigeons went to the forest of Man.[1]
Well, young men, go and bring them (female buffaloes) back from forests ;
O, young men go and bring (them).

The young man replies: —

In the forest of Siñ, there is a lion ;
In the Man forest there is a small tiger.
These buffaloes graze and eat this and that,
And drink saline water and mud from springs.

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An interesting feature of this day is the fixing of posts all over the village upto the Headman's house in the morning. After midday meals cows and buffaloes are tied to these posts with strings. The feet of these animals are then washed and their

1 There are frequent references to the forests of "Siñ" and "Man" in Santal legends.

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796 533 [539] thus in the first few stanzas:—(*translated*).

Semi-chorus:

On the Pipul tree, the wood-pecker is twittering.
Under the banyan tree, the *gutrut* is singing.
Has the Spring arrived?

Second semi-chorus answers:

[539] The seasons have changed, so the wood-pecker twitters;
The Spring has come back so the *gutrut* babbles.
The Spring has come back to us.

796 [526] The second day's programme, which includes the shooting at *sal*-flowers, is the most picturesque. Early in the morning, the priest's wife grinds flour. The Headman's orderly goes round the village gathering rice, salt and turmeric. All then go to the Holy Grove singing all the way. The priest carries a big basket containing a chain, bracelets, broom-stick, bows, arrows and horns; and a smaller one with rice, oil, vermilion, flour and pick-axe. [798] A small holy-water pot is conveyed there by a bachelor youth.

Here, the actor-deities of the previous day are again inspired. They wear their traditional insignia and run to the jungles, followed by the young men. There, Mönṛönko shoots at the sprouting *sal*-flowers with an arrow, Maran Buru climbs the tree and cuts

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The folk-songs sung on the occasion have an extraordinary naivèté of their own, and if we choose to note some of them here, it is because they will throw a flood of light on the observance of the festival. One of the songs, sung in the festival,
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would seem to show that *Pata* was formerly cele-
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brated in water. This verse is as follows:—

Pàhil pàhilko patakèda dak'
Talare khuṇṭi latarrè,
Radha còṛokko nàcurena.

Translation:—

In the first Pata festival, a post was fixed in the water. Under it a *Radha Còròk* (a swinging wheel) began to swing round.

Another song sings of the swinging wheel and cracks a joke about the *Bhôktas*, the devotees who are possessed by the spirit of *Pata-Boṅga* (the deity of Pata), and act their parts during the festival as if they were the gods themselves:

Baṛohat ḍaṅ[1] dada terohat khuṇṭi,
Ḍaṅ upòr bhòkṛago rahigel,
Bhòkta pujai mahasòy.

Translation:—

The *ḍaṅ* is twelve cubits long,
Thirteen cubits the post,

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1 The *ḍaṅ* is a big plank on which the devotees swing during the Hook-swinging festival.

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On the *dan* swings along,
(Sir) Bhokta merrily tossed.

The joy of Santalia during such festivals knows no bounds. Large batches of men and women go from place to place. The men play on pipes. The women decorate their hair with beautiful flowers and entwine their arms round one another's shoulders. The kettle-drums, the cymbals and the wine, produce an atmosphere in which these simple people forget their mundane existence in the pursuit of their primitive practices and observances. The *joie de vivre* is reflected in the following song in which a woman requests her sister to accompany her to witness the *Pata* festival for three days to their heart's content.[1]

Cetan disòmrè pè maha jagròn pata hoyok' ;
Dara ge didi ge sòngè jaibò,
Pè maha jagròn sòbay jaybò.

Translation :—

In the uplands for three days they keep awake for the Pata ;
O sister, do wait for me, I shall go with you ;
For three nights they keep awake ; we all shall go.

1 Quoted and adapted from the author's article "Santal Folk-Poetry" published in the *New Review*, September, 1936.

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731 782 787 [793] that special offerings would be offered when rain falls. And when rains come on, the village-priest propitiates the boundary-deities with the promised rituals and sacrifices.

To Remove Village Illness

[776] When epidemics break out in the tribe, the village deities *Gram pat*, *Bisam Thakurani* (Hindu goddess, *Kali*), together with all the gods of the Holy Grove are invoked by the priest at the head of the tribe. The preliminary procedure of the worship is the same as noted above in connection with removal of droughts with the addition that the witches responsible for the calamity may be mentioned by the men in trance supposed to speak for the deity.

755 782 787 [776] When any member of a Santal household falls ill, the head of the house arranges for an invocation to the *Orak' Boŋga* (household deity). As a preliminary to the worship of the deity, some men fall in a hypnotic stupor, in which they are supposed to have oracular powers. Thereupon, the householder asks the man in trance:—

755 782 787 539 Dĕ tabe gosane òkòe boŋga, òkòe buru, heken seteren, jaotya janama lie odong, tabe gosane pataganda sira ganda bil akan ate akan gosane.

Translation:—

"O thou deity! What god art thou? What

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Hill-Spirit hast thou come here?, To what order (of spirits) dost thou belong?. Answer questions. Then, O deity! we shall spread a wooden-seat (or stone-seat) for thee." 755 782 787 539

The men in trance reply:—"Hinsaha (very well I am answering)."

Next follows an answer giving the name of the *Orak' Bonga*. The householder then prays, "So and so is ill ; he is being treated by so and so. Do please help the doctor to cure the disease. If the patient recovers, I shall offer you this (fowls, rams or goats)".

The men in trance now give appropriate answers, as to what god to propitiate, with what offerings and when, or may suggest other ways and means to get rid of the calamity. 755 782 787

This prayer is offered at the door of the room (Bhitar duar), which is considered holy as the abode of the household deity. This room is not open to strangers, and even members of the house can enter this only after a ceremonial purification. If the disease is serious, villagers are called, and *Jhupar* takes place to find out the appropriate remedy. [778] [783]

Belief in Evil Eye

Like the other aboriginal tribes of the Central Belt, the Santals believe in women possessing a malevolent eye, that can bring ruin on people by 754

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754 they assemble in a forest or field, all travelling on trees which are their vehicles by night. Here, [776] naked except for the bristles of a broom-stick, they sing and dance for the whole night with *Boṅgas* (spirit deities) and lions as their partners. It is said that they like very much to pat the manes of the lions and comb them. And they beguile the *Boṅgas* so that they may not help the Witch-doctors to know their real names. They then return before morning to their respective homes and take up human shapes.

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•539 *A Witch Tradition*

To illustrate the theory of witches two very realistic stories are told in the *Hóṛkoṛèn Mare Hapṛamko Reak' Katha*. One of them states that in olden times, the witches of a certain place used to secure the services of two Santal lads to play on kettle-drums during their nocturnal revelries. Once, they took out the lungs of another young man and had a picnic after cooking them with rice, salt and turmeric. The young men were not denied their share, but they stealthily pocketed their portion of the monstrous dish, while the party was carousing in drinks of home-made beer, *hàṇḍia*. When, however, they returned home the next morning, they found that the victim out of whom the lungs were taken out, had fallen seriously ill. People

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were perplexed to think about the reason of his illness, when the two kettledrum players of the night before, could stand the secret no longer, and gave out the whole story out of pity for the young sufferer, advising the villagers to arrest the two women, who were no other than the Headman's and the Assistant Headman's (*Paranik*) wives.

The women, when summoned, furiously denied the charge of being witches. Their husbands, who were powerful village officials, became very indignant at the allegations of the two young men and they thundered, "Prove your charges or you will suffer terrible consequences." Undaunted the young men produced their share of roasted human lungs as exhibits. Then the *Parganait* (the tribal police chief) appeared on the scene and asked for a 'Kapi' (short sword) and pointing it to the two women threatened to kill them unless they cured the victim. Then out of fear, the witches cured him. In citing the above instance, it is shown how very difficult it is to detect witches when they pass under the patronage of high village officials as their wives.

The second story reads thus:—

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Long, long ago an *Ojha* (witch-doctor) accused the wives of the village Mañjhi and the Paranik to be witches. Naturally, the husbands of the two

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women became incensed, and threatened the *Ojha* with death if he could not prove his charges. The *Ojha* said that he would prove his allegation one day.

Then the Witch-doctor took his bow and arrow and went to the *Jahèrthan* (the Holy Grove in the village) after eating his evening meal and climbed a a tree. The accused witches arrived there at about 10 p.m. and began to dance and shake their heads in a frenzy. The witches very soon called a lion by the name of Lukhu, and as they whistled, one more lion arrived. They became very friendly with the lions and began to pat their manes and comb them. Then the Witch-doctor shot at the bigger of the two lions and thinking that the witches had struck them from behind, the injured lion turned to the women and killed them. Very soon, the other lion was also shot down from the tree by the Witch-doctor, who returned home.

The next morning, the witches were missed from their beds by their husbands. The story reaching the ears of the Witch-doctor, he advised the search-party to proceed towards the *Jahèrthan*, as he had seen them going to that direction. And, they were found dead there with the lions. When the Witch-doctor told his story, a wave of sensation ran through the village, and say the Patriarchs, "Thenceforth we are strong believers in Witch-craft."

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How Witch-craft began among the Santals

The hoary sages of antiquity amongst the Santals say that Marañ Buru, the chief presiding deity, wanted to teach the craft to men to arm them with powers of properly subduing women, but the latter learnt it by trickery.

It arose in this interesting way:—

One day, men assembled together and discussed how best to keep women under subjection. They complained amongst themselves that although they were men, their commands were flouted. Women got angry when any advice was offered to them. Such things were unbearable. They at last decided to approach Marañ Buru to teach them some art to exercise proper control over women. The deputationists arrived before the gates of Marañ Buru one midnight, and prayed for an interview. Their request was complied with, and the men explained all their troubles with their wives and sought for the remedy. Marañ Buru agreed to teach them the art provided they marked some leaves with their blood. They were a bit frightened at the proposition, and said that they would come the next day and learn the craft.

Meanwhile, the wives of the men had followed the deputationists and overheard everything. And they said among themselves, "Men are really

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754 wicked and selfish. When we are young and before
539 our marriage, men flatter us, but when we grow old they want to get rid of us." Hurriedly the women returned home, and welcomed their respective husbands very cordially, and were very sweet to them. The men were charmed by their behaviour and thought further deputations to Marañ Buru useless, as they had come round.

The next day, the women fed their husbands sumptuously and plied them with liberal drinks. The men became drunk and slept like logs. Then the women put on the disguise of men with *dhotis*, turbans and beards of goat's hair, and on they went to Marañ Buru and prayed for the antidote as they were disgusted with their wives. The soft-hearted deity agreed and asked the men to put special marks with blood on a *sal*-leaf as they use in signing documents, and taught them the *Tantra* (*jharni*) and the *mantra* relating to witch-craft and thus qualified them to kill human beings with their spell. The women now returned home with glad hearts.

The next day, the husbands found themselves faced with volleys of abuses from their termagant wives. They realised that their lives were as miserable as before, and pathetically enough, they decided to go to Marañ Buru to learn the craft, whatever his conditions might be. But when they reached his place, the puzzled husbands learnt that a batch of

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men passing under their names had learnt the art. 754
They furiously denied that they had come overnight 539
and were the more perplexed to see their special signatures on *sal*-leaves. "The marks are ours but they are forged," they protested..... All could easily guess who had tricked them thus. Marañ Burn in his anger said, "The women cheated me too as if I were a child. Put your own marks, I shall see these women."..... Then the deity taught them the craft [756]
of the Witch-doctor as a counteracting factor to the Witch-craft learnt by women.

So it is, the early fathers of the Santals say, 754
that there has been going on a ceaseless war between 756
the Witches and the Witch-doctors known as *Ojhas* 791
and *Jan gurus*. But in the tussle, the exorcists are [776]
frequently worsted because the witches ally themselves with the *Boñgas* (evil-spirits) by bribing them with all the sweets of life. It is no wonder therefore that wrong persons are sometimes mentioned in the Witch-doctor's "Tel-pat" (*a sal*-leaf, moistened with oil), where the real self of the Witch ought to be reflected, and innocent persons are named therein by the witches in collusion with the evil-spirits.

The Santal traditions say that Witch-craft and [773]
the cult of the Witch-doctor are attributed by some to 'Kamru-Guru' i.e. people versed in the arts at Kamrup, whose disciples the early Santals became.

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But the most uncanny part of the whole problem is that they assume human shapes, and thus like to enter into marital union with Santals of the opposite sexes.

A perusal of the stories relating to *Boṅgas* reveals that in their houses the *Boṅgas* have strange coiled up seats as hoods of serpents (*Boṅga gando*, in Mayurbhanj Santali), near which, fearful tigers* and leopards crouch, spreading consternation to the human beings kidnapped. They eat like men, but when their dinner is brought into this earth of ours, lo and behold! it will change into leaves and cow-dung, in the twinkling of an eye. Unions between human beings and *Boṅgas* have their temporal advantages, and we see how during the pendency of a liaison between a Santal and a *Boṅga*-girl, all his affairs prospered beyond expectation.

The *modus operandi* of *Boṅga*-lovers in forming such unions is seen in the story of how a *Boṅga*-girl,

* On this point Mr. Samra Mañjhi of Bantali, Rairangpur, Mayurbhanj stated as follows:—

Some Boṅgas have their serpents, tigers, deer and bears as their workers. The serpents are their seats, the tigers are their dogs, the deer are their oxen and the bears are their servants. The beasts do not always remain in the Boṅgas' house. They roam about the jungles, but they remain under their master's control. Whenever the Boṅga calls on them, they are present, ready to carry out his orders. In Santali, the serpents are called *Boṅga gando*, the tigers are *gutrut seta*, the deer *Keda* and *dari* and the bears are *Kanmi*.

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776 inhabiting a spring, cast a spell on a Santal youth
539 on whom she had taken a fancy. The boy found
588 himself spirited away into a pool, where he found dry land and many houses. There he lived with the girl for a long time, forgetting everything of this earth, in merry chases with tigers as hunting-dogs, (*Gutrut seta*, as called by Mayurbhanj Santals).

The special vision, thus obtained, helped him to see how there were crowds of *Boṅgas* living in villages like men. He had the strange knowledge that in December, when Santals thresh rice, the *Boṅgas* carry off half of it.

776 But the saving grace of the whole situation is
539 that these thieves can be detected by human beings. Thus we learn of a Boundary *Boṅga* being overheard by a Santal, while maturing a plan of theft with his wife. The *Boṅga* was thus baulked of his impious intentions by the farmer, who harvested his corn during the temporary absence of the godling, taking care to sacrifice a pig and offering a plate of flour to his might-have-been spoiler.

754 *Witch-Craft Stories*

From the several stories relating to witch-craft, we gather that the Santal women learnt the art from Maran Buru and how they decoy little girls and teach them the craft, so that it may not die out.

This initiation has its weird aspect. For we see,

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776 538 754 Again we hear how "The Sister-in-law who was a Witch" requisitioned the services of an immense bearded *Boṅga*, with long matted hair, to kill her brother-in-law by setting on a tiger for the offence that he, in a playful teasing mood, was delaying the eating of the dinner she had brought to the field.

Witches can be, however, very useful devils. If detected and cornered, they can be of immense service to men. This we see in the story of Ramjit *Boṅga*, where a witch, on her secret being out, promised to be the tribal *Ojha* and cure the diseases of the Santals. Once a witch, always a witch: the man who has once learnt it cannot at any time forget the craft.

538 *Fondness for Verbal Quibbles and Metaphors*

Any one reading the folk-tales of the Santals cannot but be struck with the love the tribe displays for speaking in enigmatic riddles and metaphors. We consider it worth-while to devote special attention to this feature.

539 In the "Fool and his dinner" we see how a Santal asked his mother-in-law about the recipe of a dish he was offered at dinner and was told, "I have cooked that which is behind you." The fool stole the door, and tried to cook it, but all that his mother-in-law meant was that she had cooked shoots of bamboo. Failure to understand such quibbles

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leads to many comic situations. A money-lender, out to collect his interest, learns that his debtor is engaged in a "backwards and forwards dance." He is so curious to learn the art that he is ready to forego all his dues as the reward for the lesson. Witnesses are brought, and before everybody, the debtor lights a fire so that the party may warm itself. Now as the fire blazes high, the men draw away from it and as the flame goes down they draw nearer again. "This is," said the debtor "a demonstration of backwards and forwards dance," much to the chagrin of the creditor. Sometimes, the comedy reaches a farcical level as in the story of the Santal youth on a visit to his father-in-law's place, when immediately on his arrival, he heard his host addressing his daughter-in-law, "Now, my girl, fill the little river and the big river while I am away; and polish the big axe and the little axe and dig out five or six channels, and put hobbles on those relations who have come to visit us and bar them into cow-house. I am going to bathe and will come back with a pot full of the water of dry land, then we will finish off these friends."

At these words, the terrified son-in-law took to his heels. And later, on explanations, they had a hearty laugh because the father-in-law had meant that "she should wash their feet and give them a seat in the cow house; and make ready two pots

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539 of rice-beer and polish the big and little brass basins and make five or six leaf-cups and he would bring back some liquor and they would all have a drink."•

There is however a tinge of pathos in the story "Gowala's Daughter" where a childless woman laments, "My sorrow is that I have never worn clothes of dusty cloth." They met all her wants but yet she cried and cried. And when the puzzled parents asked her for the meaning of her enigmatic wishes, she explained that she wanted her clothes to be made dusty by the feet of children.

533 *Santal Folk-poetry*

Any one who delves into the folk-poetry of the Santals will be struck by the extraordinary simplicity and naiveté of their songs. For the new-comer to Santalia, they have a strange enervating appeal; others are half-afraid of them, as of the aboriginal songs of the African tribes in Metro's *Trader Horn*, with which many of these tunes appear to have a family resemblance. Closer acquaintance, however, reveals that these songs mostly deal with the joys and sorrows of the countryside, glorify nature in her beautiful manifestation of leaves and flowers, and occasionally crack a joke.

• Pages 368, 369, *Folk-tales of the Santal Parganas*, Bompas.

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It is not generally known that the Santals have elaborate song-cycles for festive occasions like the *Sohrae* (the December Harvest Home), the *Baha* (the Spring Festival), the *Pata* (the Santal Cọṛòk or Hook-swinging festival) and marriages. Over and above these, the sowing of the seed and the various stages of the different harvests are celebrated with special songs by the men and women of the tribe, amidst tribal dances and ceremonies. All these songs have their own tunes as the orthodox Hindu music, although Bengali songs and Christian hymns are sung with as much gusto as their original folk-poetry. This was brought home to us once, when we accompanied Mr. Gurudas Sarkar, a Santali scholar belonging to the senior ranks of the Bengal Civil Service to a Santal village near Dumka, Santal Parganas. And imagine our surprise, when we found that one of their songs was about a Christian preaching his message in the *Kulhi* (village lane).

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Religious and Semi-religious Songs

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We have seen before that the most famous Santal religious festival, the *Sohrae*, celebrates the December Harvest Home. A popular song of the festival is a duet between a husband and a wife.

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Tune—*Sohrae*

Wife— Marań buru sèndèra dò
Gòl gòltèm calak'a

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Kiyà baha campa baha
Nàgudarae mè—hò màiri.

Husband—Nàgu màiriñ nàguam
Cal màiriñ catam
Cèkatèm bahaya
Cèkatèm baha mòsòda.

Wife— Niñ reak' bud màiri
Niñ reak' nakil
Càuric' reñ gutuya
Bohok'reñ baha mòsòda.

(Translation)

Wife— For hunting in the big hill (Paresnath),
You are whistling while going.
Keya flowers and Campa flowers
Bring for me—O my love.

Husband—I will bring, O my love,
And put them in your hand.
(But) How will you use them (dear)?
How will you fade them out?*

Wife— O (my) love! I am wise enough,
I am clever enough.
I will string them in the plait of hair,
I will entwine them in the knob of hair.

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*Literally—Do you know the art of using them till they fade out?

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Another song, sung on the concluding day of the *Sobrae*, welcomes the visitors and describes the chronic agricultural distress:

Dèho durup'pè,
Dèho tèngonpè,
Jòmak' nunyak' bòeha banuk'taleya
Met' ñèpèl bòeha ahajibà.

Akal kèdae gateñ sawanek'edae
Icà rànu gateñ bale ñawana
Sanam hòpòniñ ko ḍingra cabayèn.

Kiminiñ hò kiminiñ
Kursà baha kiminiñ
Kiminiñ mòn gedò bàñ ñamlèt'.

Pai pàilàñ natacèkèda
Bàṇḍi hoṛoñ nalackèt'
Kiminiñ mòn gèdò bàñ ñamlèt'.

(Translation)

Welcome, welcome! O friends dear!
(We have) neither food nor drink to offer,
But we offer you our greetings.
(It matters little whether) the harvest failed
or it was in plenty.
For want of seeds (and consequent want
of food)
All my sons have nothing of their own.

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Look there at my daughter-in-law!
Look, how beautiful she looks like the
Kursà flower;

But I could not win her heart.
To get her as a bride, I spent all I had,
But I could not win her heart.

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In the chapter on "Cycle of Santal Festivals," we have noted an extract of a song singing the advent of Spring, during the *Baha* (Flower Festival). This festival has got an elaborate cycle of songs, many of which are not easily amenable to translation, being full of archaic Santali; but they contain poetry that is simple, spontaneous and fragrant of the "smell of Mother Earth." One sample taken from the first two stanzas of a duet, as given there, will give the reader a glimpse of the essential poetry of the Santals. Similarly, we have seen that the *Pata* (Santal *Còṛòk*, Hook-swinging festival) has its own round of songs, and we have marked the *joi de vivre* as reflected in the song already quoted, (in our account of the festival) in which a woman requests her sister to accompany her to the "uplands" to witness the *Pata* festival for three days to their heart's content.

Marriage Songs

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Marriage, always a fruitful source of poetry and humour, has produced a song-cycle amongst the

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Santals. Our poetry-bag can be drawn upon to illustrate some of the customs and the corresponding emotions in the Santal bride and bride-groom.

A bride sings:

Niñ ñutum dò baba bargeŗe mad waepe,
Guric' mandere khunți bidme,
Niñ ñutum bàryatko hòŗ rege daram kope,
Niñren juridò natorege.

(Translation)

O father, build the canopy in the field (near the house, not in the court-yard).
Fix the post (of the canopy) in the cow-dung heap.
And when the bride-groom's party comes, meet them on the way (and make them return),
Because my (life's) mate is in the village.

Here is presumably a case of a girl being given marriage without her consent; a formal courtship being not always favoured by many parents now. Naturally, there are a number of unhappy marriages, and in the poem, we have just translated, the bride-groom is prescribed a humiliating reception because the bride's lover is already in the village.

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Another song describes the marriage dances thus:

Cameda latarre mandewa latarre,
Lid lupur lidar lupur bàihàṛ ròṭè,
Leka mersa mersi.

(Translation)

They are dancing beneath the canopy
under the branch of the tree;
They are hopping up and down and cheek
by jowl, like frogs in the field.

In the following song, the singer addresses the caged-bird as to the time when the bridal party is expected to arrive:

Cetan disom khon niñidiñ
Darakan disadaram ben nasul
Miru, najani din coñ, najani ñindà coñ,
Pasen coñ dinman tala ñindà.

(Translation)

They are coming from the up-country to
take me.
O bird, do tell me when they will come?
Keep awake and tell me when they will come.
They might come in day-light or at night,
They might come at midday or mid-night.

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Here, a reference may be made to a humorous song about a bride-groom's party. 585 533 539

Cetan disomren saṅge bàryàt,
Baṛe buṭàrebòn ḍeraket'ko;
Jomak' ñuṅiak' dò timinrècòṅ
Baṛe hòṅgòr hataṛ metakope.

(Translation)

We have a big bride-groom's party from up-country.
We have given them a resting place under the banyan tree.
It is not known when we can serve them dinner.
Let them in the meantime eat the banyan fruit.

Marriage ceremonies in Santal villages are red-letter days in the life of the women of the tribe. The following song expresses the joy that infects the life of the community.:

Teheñge siñdo, teheñge ñindàdo
Matkòm gelere ñelerasa
Dose làiakope, ràsi nato kuṛi koṛa
Doko ñeljoṅ ma
Matkòm gelere ñelerasa.

(Translation)

This day is a day of all days,
This night is a night of all nights.

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In *mohua* flowers there is honey.
Go and tell the youths and maids of populous villages;
Let them come and see
The *mohua* flowers are full of honey.

During the farewell between the bride and her people, some very pathetic songs are sung. The sample quoted below has almost a tragic touch in the separation :i—

Beker beker yamgim janamlidiñ,
Konor konor yamgim haralidiñ.
Bàtire basañ dak'màlire sunum
Kòtò jòtònte yamgim haralidiñ.
Bam dayalenayo bammayalen,
Tala ñiṇdà minhun mèròm
Leka yamgim chutikidiñ.

(Translation)

As a babe you brought me forth on this earth,
You have reared me up in your arm (always);
With a bowl of tepid water and oil in a vessel,
With what a care have you reared me up!
O mother, where is your affection for me?
You are now sending me in midnight like a cow or goat.

We conclude the marriage-songs with another instance which may find a parallel in the final speech

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of Kanva while bidding farewell to his foster daughter, Sakuntala. 585 533 539

Hòpòn hòpòn gidrà kuṛi
Sitoñ lòlò din repe, idiekantiñ,
Eho chandoboṅga!
Jhipir jhipir dagme, purbarimil hoeme,
Rearayliñgmeho Cando boṅga!

(Translation)

My daughter is very young,
You are taking her when the day is hot,
O God, let it rain in drops,
Let the eastern wind blow and make cool (the journey).

Songs of love

As is only natural, a good deal of Santal folk-songs deal with the eternal reaction on men and women regarding matters of the human heart. In the following song, a man thus speaks of his love for a lame girl:— 533 831 [539]

Bururе siñarak' legec' legec' siñarak,'
Jibòn calak' rehoiñ sidgeya,
Natore kuṛi konrse kaṭa kuṛi'
Hiròm cetan rehoiñ agucya.

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1. "Kònrse Kata" is explained in Dr. Campbell's Dictionary as "Side-ways." Many Santals in Mayurbhanj say it means a flower. In that view it will mean as beautiful as a 'Kònrse Kata' flower. [114] [192]

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(Translation)

Siñ leaves are soft and sway on the hill;
My life may go, but I must pluck them.
There is a maid in the village, she limps as she moves.
Though I have a wife, I must marry her.

The above has its exact counter-part wherein a woman sings of her love for a lame youth in exactly the same language with only slight variations:—

Burure siñarak' legec' legec' siñarak,'
Jibòn calak' rehoiñ sidgeya
Natore koṛa konṛse kata koṛa
Hiròm cetan rehoiñ bòloygeya.

(Translation)

Siñ leaves are soft and sway on the hill;
My life may go, but I must pluck them.
There is a youth in the village, he limps as he moves.
Though he has a wife, I must have his love (even as a co-wife).

A second song refers to the dilemma a girl is placed into on seeing her lover at a distance:—

Gaten triyòy nòròñ buruma cetanre
Niñma dak'iñ lòlò jojo jharnare
Thiliñ bàgirema hoṛkoròiòra
Noṛakiñ ruàṛrema gateñ khinsok'a

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Hòṛko ròròrbacha iñ sahaokeya
Gateñ kahis dòre bañgiñ sahaoke.

(Translation)

My lover is playing on his pipe on a hill;
I am gathering water from *Jaja*-spring.
If I go to my lover, leaving my pitcher here,
People will criticise me.
If I return home, my lover will be pained.
I can stand what men may say (gladly enough)
But I can never bear the pain in my lover's heart.

The next song presumably refers to a new attachment formed by a youth. Here the former sweet-heart of a girl is being addressed by her to get rid of his infatuation:—

Sedae sedae dò gate lañ tahènkan,
Sedae leka ror landa rorem ñamkan,
Ne kaira sakam re maya redme,
Ne natu got' kam jònòm jònòm.

(Translation)

The friend sings:—

At first we were friends,
(Now) should you want the same smiles and talk,
Wrap the love in a plantain leaf
And let it drift in the current.

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831 533 539 The following song illustrates the truth that love does not distinguish between the high and the low:—

Namdò kisàṛ hòpòn nindòrengec,
Hòpòn ceka leka tem bulau
Kidiñ nalo sarim rag, sari nalo
Sarim hòmòra, bana horge conlan conlan soman geya

(Translation)

Girl:—

You are a rich man's son,
I am a poor man's daughter.
How could you charm me so?

Boy:—

Really, do not weep,
Don't feel wounded (my dear),
We both equal are.

Another verse describes the dawn of love in the heart of a man for his elder brother's wife, such marriages (*Dhâuilà sagai*), being permissible under Santal customary law:—

Candoe rakap' kan piric' piric';
Cabaganlañ boloyena,
Ghanem hili yan ghanem mela wañ;
Sati sakam do sakhi menay.

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(Translation)

With the radiance of the sun-rise, we are entering the tea-garden.

Now you are addressing me as elder brother's wife, then as something else;

But *sati* leaves are witnesses.

Here is a girl being questioned by her father as to where she had been so long:—

Yuminlòlo biṭi numin seton tokare,
Do biṭim tahèṅkana gaḍa rana kap'
Ròdò numul jiwir juḍásin duṛup' akan.

(Translation)

Father:—In this sun and heat so strong, where were you my child?

Daughter:—I was peacefully resting in the coolness on the way up the river.

Here is a love-song describing presumably a courtship:—

Dare numul ho tarasiñnenae sakam,
Binḍàhòn rahoṛena mense sariho,
Nañcardo naṛag me norok'ren hoṛko baḍae ket'lan.

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(Translation)

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The girl sings:—

The shade of the tree has changed to afternoon.
The sheaves of leaves have withered too.
In sooth I say, leave the skirt of my *sari*,
The inmates of the house have come to know of it.

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Love of Flowers and Birds

Nature with her wealth of beauties appeals very strongly to all primitive people and naturally enough, we find a large number of Santal folk-songs dealing with the flowers and leaves. Here is a Santal maiden enamoured of *natal* flowers which she will pluck at all costs and wear in her hair:—

Burure *natal* baha
Dolop' dolop' *natal* baha
Janhan lekatehoniñ tiok'geya
Hòriñ chipirehon sut'do kòcerehon
Janhanlikarehoñ bahae geya.

(Translation)

On the hills are *natal* flowers,
The (luxuriant) *natal* flowers are dancing (in the wind).
I must pluck them by any means.
Although I am not so beautiful,

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And the knot of my hair sways side-ways;
However I may look, I must stick them in my hair. [301]

In the following song, a Santal is wailing for the loss of his garden of flowers:—

Nadika dhare dhare amakar bagan Raghu fulakar bagan.
Fulakar bagan Raghu basate marilò.
Amakar bagan Raghu, hure marilò.

(Translation)

By the side of the river is my garden, O Raghu!
The garden of flowers has been despoiled by the wind, O Raghu!
My garden of flowers, O Raghu, has been blasted by the hail.

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Flowers in bloom have the strongest appeal to the Santals, more specially to their women-folk. It is a common refrain heard in the Santal Parganas "*Biti kande campa lagi, beta kande dhuti lagi*" (the daughter weeps for the Campa flower and the son for the cloth). Here is a party who would request the gardener for the *berdòr* flowers:—

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Maraṅ buru còṭre
Berdòr bahado jèṅgèt' jèṅget'.

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Malinañ mètaya baha lañ kòyèya
Berdoṛ bahado jèñgèt' jèñgèt.'

(Translation)

On the peak of the big hill,
Berdor flower looks deep red.
We shall ask the gardener for the flower.
Berdor flower looks deep red.

The next refers to the *towa* flowers:,

Marañ buru còṭre towa bahako hese
Keda, niñlagit' do gochate nagueme,
Niñ karamḍàr lagit' dàhṛi lòṭòm.

(Translation)

A woman sings:—

On the big hill, the branches of *towa* flowers have been lopped off.
Bring the flowers for me tying them in the skirt of your cloth,
And for my flower-friend, bring them under your turban (so that none can see).

It is in an appropriate setting of natural beauties that shine in beauty:—

Kaira bali bhitàre
Gach dip dip kòre
Didi pat liplip kòre
Dara hara ghòrer bhitàre
Didi tiri liklik kòre.

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(Translation)

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In the plantain garden
The plant glimmers;
O sister, the leaves quiver and quiver.
In a splendid mansion-like house,
The wife shines in her beauty.

Songs of Birds

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If the Santal folk-tales are replete with references to animals, the folk-songs have their share of the Santal's affection for birds. The following verse refers to white-paddy birds:—

Bandale bandale nàtiñ àkin bankdò
Bandale bandale pòsaò àkin beralidò;
Tòkoeraca natiñ àkin bankdò
Cuna raca natiñ àkin bankdò
Cuna raca pòsad àkin beralidò

(Translation)

In every *bundh*, a pair of white paddy birds peck food.
In every *bundh*, a pair of birds get plump by food.
In whose court-yard do the pair of white paddy-birds peck food?,
In whose court-yard do the pair of birds get plump?,

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533 539 825 In the following poem a boy is pressing his mother to tame a pair of birds:—

Burucctanre kadañ gupi,
Sugasara cenrcniñ ciàakat' kin
Cara bànuk' babu, ţena bànuk.'
Sugà-sara cènrèn bàbulañ cekakinà.
Carayo iñgiñ àgui, tenayo iñgiñ benao.
Enrehon, sugà-sara cènrenyolañ àsulkinge.

(Translation)

Boy sings:

O mother,
While I was grazing buffaloes on the top of the hill,
I saw a pair of *Suk-sari* birds (there).

The mother replies:

We have no food to give them, no cage to keep them.
What shall we do with the birds, O my son!

Boy sings again:

I myself will bring food and make myself the cage (for them).
Yet, O mother, we shall rear them.

Other Songs

821 152 As an agricultural people, the hopes and fears of the Santals are knit up with the freaks of weather.

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Here is a person consoling a Santal named Kisun, to wait patiently for a better day when the drought would be over and rains would shower to enable the corn grow: —

Bilkema gele Kisun mathai hat dite Kisun
Kene Kisun kando?
Dhaner sis dada marigela
Matira chati phati gela.
Na Kisun kandore na Kisun bhabare.
Iswarer maya jadi hayta primthimite, jal jadi pareta,
Tumi Kisun khiti samara.

(Translation)

Why, O Kisun, are you weeping resting your head on your palm near the *bil* (lake)?
The ears of corn, O brother, have dried away,
The heart of the earth breaks (through the drought).
Don't cry, O Kisun, don't worry, O Kisun,
Should God will it and rains fall on earth,
You Kisun can reap corn in plenty.

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Plenty of devotional songs are sung by the Santals in honour of the tribal gods. Here is one invoking Mònṛènko (the Fives):

Mònṛènkodo mònṛènboeha
Ja Gosane turui kòdo turuiboeha

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Mòṇṛèṇkoko ruia ḍhelka ḍemba
Ja Gosane, turuikoko naranaka sakaa.

(Translation)

(Men) The Fives are five brothers.
(Women) O, the six goddesses* are six sisters.
(Men) The fives beat on broad *demba* (musical instruments).
(Women) O, the six goddesses blow on horns.

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We think that here we may usefully quote a song reflecting reformist ideas so far as Santal religious practices are concerned. It is not definitely known if a Christian idea or the Sapha Hòṛ philosophy is being given expression to in the following lines, but anyhow we smell something new:

Num rakap kate naṛka sapha kate,
Dhòròm mundil teṅ bòlòyena,
Dhòròm mundilrè bòlò kate dhòròm puthi yiṅ parhaolet,
Hòrak dhòròmho ruaṛèna.

(Translation)

A man is presumably speaking to himself:
After bath and washing my hair with (the soapy) mud,

* The six goddesses are named, Dangi, Pungi, Hisi, Dumni, Chita and Kapra. They are all wives of Mòṇṛèṇko (the Fives).

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I entered the temple.
There I read the scriptures
And realised that the religion of the Santals has come back.

We would like to conclude this review with a lesson conveyed by a folk-song:

Sojhe hòrdò Nupàl kucit giya,
Ḍhili sili Nupàl balañ taṛam
Etòm koye Nupàl jànum jhànṭi
Janhan lekatèlañ bàkuk', kòk'a.

(Translation)

The straight road is narrow, O Nupal!
We must not walk carelessly, O Nupal!
To its right and left are fences of thorns, O Nupal!
By chance thorns may prick us.

Santal Dances

Here we intend to mark in some detail, the various Santal dances, their nature and characteristics. These dances are mostly executed by men and women together, although, as we shall soon see, there are special ones reserved for either of the sexes. The Santals have special seasons and festivals for these dances and these are a part and parcel of the tribal religious life.

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women reply in chorus. So they go on till about 3 a. m. in the morning.

It must be added, however, that "Lagren" is a very stimulating dance, and on these occasions the youths and maids of the tribe get plenty of opportunities for love-making. Even the steps of the dance provide facilities for courtship, as the couples face side-ways and talk as they dance. And after the dances, parties in love retire into the woods.

The songs, sung on these occasions, are mostly love-songs. An illustration is given here:—

Nadiaka dhare dhare
Kahar bansi baje,
Hai hai ontare kandiche.
Akhite dekhini, kanetò sunini,
Hai hai, amar ontare kandiche.

(Translation)

On the banks of the river,
Whose lute plays?
Alas! the heart weeps.
I haven't seen with eyes,
Nor heard with ears.
Alas, my heart weeps!

Nabin Mañjhi, Headman of Muruda, Mayurbhanj, said that when there are no rains, there are certain "Lagren" songs in invocation to the Rain-

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god, which are sung to make the skies yield rain. One such sample is quoted below: —

Svarager hur hur
Prithimite dhula chilu urilò
Dhaner sisò chilu marilò
Manuser chati chilu phatilò he.

(Translation)

In the sky, clouds rumble, Oh god!
On the earth, dust flies.
Oh god! the ears of corn dry up.
The hearts of men are breaking, Oh god!

Dòṅ ènèc'

535 [585]

This is danced during marriages generally. Mixed men and women choose their groups and form a lively circle. The women interlock their hands gracefully, whereas, men with *Nagera* and *Madal* stand in the centre forming an inner circle. As the music continues, the dancers advance two steps to the right in a general motion. Next, they gracefully extend each feet forward. Thus they dance for twenty minutes or so, while women sing in unison. When the dance finishes, it is now men's turn to sing, while women reply in a musical chorus. This goes on for some time, when again the drums resound; the countryside echoes and re-echoes with a merry din and the dance starts afresh.

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left, as they advance forwards. But when the circles swing backwards, it is with a brisk picturesque

Danta Musicians

movement that they do so. Thus they dance from early morning till mid-day, without any girls as dancing partners.

"Danta" is no independent dance, but is indulged in as a relaxation. Women do not join these dances, as they cannot skip sufficiently as the steps require, and more specially because the songs that accompany the dances are frequently too amorous. Many of these refer to women and a very decent one purports as follows:—

Some boys go to a tank; they catch fish, roast and divide. While they eat the fish thus roasted, they give all the bones to women.

Mention should be made of some special steps of the *Danta* and their probable significance. It is noteworthy that when the dancers in both rows

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871 1924-25 to 8,473 in 1938-39; i.e. on an average
162 it doubled in course of 15 years.

871 Although in all areas the progress was not the
162 same (in the Santal Parganas during this period the
184 number of pupils under instruction rose very slightly viz. 1428), there was an awareness of the position as evidenced by the fact that the Santal Parganas Enquiry Committee reviewing the position *vis-a-vis* Santal education began their work with the proposition, "The first essential of the aboriginal is more education" and lamented that there was not a single school for the 60,000 Paharias in the Damin Hills.

871 The British government did not neglect abori-
648 ginal education but they had no visible plan of
997 their own. This task was urgently taken up by
177 the missionaries, who along with their hospitals and social service units, ran aboriginal schools of their own. As a result of their social and spiritual programme, a very large number of these tribals were converted to Christianity which meant a change lock, stock and barrel, of aboriginal sets of values. Their souls were sought to be saved. But out emerged a type of English educated people who
[539] like our young Michael Madhusudan Dutta might have exclaimed in rapture:

> Long sunk in superstition's night
> By Sin and Satan driven,

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I saw not—cared not for the light,
That leads the blind to heaven.

Such a disillusionment perhaps lay in the subconscious mind of an educated Santal lad of Mayurbhanj, who asked us pathetically, "Please tell me if we have any religion."

This should be studied in the background of deeper moorings in the heart of the Santals as a result of centuries of culture-contact with the rest of the population, mostly Hindus. We have already seen that these tribals have mostly lived not in watertight compartments, but cheek by jowl with the rest of the more civilised people of India. So slowly and imperceptibly, acculturation has been going on.

One carefully traversing through the Santal myths and tradition comes to the inevitable conclusion that for ages and ages they have tried to form a part of the Hindu society. Use of vermilion during marriage, wearing of *alta* marks on the feet of women, characterising the Supreme deity as Thakur Jiu, obeservance of festivals like Charak (Pata—the hook-swinging festival), the strange resemblance of some Santal dances with the *Rass* dance as described in the Vishnu Purana, the singing of essentially Vaishnava songs during the *Sohrae*, the shouting of *Haribol* during marriage, funeral and other ceremonies, the worship of Durga in Mohul-

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To all appearances, the Santal is a jolly good fellow who seems to carry out to its logical conclusion the principle, "eat, drink and be merry and care not for the morrow." Such seemingly epicurean nonchalance meets the observant eye during a good harvest or on the eve of their tribal festivals, when their gay abandon and the spontaneous overflow of their hearts are most evident.

Wherein lies the inner source of this joy? We may only quote to ourselves the famous line in an Upanishad which speaks of the birth of this universe of ours from joy perennial and eternal, perhaps the quintessence of the primordial cause. But this would not do in the case of the aboriginal Santals.

As we were ruminating over this Santal variety of hedonism we came across a folk-song of the Santals that threw some light on this particular aspect of their mind and soul. We give below a free rendering of the poem:—

We eat and drink and make us merry,
We live our lives in joy divine ;
This earthly body gasps for breath,
What's the joy in the sleep of death?
There's joy in a wander-lust,
Joy in treks from land to land.
Like morning dew sparkling, fading,
Like dancing drops on glistening leaves,
Our lives in balance tremble here.

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[601]

whom sexual intimacies are permitted or connived at in Santal customary law. There is a folk-song (quoted later) of the Santals, a Bir Sereñ (song during hunting) in which such a sister-in-law is explaining the mysteries of cohabitation to her novice husband's younger brother. Another song, also referring to intimacies with the elder brother's wife, perhaps records a second stage when the lad has become emboldened:

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Koṛa: Dèsè hili ho koṛam toa te,
Tidò hili ho rakap' tiñ me.
Kuṛi: Tidò babu jaiñ rakap' ketamge
Pale babu ja sakòm saḍe tiñ,
Pale babu ja paini saḍe tiñ,
Pale babu ja dadam babu ja
Dadam babu jae dhòra laṅ.
Koṛa: Bàndi huṛu baṅse hili ho
Saika huṛu baṅse hili ho
Dadaiñ hili ho chindoè ñelà ho.

(Translated)

Boy: O, sister-in-law, do please put my hand on your breasts (on the chest) O, sister-in-law (please) raise my hand.

Girl: O boy, I could put your hand on my breasts,
But should my bracelets ring by chance?
If my anklets ring by chance?
If by chance, your brother catches us, O boy!
If by chance, your brother catches us?
(What will happen then?)

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Boy: It is not paddy, tied in a cloth,
Or paddy stored in baskets, O dear;
What will be the sign to know things from?

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There is, however, no customary initiation into the mysteries of sex, as making the boys "*bunsiar*" noted by Father Elwin in the case of the Baiga, or "Chalak kora" as one hears in Birbhum rural parlance, when boys are said to be sent to fairs to be sexually experienced.

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Added to all these, there is the undisputed fact that boys and girls are used by young men and women freely in their love-affairs and intrigues as mediums to send presents of *handia* (rice-beer) to the lover or *ukhra* (fried paddy) or articles of toilet to the beloved. Very frequently, children thus act as go-betweens in adult love-making and become very helpful in the conduct of affairs in hills and jungles, and naturally enough, as they grow up, they (children) get accustomed to love themselves and come to relish the flavour of such adventures.

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It will be clear from the above, how the sex-instinct is developed in children and, although, in the dawn, the manifestations are more or less unconscious, sexual consciousness is in the way of development as an active factor in the boy or girl's psychic make-up. We questioned a number of Santals as to the average age when sexual consciousness of children develops into a factor to be reckoned

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882 goes to show that girls now lose considerable freedom
881 of movement. They are watched by their parents with care and are given companions while going to jungles to gather wood or to the *hats* for marketing. In support of the proposition that young girls are haunted by wakeful eyes, the following song may
[538] be usefully quoted here:—A girl sings:
[539]

Kidiñ tundañ lekayom horasien
Baha barge yoiñ bòlò lendò;
Hiliñ geto yoiñ eger kidiñ
Mone baric' yoiñ bòlò lendò.

(Translated)

(To look) Like a scorpion, I parted my hair;
I entered the flower-garden.
My sister-in-law rebuked me,
My mind became sorrowful, as my sister-in-law rebuked me.

864 As regards the age in which boys and girls receive their first sexual experience, the opinion of the Santals questioned on the point varied. Some put it at 14/15 years with boys who attain puberty, while for girls they gave the age at 12/13 "when the breasts ripen," as they put it. Others, put it at 16/17 with males and 13/14 with females. Two educated Santals questioned at different places stated that boys and girls receive their first experience at 10/12 and 9/10 years respectively.

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572 838 arising out of such ties and Santals are emphatic that there are no cases of homo-sexual aberrations.

836 In sex-life, unmarried women, divorcees and widows enjoy equal freedom with men to cohabit with men of their choice, barring of course the prohibited degrees of marriage and the clan rules of exogamy. But excessive cases are taken notice of [848] by parents and superiors, and if pregnancy results, village elders step in to find out the man responsible. Very frequently such scandals are avoided by a marriage between the parties.

837 The Santal hates adultery. If a married woman cohabits with others, she is taken to task by her parents and her husband's people. Generally, such erring wives are divorced by the husband. Serious crimes like murders sometimes result from such offences and we remember an educated Santal nonchalantly blurting out, "if my wife commits adultery, I shall cut her into pieces." The following 837 folk-song contains the news of such an illicit union 533 being conveyed to a maternal uncle by his ne- 539 phew:—

Nephew: Eh mama, mamago, hatòmiñdo perkao akan.

Uncle: Nowa katha sakhi bhagna bin purao lekhan.
Hopon bohok're capò hòcòbin.

3: Mukherjea O. Y-4,5 (ca. 1933-1939) 1962
AW42 Santal AW42
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Nephew: Sunum jor dare* buṭare utar setmae boholede
Dakhin setmae jangalede sardiyakat' mandre, mamogo
Potam mamòkin rak'let.

The sense of the above may be given as follows:

Nephew: O uncle, O my uncle, my maternal aunt has become familiarised and taken advantage.

Uncle: You have got, O my nephew, to furnish evidence for this. You shall have to swear by placing your hand on your son's head.

Nephew: Under the shade of a wild fig tree, with head to the north and feet to the south, O my uncle.

They were cooing like wild-wood pigeons.

Human nature being what it is, it cannot be said that amongst the Santals there are no cases of extra-marital love. In the folk-song quoted below, a lad sings of his love for a married girl, who in her turn replies that she would renounce the marriage she had entered into:

Kora: Sisu relañ pirit lena, sisu relañ miluàlena
Namge miluà mayam charaoket'.

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* "Sunum jor dare" was explained by Mayurbhanj Santals as being the *Kul* tree, known in Bengal. Dr. Campbell, however, gives the meaning as "A species of wild fig tree, *Ficus Cordifolia*, Roxb."

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3: Mukherjea O. Y-4, 5 (ca. 1933-1939) 1962
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837 Kuṛi: Nalo miluàm rag ase, nalo miluàm ròṛ ase,
539 Sindur lugṛiñ bhanduṛgiḍi bohok' sinduriñ
533 koṭagiḍi.
Naṛho miluà nalaṅ dò sedae leka ge.

(Translated)

Boy: From childhood we were in love, from childhood we were united in affection;
You have now given up that tie of love.

Girl: Don't weep, my love, don't speak about it, my beloved!
I shall throw away the vermilion-cloth, I shall brush off the vermilion from my head:
We shall again unite in love as heretofore.

836 The cases, however, of unmarried boys and girls stand on a special footing of their own. The evidence at our disposal goes to show that the "dangua koṛa" and "dangua kuṛi" (unmarried boys and girls) are sexually free (barring the clan-exogamy and the prohibited degrees of marriage). Within this restriction they can commit any amount of "Lòṭghòṭi" (fornication) with absolute freedom, if opportunities are suitable.

836 A number of folk-songs can be made to illustrate
539 the pre-marital romance between the boys and girls
533 of the tribe. Here is a rich man's daughter asking

3r Mukherjea O. Y-4,5 (ca. 1933-1939) 1962
AW42 Santal AW42
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a youth belonging to a humbler way of life to meet her in secret:

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Kuṛi: Kisàṇṛale mente babu ja,
Nale noṛak' cun dokta jomja koṛa bape hijuk' do.

Koṛa: Engam maire egerdoe
Apum maire roṛdoe oñategе bale hijuk' do.

Kuri: Engaiñgesepe lajaockan
Apuingesepe bòroaikan.
Siñgaṛ samu reja babu seteṛope.
Bale kari mela horte capo capote capobòlòpe,
Enrehoiñ ja babu dhamak dhari
Sad do bachare bhangaokatimpe.

(Translated)

Girl: Because, we are rich, O my love,
You don't come to ours to take lime and tobacco.

Boy: Your mother rebukes me. Your father reproaches me. So, I do not come.

Girl: You are shy of mother, you are afraid of (my) father.
At half-past ten at night, O my love, reach here.
Do come crawling through the shed where young buffaloes are kept tied;
Take all these troubles to quench my love-appetite.

3t Mukherjea O. Y-4, 5 (ca. 1933-1939) 1962
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This is how a neglected maid sings:

Gai gupiko panja panja,
Gai gupiko bako dedèṛdò.
Kaḍa gupiko panja panja,
Kada gupiko bako dedèṛdò.
Hape hapeniñ sakòm lenge,
Hape hapeniñ sankha lenge,
Ròhòṛ gàḍià ḍheńka leke giñ
koyok' nocòpe.

(Translated)

I ran after the cow-herd boy, he did not commit coitus with me.
I went after the buffalo-boy, he did not cohabit with me.
When I shall make ornaments for my wrists,
When I shall make shell-bracelets for my wrists,
I shall compel glances at me like the crane (ḍheńka) at dried-up ponds.

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Some old Santals of Baldiha, Mayurbhanj, were not however disposed to concede to the unmarried girl equal freedom in premarital sexual intercourse with the boys. This handicap on the girls is undoubtedly an influence of Hinduism on the tribe; it appears from the evidence that the original institution of the Santals placed no such restrictions. Whatever that may be, a sane admonition is now

31 Mukherjea O. Y-4, 5 (ca. 1933-1939) 1952
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cally enough termed "Kadam Baha." (*Kadam* Flower, belonging to a large deciduous tree, *Anthocephalus Cadamba, Rtb, and Hook f.*). The variety falling down a little may be termed "Atur nunu" (Atur = to hang down ; nunu = breasts) or "Dandka Jhinga" (Jhinga = a cultivated food plant. *Lasia-acutangula*, Roxb.) or "Kaita Jhinga." Unusual ones, are termed "Hotot'" (A species of pumpkin, *Cucurbita lagenaria*) or "Laua" (Gourds). Small and undeveloped breasts are classed as "Putka" (A puff-ball, a genus of fungi, *Lycoperdon*). The wrinkled ones are called "Jòknòt' nunu."

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The lure of breasts in a body beautiful, forms the subject of many folk-songs. One is quoted below:

Koṛa: Ul bele hòṛmò tam ho,
Bel siñjo toà tam ho
Noà hòṛmò noà toà do
òkòè lagat coñ

Kuṛi: Nalo babu jam tòṛ ase,
Nalo babu jam rag ase.
Noa hòṛmò, noà toà dò,
Noà dò am lagat ge.
Noa kacha, noa panci noa kodo
Tòkòc kocòkò oyo aṭet'hò.

Koṛa: Nalo mairem tòṛ ase,
Nalo mairem rag ase,

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Noà kacha, noà panci,
Nalaṅg ge do laṅ oyo atet'hò.

(Translated)

Boy: Your body is radiant like the ripe mango
Your breasts are like two *bel-fruits*,
For whom is meant your body (for enjoyment), for whom the breasts?

Girl: Don't, O boy, don't speak about this.
Don't weep, O boy, for this.
This my body, these my breasts,
These are only for you meant.
This loin-cloth and this sheet,
Who will wear round and use?

Boy: Don't, O girl, don't say like this,
Don't you weep, don't you weep, O my girl,
This loin-cloth and the sheet,
Both of us shall use.

The other song in our collection refers to the changed condition of the breasts of a girl. It appears that two unmarried sisters used to sleep together in the "pinda" (outside verandah of a Santal house). The younger sister sings that due to the elder's persuasion, the size and appearance of her breasts have changed:

Am khàtir tege dàina piṇḍaredòlaṅ gitic' akandò,

3t Mukherjea · O. Y-4,5 (ca. 1933-1939) 1962
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Setha lekan toa dàina pàilà lekaen. 832
Onatege rup dàinà raput' cabayen. 826
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(Translated)

For your sake, O sister, we two sleep in the outside verandah.
My breasts (that looked) like the 'setha' measures, O sister, have become big like 'pailas';
Our beauty, O sister, has got shattered and disappeared.

Presumably, the physical appearance has undergone a curious change as a result of having lovers at night. 832 [826]

In sex-attraction, it is a glimpse of the breasts that leads to intimacy amongst Santals. These have their primary appeal in dances like the Lagre, when the two sexes mix together and their hands are joined. As the dance proceeds, the man gets warm and looks for a response from the girl-partner. He presses the wrists with a careful carelessness. If she presses in return, the man's elbow will frequently touch and press the woman's breasts. The understanding being thus complete, the girl now turns to her friends and complains of headache or of a tired knee, the man similarly offers an excuse and off they retire to some cover of leaves, away from the dancing party.

31 Mukherjea O. Y-4,5 (ca. 1933-1939) 1962
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experiences of a deeper character amongst the Santals in affairs of the heart and no better illustration than the following folk-song could be found in support of our contention. In this song, a sister-in-law is explaining the nature of love to her husband's younger brother:

Koṛa: Pirit, pirit, pirit, hili ho,
Pirit do hili ho, láiñ mase ho.

Kuṛi: Pirit do babu ja bange bugiya
Jaha tinrem uihar lekhan
Uihar lekhan gedò mènt' dak' jòròa.
Harta akat daka babu ja,
Daka babu ja bange jòmòk'
Jaṅha tin rem uihar lekhan laṛa
Akan ub babu ja bange suduk' do
Ahai akat thili babu ja bange dipilò.
Pirit do babu ja, bange bugiya.

(Translated)

Boy: Love, love, love, O sister-in-law!
What is the meaning of the word? Do tell me.

Girl: Love is not a good thing.
When one thinks and thinks of love,
The eyes shed tears and tears.
Before one is food, O boy,
But he finds no relish for meals.

3t Mukherjea O. Y-4, 5 (ca. 1933-1939) 1962
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When I remember (him), I cannot tie up the loose knot of my hair,
The knot is loose, I cannot bind it.
I fill up the pitcher and place it on my thigh,
But I feel no inclination to put it on my head.
O Love, my dear boy, is not a good thing at all.

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A second song refers to a lad and a lass who cannot marry, as their parents like the Capulets and the Montagues were in enmity. They are out to leave their village for an unknown destination in the rainy season and come across a river in full-flood. The girl sings:

Cet baisakh neṇḍa babu ja,
Asar san japut' relañ noṛòk akan do
Làuṛiàdo cet lañemaya?

The boy replies:

Nam reañ rupa sankha, iñ reak' ṭòḍòr
Làuṛiàdo lañemaya, enrehò bidesh telañ òḍoñ calak'ge.

(Translated)

Girl: We appointed a time (for elopement) in Cet or Baisakh,
During Asar and Sravan rains we two have come out.
What fare shall we pay to the ferry-man?

31 Mukherjea O. Y-4,5 (e.a. 1933-1939) 1952
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Boy: The silver ornaments on your wrists, 583
the bracelets of silver on my hand, 533
We shall give to the ferry-man; even then we 539
two shall go away to foreign countries.

The Dawn of Romance

It may be interesting at this stage to record the 832
evidence of a middle-aged Santal, who in reply to 836
our questions gave a detailed description of the [124]
dawn of love and its working in the hearts of Santal boys and girls, although, we are afraid, there will be some overlapping in the treatment of the subject.

He said, "The first thing that a Santal boy and girl have when meeting together is, what is called, "Bepengete kusi" (the meeting of the eyes, *Cokshu Priti*, as termed in Sanskrit). Being thus attracted by the eyes, they have two or three glances when they arrive at an understanding. The boy wants to meet the girl who could fascinate him thus." He corroborated that a medium is now selected by [602] the boy, being either his grand-mother, elder brother's wife or an aunt, real or by village-courtesy, and presents are conveyed with his messages of love. "The meeting," he added, "may take place at [535] dances like the "Lagre," when the infatuated youth goes behind the circle where his beloved is dancing and stretches forth his right hand forward,

3t Mukherjea O. Y-4, 5 (ca. 1933-1939) 1932
AW42 Santal AW42
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833 In the following song, we come across a girl
533 almost mad in her youthful ardour for love, offering
539 herself into the arms of a young man:

Kuṛi: Dare umul ho achuren dò,
Sakam binda hòn rohoṛen dò
Dese miluà aṛakaiñme.

Koṛa: Alo mairem tòṛ ase,
Alo mairem rak' ase.
Kuṛi koṛa laṅ ñapam àkan
Nanwan sagaṛ[1] pàṭi[2] leka laṅ
Thokao jalada.

(Translated)

Girl: The shade of the tree has moved away,
The sheaves of leaves have dried up.
Please leave me, leave me, O my lover!

Boy: O girl, don't say like that.
O girl, don't weep like that.

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[192] 1. Sagaṛ—"A solid cart-wheel, a cart having solid cart-wheels without iron tyres." Dr. Campbell.

[192] 2. Paṭi—"Each of the outside planks of the solid wheel of a Sagar." Dr. Campbell.

31 Mukherjea O. Y-4,5 (ca. 1933-1939) 1962
AW42 Santal AW42
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(We) a boy and girl. We have united (in love).
(As) a new cart-wheel mingles into a single block,
By hammering and hammering, we shall be one (in consummation).
The thrill of the girl after her coitus, is thus expressed:

Kuṛi: Disom disom pirit babu ja
Pirit babu jaiñ tahèṅkan dò
Am leka do, babu ja banko dhaṅkuc'.

Koṛa: Disom disom miluà mairiñ tahèṅkan do.
Am leka do maire bako taṇḍa.

(Translated)

Girl: In many places, I enjoyed coition, O my boy.
I cohabited in many places, O my boy.
Like you, O my boy, none could shake the loins (so well).

Boy: In many places, I enjoyed coition, O my girl,
Like you none could straddle so well.

Jungle-love has its repercussions and these have produced many folk-songs. In the following song,

3t Mukherjea O. Y-4,5 (ca. 1933-1939) 1902
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833 a girl is explaining to her sister-in-law what happened
533 to her while out to pluck leaves:
539

Saru bir sakam hèc'ñ
Dukàn hili ho.
Hèndè sañsoṛ biñ do hili ho,
Biñ do hili hoc jòtèt' adiñ.
Jhaṛ tenhòn jhaṛni tenhòn
Biñ bis do anṛgona,
Dangua koṛa bis do hili ho
Chekate anṛgona.

(Translated)

In a jungle called Saru, out to pluck leaves,
I went (there), Oh, my sister-in-law!
A black serpent of the *Sansor* kind bit me,
O sister-in-law!
By charms and incantations (O my dear),
Men take away the poison of snakes.
How can one, O my sister-in-law!
Overcome the poison (injected) by an unmarried youth?

Most possibly, the girl in this case has become enceinte as a result of her escapade in the jungles.

833 In another song, the girl pleads that she was
839 forcibly taken by a lad and she herself was
533 innocent:
539

Hatom hatomgoi ho ho kèdo
Bañe hatomgo añjom lèt'do.

3t Mukherjea O. Y-4,5 (ca. 1933-1939) 1932
AW42 Santal AW42
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Ladeya bare latarte kubuñ kubuñgoi idikidiñdò, 833
Ladeya baru latarre piciṛrategoi deṛkidiñdo. 839 533 539

(Translated)

O my aunt! O my aunt! I shouted aloud!
You did not hear my call (at all).
He placed me on his arms, bent me double (dear),
Took me where the banyan (tree) bends,
There where the Kusum (tree) bends,
He made me straddle my legs and coition had.

In the following song, a ravished girl is being scolded by her mother on seeing her condition:

A mayo dea dhuṛi ñèl tegem rak' utaret',
Samañ senem ñel lekhan ciṛerakap' ciṛeangodo.
Bare bare biṭi maṇa ket'me ñiak' mana biti bam ajamlet',
Ni toda cet'iñ cekame.

(Translated)

Daughter: You have wept at the sight of the dust on my back
You have not (yet) seen the condition of my front, O mother!
It has been raptured both up and down.

Jt Mukherjea O. Y-4, 5 (ca. 1933-1939) 1902
AW42 Santal AW42
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Mother: Times without number, I admonished you, O my daughter!
You did not care to listen to me, my dear,
What shall I do now?

We shall conclude this topic with a folk-song about a gang-rape. It so happens that when a girl is a confirmed flirt, she may rouse the passions of several youths for coitus with her. But as a matter of fact she may be simply playing with their hearts. Such a girl excites the revenge of the disappointed suitors and they combine together to rape the girl. Such cases are rare now, but that they occurred in the past cannot be doubted. In this song, a lad is requesting his sister-in-law to save him from the case of such a rape he had committed with others:

Kora: Mañjhiko chatkare cili hòṛkò durup' akan cet'do hili ko durbar kan?

Hili: Basè babu jam, bajhau akat' basè babu jam baḍae akak'
Manjhikoik' huḍiñ kuṛi feḍ bulukò rapur akade,
Pale babu ja namhòm mesage.

Kora: Namdò hilire nayoleka, dadaiñ hilire napuiñ leka,
Janhan leka abo oṛak' kuk'li hilikò heic' lenkhan,
Namdò hilire leiakome nale koṛado baguaemesadò.

31 Mukherjea O. Y-4,5 (ra. 1933-1939) 1952
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(Translated)

Boy: In the headman's door from the court-yard to the village-lane,
Who are the men sitting there? What is the case being tried?

Sister-in-law: Don't you understand, O boy! don't you realise, O boy!
The Headman's young daughter's thigh has been sprained:
Did you, O boy! mix with them (who broke her thigh)?

Boy: O sister-in-law! you are like my mother,
My brother, I look upon as my father.
Should anybody come to our house and ask for me,
Tell them please, "Our boy did not go."

Erotic Approach To Intercourse And Its Nature

Generally the Santal husband is the first to retire to bed. The wife follows him. Upto the birth of children, a *khatia* (a stringed bed-stead) accommodates the couple. The man places his hands on the breasts of the woman. The body meets the body. A good deal of dalliance is indulged in while the love is fresh and these include kissing the cheeks (not the lips), scratching, pressing the

31 Mukherjea O, Y-4,5 (ca. 1933-1939) 1952
AW42 Santal AW42
MAYURBHANJ

the woman also shakes the loins when she experiences the thrill of coitus. 833

At this stage we may quote the folk-song (referred to already) in which a sister-in-law is explaining to her husband's younger brother, the posture how to effect coition: 833 533 539

A boy sings: Dèṛ dèṛ ko men hili ho
Cet' leka ko dèṛ koà ho.

Hili replies: Jaṅga talarre durup' kate,
Ètòm janga kòñiye bulure,
Kòñiye jaṅga ètòm bulure,
Dòhò kate koṛam toare capokate
Bai baite ḍaṇḍa babu ja hilaume.

The sense of the song may be thus rendered into English: —

Boy: "Coition, coition," men say, O sister-in-law!
How do they do it? How do they effect coition?

Reply: Sitting on the ground between the feet,
With right leg on the left thigh,
The left (leg) placed against the right (thigh),
Pressing the breasts on the chest,
Gently, gently shake thy waist.

This is the invariable posture adopted by the Santal during coition as the most suitable. Intercourse by lying side by side is seldom resorted to except by drunken people, too tired to adopt the 833

B Mukherjea O, Y-4,5 (ca. 1933-1950) 1952
AW42 Santal AW42
MAYURBHANJ

224 782 In the alternative, the hunters may simply ask the Headman to invoke the Hill-god to look to the welfare of the tribe during the hunt.

224 834 784 As regards special rules to be observed before the hunting, it may be noted that men who will hunt, sleep separately from their wives and do not have sexual intercourse on the night previous to the hunting. On the day fixed for the excursion, the hunters do not apply oil on their heads or eat meat or fish or come in contact with women who have menstruated whose very touch is thought to defile the food or the clothes of the hunters.

224 [515] When the hunting party returns to the village, the feet of the hunters are washed with great delight by the women and oil is rubbed on the tired legs. All these conclude with the customary [576] salutations called *Johor* and *do god*, the former being adopted by women who are superiors in age and relationship and the latter, being a prostration by the juniors.

224 593 533 539 We would like to conclude this short review with a folk-song which describes the agony of a Santal wife while her husband is out hunting:

Baba hak najòmcò.
Baba sòbòd na jòmcò.
Baba lota dak' dògo sepeindaramlet.
Bàhu nalòmraga, bàhu nalòmhòmòra,
Bàhu hòpòn badal go bàhu hòpòn menak'ko.

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Baba heo haracò, baba hòbòr haracò,
Baba nunko tuluc' dògò baba nohoiñ reben len.

(TRANSLATED).

Daughter-in-law: Father, the sound of (returning from the hunt) perhaps I hear.
Father, the sound I hear perhaps.
Father. I am standing at the front-door with a pot of water by placing it on the palm.

Father-in-law: My daughter, don't you weep. Do not mourn (my girl).
My daughter, I have got a son. your husband will be changed for another of my son.

Daughter-in-law: Father, I have reared him on my lap,
Father, I have embraced him, while (he was) a child.
Father, I am not ready to accept him.

OTHER HUNTS

The *Bahabaske Sendra* follows the method of the *Deshua Sendra* but there is no *Gipitic'*. A specialty is that the Headman is presented with a *kulai* (hare) or *tur* (squirrel), who, in return presents a pot of rice-beer. The *Iarpa Sendra* is a hunt on a smaller scale by members of five or six mouzas.

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[431]

4: Biswas D, E-3, 4 (1931-1945) 1956
AW42 Santal AW42
SANTAL PARGANAS

854 855 When a child is attacked with any disease, the parents become restless and call in the Raranic (Herbal doctor) or the Ojha (Shaman) for curing him.

593 123 **Illustrations**: In the course of my tour in the Santal Parganas, in Godda Damin in the village Sundarpahari, a man one day requested me to see his son who was suffering from some disease. I went there and saw that the mother of the child held him on her lap. The [763] child at that time was pale and anaemic, and the very sight showed that he was in a dying state. In the evening of that very day I heard the child was dead. I at once went there and saw a very pitiable sight. The mother held the dead body fast in her lap and would [533] not part with it, cried loudly and gave vent to her feelings in the following lamentation song[1]:

• [539] "Jare jare dullarya tingdo, ardo okate tahenkan tinyia
Indig men keda lengegimenai tingia
Haire haire dhon tingdo akarbo
Tine dine jom leda
Jara jare dullarya tingdo okakoreye suroh baraikan tingia.
Indigo menkidaing jahan beret ketingya".

(English Translation)

"Oh mel oh mel my beloved one
Where art thou now, my darling.
I said to myself all is well with me
Alas, alas, my treasure, how short a time thou wast with us.
Oh, my beloved, oh, my beloved, where hast thou found a place ?
I said to myself he will get well again
Ah mel ah mel"

1. E.G.Man—Sonthalia and the Sonthals, London 1867.

4: Biswas D, E-3, 4 (1931-1945) 1956
AW42 Santal AW42
SANTAL PARGANAS

At the time of parting after marriage the mother of the girl sings the following song which shows how strong is the affection of the mother towards her daughter[1]:

"Dash manse kukhi may rakalom,
Baro manse danda may rakalom,
Ebekaise racabo madiya,
Duyar rahilagigelare thesh,
Dosh manse kukhimmay rakhalom,
Baro manse dandamay rakhalom,
Ebekaise rackabo madhiya yayokera,
Mayakoise chhora Bore.

Utho dhanichala dhalga yuth,
Dhanichals dhani ghorge,
Chala dhani yuthi chali jay,
Tilamaka tandi purbhu ghora,
Jhinilage yayokera,
Mayakoise chhora Bore,
Baba hipaoyalaug mutha bhari,
Taka oyajo bhayahi paopalang,
Sursingya barada, mayahin,
Paoyalang kanchura kapra jore.

Muth bhari taka paoya yudali,
Jai gel surasingya baroda gada,
Shota jay gelo, kanchura kaprajo,
Chhitali jay gelo, matha bhari,
Sindura jo jonome jonome daybhel".

[1] I. E. G. Man—Sonthalia and the Sonthals, London 1867.

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(English Translation)

593 "For ten months I kept thee in my womb,
585 For twelve I had thee on my waist,
539 How can I keep thee now ? Oh, my daughter,
533 The house is up to the door full of people.

(*Chorus*)

For ten months I kept thee in my womb,
For twelve I had thee on my waist,
How can I keep thee now ? Oh, my daughter,
How can thou part with mother's affection.

Oh mother, for pity's sake do not leave me.
How can I leave thee ?

Get up my daughter and begone.
On the Tilayaka place stands the rich man's
horse saddled and bridled,
Oh my darling mother, how can I leave thee ?
My father has received a handful of rupees
and a long horned bull
Mymother has got a striped dress
The handful of rupees is spent, the striped
dress of my mother is worn out
The tall-horned bull died in the bathing place
My head is marked repeatedly with the red paint
I am signed for ever and ever"

683 I now cite an incident in which it can be seen how
593 the father is attached to his sons and daughters—for
159 the son's sake the father murdered his own mother and mother's sister.

It was alleged that Malta lost a son and a daughter who died of fever some time before the murder. Suspecting that his mother was a witch and

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614 **Traditions of the Septs**

In Horkoren Mare Hapramko Reak Katha of Rev. P.O. Bodding, which is written in Santali language, he has recorded the tradition of the Santal people. In it there is a story that the septs, Hansdak, Murmu, Kisku, Hemron, Marandi, Soren, Tudu, are believed to be descended from the seven sons of the first ancestors, Pilchu Haram and Pilchu Burhi. The five others have been added afterwards as an inferior moiety. As regards the origin of the five additional septs the following stories are told :

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The sept Baske at first belonged to the above seven, but by reason of their offering their breakfast to the gods while the Santals were still in Champa, they were formed into a separate sept under the name of Baske. The Besra were separated on account of the immoral behaviour of their eponym, who was called Besra the licentious one. The sept Pauria is called after the pigeon and the sept Chonrey after the lizard ; and the story is that on the occasion of a famous tribal hunting party the members of these two septs failed to kill anything but pigeons and lizards, so they were called after the names of these animals. The sept Bedea was left behind and lost when the Santals went out of Champa and is now extinct. They had no father, so the story goes ; the mother of their first ancestor could not say who his father was and for this reason they were deemed to be of inferior rank to the other septs. This sept is believed to have arisen during the time of Mando Singh in Champa when the Santals had begun to come in contact with the Hindus. Some Santals say that the father was a Rajput and the mother a girl

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of the Kisku sept. Santals are very particular about the honour of their women so far at least as outsiders are concerned and it is quite in keeping with their ideas that a sept formed by liaison with a Diku (non-Santal) should have been looked down upon and eventually banished from the community. 614 539

The names of the sub-septs have been collected from my Santal informant Ram Marandi (Parganait of Sundar Pahari of Godda sub-division). It agrees substantially in detail when I checked up the data from Campbell's Dictionary published in 1899. The sincerity of my informant is to be judged from his not being able to mention any sub-sept Chonrey and Pauria which do not occur in that area. The general impression which I gathered from other Santal dignitaries is that the sub-septs did not generally exist. The sub-septs appear at least in this case not to be exagamous units at all; they rather mark family distinction and traditions, for instance those who would not paint vermilion would be called Sada (white) or those who may have been descended from a headman or a priest would be called Majhikhil or Naikekhil. The sub-septs thus marked an important tendency of the Santal exogamous group either to be divided into sub-groups or sometimes to add a sub-group to itself. This alone explains the disparity in number of the sub-septs in the various septs. There is of course a tendency of the sub-septs to approximate to the number twelve according to the pattern of the total number of the septs. But this is by no means the case. Apparently the one important function of the sub-sept is to distinguish between Nij and Sada which occurs in all the septs. This pertains

614 [115] [114] [302] [184] [302]

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582 614 never marries a Murmu female or a Murmu male respectively. Similarly a Tudu male never marries a Besra female and vice verse. An old Santal of Tudu sept told me the following tradition explaining why inter-marriage is not allowed between the Tudu and Besra septs.

582 614 • 539 Once a woman of Besra sept fell in love with a Tudu man, but the man did not agree to marry as the Besra sept is lower. Then the relatives of the man and woman made an agreement that if between the fight of their sept-animals, buffalo and cock, the cock would lose its life then there would be marriage. On the fixed day before the relatives of the both sides this fight took place. The headman of the village holding the pointed horn of the buffalo in one hand and the cock in another asked the permission of the men on both sides, and when they gave an answer in the affirmative, he let them loose and a fight then ensued between the cock and the buffalo. In the fight the cock took out the two eye-balls of the buffalo with its pointed beak, in consequence of which the buffalo lost its life. Thence no marriage was allowed between the two septs. But now no such restriction can be found.

582 584 836 684 848 Girls are married as adults mostly to men of their own choice. Sexual intercourse before marriage is tolerated ; but if a girl becomes pregnant the young man is bound to marry her. Should he attempt to evade this obligation he would be liable to severe punishment by the Jogmanjhi, and in addition to this his father would be required to pay a heavy fine.

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852 on a mat, with oil and turmeric; next the kudam naeke and his wife, then the manjhi and his wife and all the officials in the same order as at the janam chhatiar: last of all, all the women are anointed. The handi is now served in leaf cups to the manjhi and paranik and then to the other people; after which all are ready for further proceedings. They ask how many children the handi is for, and for each child four small leaf cups are given to all those present. Then they ask the father: "How many iri (Panicum crus-yalli) and how many ebra (Setaria Italica) ears have ripened for you?" This is a figurative expression for "How many boys and girls have you?" On receiving an answer they ask again, "Where is the land?" The father tells them where the namesakes of the children live, whereupon they call for "namesake handi", i.e., beer which the namesakes present have brought with them. The people then sing a special song and dance and drink.

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(792) A guru, who in a way officiates for the father of the family, now starts the binti, i.e., a mythical historical recitation. He begins with the creation of the earth and relates the Santal history of mankind, their wanderings, etc., according to tradition, and recounts how their ancestors spread abroad, some of them coming to Sikhar, where the first pargana was Hikim, who said to the people: "Let us settle here; we have found primeval forest and virgin soil". The ancestors said, "Let us help him; we will burn and clear jungle, we will live and prosper". Then they came to their present abode and married, cleared jungle and multiplied. Thereupon the guru on behalf of the family enters into a colloquy with the people, in which

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inter alia he says, "We implore you to let us be with you to brew and drink beer, to fetch water, to pin leaves together on the day of marriage, the day of chhatiar, the day of cremation. We were like crows, we have become white like paddy birds. You, villagers, be our witnesses". This ends the formal part of the proceedings.

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The festival is concluded by further drinking and singing of chhatiar and other songs. It will be seen that there is no special or formal act done by the village people. They are invited for the occasion; the father (or his representative) implores the community to recognize the young ones as participators at the three great social occasions, and the people acknowledge this by drinking handi, the Santal mode of ratification. There is no kind of sacrifice at either janam or chacho chhatiar". [782]

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Adoption: Among the Santals to adopt a child is of rare occurrence. Dr. Campbell says they do not practise adoption. Rev. P.O. Bodding is of the opinion that adoption is present among the Santals. I have also heard of one or two instances of adoption in the Damin area of the Santhal Parganas.

If a man takes a second wife and this woman has a boy by a former husband, the man may adopt this boy. He proceeds in the following way: He first informs the village headman, then calls the nearest male relatives of the boy whose consent is necessary. If they agree they say so in the presence of the headman and the villagers of the village where the man, who will adopt the boy, lives. Then the male relatives

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766 pit and the rupee touch the hands, feet and mouth of the corpse. They place the body within the grave ; all
• [539] those who are present there take a little earth and put it on the mouth of the dead uttering the following words :

Ma taba khan tahi khanad ala khanem bagarana
Onata nsa sanam ko hasala amam kanā
Alaho Jaman bis badala tahen ma
(English translation)

You have been separated from us that is why I am giving a little earth to you. Please see that we may remain in good health.

Then they cover the grave with earth. The relatives take a little earth from the burial ground and a nail from the dead body, they then throw these into the Damodar river. In the case of the pregnant woman they insert an iron nail in the sole of the foot. The reason of this is that Churinbhut may not come out from the grave.

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171 have been always branded in Hindu scriptures as practices of the lowest order, a sort of getting power over ghosts, pisaches and bhuts. The Gita[1] calls the worshippers of the prets and bhuts as tamasic. Thus they are to be looked upon as survival of a pre-Dravidian [174] stage of culture in Hindu Society. From the wide- [192] spread occurrence of the word Mati it would seem that the Santals have lost their own original term and adopted a Hindi loan word as they possibly did in the case of the word for the supreme being, Thakur. The tendency to change the name can be traced amongst the Oraons due to a recent semi-Hindu and semi-aboriginal religious revival movement known as the Bhagat, comparable to the similar Kharwar movement amongst the Santals. The Mati is called Bhagat as the most dignified term for a Baisnab devotee. A change of outlook has also taken place in making the spirits no longer malevolent and the aspect of mercy and grace under Baisnab influence have been emphasised, comparable to the changing of many of the pagan gods of Europe into Roman Catholic patron saints.

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171 Hunting being one of the most absorbing occupation of all these tribes a special functionary for hunting occasions is quite natural. Amongst the Santals the Dehri still maintains his own; amongst the Birhors the Diguar or Kotowar has sunk to the position of an assistant to the priest Naya.

•[539] यजन्ते सात्त्विका देवान् यक्षरक्षांसि राजसाः।
प्रेतान् भूतगणांश्चान्ये यजन्ते तामसा जनाः॥

[1]Chaptar 17, Verse No. 4.

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Oraons believed to be the heart, whilst amongst the Santals it is supposed to be the liver as our informant told us. Bompass also records an incident where a witch was surprised while extracting the liver from a body in order to eat it.[1] 754 171

Witchery through the evil eye is a belief rampant not only amongst the Santals but amongst other more cultured people of North-East India. It is also found amongst the Birhors, Hos and Oraons.

It is curious to observe how, though the Oraons have both male and female wizards and witches, the Santals ascribe this evil only to women. Their tradition, as recorded by Bompass, fully brings it out : 754 462 539.

"Once upon a time Marang Buru (principal diety) decided that he would teach men witchcraft. In those days there was a place at which men used to assemble to meet Marang Buru and hold council with him, but they only heard his voice and never saw his face. One day at the assembly when they met Marang Buru he told them to come to him in their best and cleanest clothes for he would teach them witchcraft. All then went home and told their wives to wash their clothes well against the fixed day as they were going to Marang Buru to learn witchcraft. All the women made a plot to learn it by making their husbands drunk on the appointed day and they then wearing the dress of the males went off to Marang Buru to learn witchcraft in place of their husbands. They then went to Marang

[1]C.H. Bompass, pp. cit., p. 421.

[2]C.H.Bompass, op. cit., p. 422.

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462 Buru but Marang Buru did not detect the imposture
539 and taught them witchcraft. After their return however their husbands came back to their senses and they at once went to Marang Buru to learn witchcraft. Marang Buru said "I taught it all to you this morning, what makes you come again." They were astonished at this and protested that they had not been to him at all that morning. Marang Buru said, 'Then you must have told your wives what I forbade you.' They gave an answer in the affirmative. Marang Buru then taught the science of *Ojhaism* and *Jan* in order that they might have some advantage over their wives, and be able to overawe them. This is why only women are witches and men are Ojhas and *Jan-guru*."

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754 Women, who are witches, of several neighbouring villages meet under some trees in a secluded place at some distance from human habitation generally on a Sunday at dead of night of a new moon. There, it is said, they strip themselves of their clothes and wear only the fringes of old brooms made of wild grass suspended from a girdle round their waists. Thus arranged the naked women hold the witches' dance. They have their peculiar secret songs and mantras, perform sacrifices and also try to kill people by magic very much in the same way as the old witches of Europe. It is particularly on the night of *Amawasa* (new moon), in the month of Kartic (October-November) that these witches' dances are celebrated with special eclat. Large companies of witches, it is said, move about that night and people are afraid of stirring out of their houses at a late hour that night. New girls are initiated on that night into the

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mysteries of witchcraft. When girls are initiated into witchcraft they are taken away by force, and are taken to all the most powerful *bongas* in succession, and taught to invoke them. They are also taught *mantras* and songs and by degrees they cease to be afraid. The beginner is made to come out of the house with a lamp in her hand and a broom tied round her waist. She is then conducted to the great *bongas*, one of whom approves of her and when all have agreed she is married to that *bonga*. After this she can also marry a man in the usual way. When the girl has learnt everything she is made to take her *Sidatang* (degree) by supposedly taking out a man's liver and cooking it with rice in a new pot; then she and the young woman who is initiating her, eat the feast together; a woman who has eaten one such stew is said to be completely proficient and can never forget what she learnt. If any girl refuses to take the final step and will not eat human flesh she is caused to turn mad or commit suicide. Those however who have once eaten human flesh acquire a craving for it.

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Should any outsider happen to come their way during these dances and sacrifices, the stranger is challenged and if he be found to be a mere wayfarer and not an inquisitive spy, he is warned on pain of death not to speak to any one of what he may have seen or heard. On his promising not to utter a word about it he is permitted to depart. Should he prove faithless, it is said, he is sure to be killed by magic. I am citing below a story about this from Bompass (Folklore of the Santal Parganas).

In the village of Mohulpahari there was a youth named Jebra. One night when he was coming back

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754 very late he met with a crowd of witches standing under
• 539 a hollow Mowah tree.

He managed to struggle free and run away. Two days after this those witches caused him to fall from a tree and break his arm. *Ojhas* failed to cure him The arm stiffened and maggots formed and in a few days Jebra became speechless and died.

683 How strong the belief of witchery amongst the Santals is even today can be easily judged from the following case of actual witch-murder reminding us of England and Europe, a few centuries ago.

A Santal of the name of Mangal Soren of the village of Bijapur, in the district of Santal Parganas, murdered a Santali woman of the name of Gaura Murmu believing her to be a witch who had caused the death of Rajam
[692] a Santali, through her witchcraft. The case was heard at the Patna High Court by Justices Kulwant Sahay and Sir T. S. Macpherson on 5th January, 1933 He (Mangal Soren) was convicted and sentenced to death.[1]

756 **Spirit Doctor—the Santal Ojha**

A type of Shamanism is present in full swing amongst the Santals though the authority of the headman is always respected. The Shamans among the Santals have degenerated into mere physicians with higher types of knowledge which in its theory entails communication and, partly, control of the supernatural world. Thus when the herbal doctor fails, men with knowledge of divination and favoured

1. Reported in a Calcutta daily, paper Amrita Bazar Patrika 7th Jan. 1933.

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756 courtyard there is an elevated place, square, or
[824] rectangular, the size generally being 1½'×1½'×1'.
It is made of earth, and a *Tulsi* (Ocymum Sanctum L.)
[346] plant is planted in the centre of the mound over which
a shed is erected. The shed is so large that it can
easily accommodate 10 to 12 persons. The shed is
erected by the unmarried disciples, married ones have
nothing to do with the erection of the shed. The posts
[789] of this shed are of sal wood. In the centre of the shed
a hen's egg and a chir sakom (a thin kind of iron wristlet
or arm ornament) are kept for preventing witches from
[562] molesting them. The course lasts for four months. A
woman cannot be an *ojha*. The first act of the *ojha* is
what is called *Akhra rara* which means performing the
opening ceremony, to ensure that all may go well and
without any hindrance. The first evening the disciples
bring along with them some *sindur* which is given to
[776] the *guru*. In five different places in the courtyard the
ojha makes vermilion marks in the name of the
following five different *bongas* :—

(1) Kamru guru (the reputed first teacher of *ojha* science to the Santals),

(2) Sin *Bonga* (the sun),

(3) Kali mai (the goddess Durga), 1 ^

(4) Dibi mai (the goddess Durga),

(5) Ganga mai (the Ganges goddess).

756 The following invocation is offered to all of them by
782 him after changing the names of the *Bongas* :
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776 "Nokoe, Kamru guru (or, as the case may be, Serma Sin Thakur, etc.) amintikawam kana; nokoe cela korako

1 [Erratum: this should read "(the goddess Kali)."
^ Cf. errata sheet, category 116, p. x - Analyst]

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durup akana ; ado ninda nuta ko kijuka calakoko; tobe badi bairi noko cela alo bare lagaoako ma alo jemon hoe husit, tatka birki hoyok ma ; nae napae bareko hijuk calak mako !"

(English Translation).

"Here you see, Kamru guru, I am making a mark for thee ; here, you see, disciples are sitting ; they will come and go at night in darkness ; then may malevolence and enmity not come in contact with these disciples ; may there be no spell of an evil eye, no sudden fright ; in perfect safety may they come and go."[1]

After having invoked the *bongas*, the *guru* utters the opening mantra which is as follows :

"Akhra khollom, makra kholo, pir khollo, ke khollom ? Guru khollo, guru gia; maekhollo khollom siri Kahri gia Kamru dohoe khollo".

(English Translation).

"I have opened the place of performance, I have opened the site of performance. I have set free the stools to sit on. Who has set free (or opened)? The *guru* has set free, by the guru's knowledge ; the mother (likely Kali) has set free ; I have opened by knowledge of Sri Kahri, by the grace of Kamru I have opened."[2]

When these preliminaries (opening ceremonies) have been gone through all is ready for the commencement of teaching.

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[1]P. O. Bodding, op, cit., p. 47.

[2]Rev. P. O. Bodding, op. cit., p. 48.

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796 782 animals is eaten by the men. The only woman who gets a share is the wife of the priest. Drinking, dancing and singing are followed by young men and women of the village.

796 614 [184] **Jom Sim:** The *Jom Sim* is performed with many quaint ceremonies which differ somewhat for the different clans. That is why it is called clan festival. Mr. Culshaw recorded some stories from which it can be ascertained how it is connected with clan. "The 614 796 • 539 Karwak Hasdak tell the story of how long ago their ancestors were celebrating the *Jom Sim* festival and all the Hasdak were present. They had performed the sacrifices and everyone had been served with rice and meat, but some of the younger folk present felt that they had not been given enough to eat, so they killed a buffalo, or kada, became known as Karwar Hasdak". The Soren Santal relate "that in the very early days the ancestors of the Soren were celebrating the *Jom Sim* festival and some of the company began to prepare [177] the food and cook it. In imitation of Brahmin cooks they put on sacred threads and served all the people. From that time they became known as poita Soren".[1]

796 614 174 It is probably the oldest sacrifice the Santal have because it has more aboriginal features in it than any other sacrifice of theirs.

724 793 [221] [824] [211] **Dihri Hunting:** The *Dihri* hunting, which is the most important hunting of the Santals which takes place once a year in the month of Falgun (February and March). *Dihri*, their hunting priest carries a big branch of a *Sal* tree with leaves and goes to the market, where people

[1] W. J. Culshaw—Tribal heritage. 1949. pp. 74 and 78.

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Sorup and Haru Mąñjhi were two brothers. Sorup Mąñjhi left Bogri because of the elephants, came to Raipur and settled. He had established himself well at the end of a year or two, so he told his younger brother: 'Leave Bogri, where the elephants are on the increase. Some day you will be trampled on and killed. Come with me.' Haru Mąñjhi thought to himself: 'True enough, many men have been killed; perchance they will kill me.' Thinking thus, he took all his children, left Bogri and came to Raipur. From Rautora in Raipur they established a village in Barikul, Sorup Mąñjhi saying to his brother: 'Go to, brother, put up your huts and stay at Barikul.' Then Haru Mąñjhi went out with his children, his cattle and his goats, and built his huts there. He had four boys and two girls; the girls they brought with them from Bogri, and the four boys were born in Barikul. He obtained sons-in-law for his daughters to live with them, and one or two tenants came together. In this way the village increased to many houses." Wild elephants, of which there are not so many now as formerly, do still on occasion cause great damage to ripening crops. Barikul was founded five generations ago, a period of about one hundred years. At that time there was also a possibility that by moving his abode the Santal could regain a measure of independence. The Santals have been spoken of as formerly "nomadic".[1] It may be that in the strict sense of the word they were in some remote period nomads. For any period of which we have record, however, they have been agriculturalists, though food-gathering and hunting provide them with important subsidiary occupations. Their migrations have been due to pressure of one kind and another. They prefer to move to forest lands where they will have a hard struggle to establish new settlements than to remain where they have to defend their holdings and their livelihood against hostile forces, whether these be wild animals, malignant actions directed against individuals or the community from the unseen world, or the oppression of landlords and moneylenders.

The last cause operated to produce a great northward movement in the early decades of the nineteenth century, and finally goaded them into rebellion. The Santal rebellion has been frequently described.[2] It took place in an area remote from the Bankura district, but it has to be mentioned because it created

[1] P. O. Bodding, *Bengal District Gazetteers: Santal Parganas*, ed. L. S. S. O'Malley, Calcutta, 1910.

[2] J. H. Hutton, *Modern India and the West*, ed. L. S. S. O'Malley, Oxford, 1941. Chapter on the Primitive Tribes, pp. 417-44. Also bibliography.

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They have no memory of ever having possessed the institution, but a snatch of song once heard suggests that they did at some period abandon it. In a *Sohrae* song occur the words

> The young girls are sleeping in the girls' house,
> The young men are sleeping in the young men's cowshed.[1]

If, as seems likely, they once had such an institution, it is probable that the *jogmaṇjhi* and his wife were in charge. At some festivals the young men sleep at the house of the *jog maṇjhi*, and at the time of the *Sohrae* they go to him at the beginning of the festival and ask him in formal language to turn a blind eye to any of the faults they commit during that time. He is also called in to investigate allegations of immoral behaviour. The appointment is for life and it is hereditary, like that of the headman. In every village there are also two priests, who are responsible for maintaining right relations with the unseen world, but it will be more convenient to deal with their functions at a later stage.[2]

The humblest of the village officials is the *goḍet'*, the bailiff and messenger of the headman. When a child is born or a villager dies, it is the *goḍet'* who carries the news to all the houses. If it becomes necessary to summon the men of the village to a council to announce the near approach of a marriage party, or to collect dues from the houses for a feast in connection with a festival, it is the *goḍet's* duty to see that it is done. He is the errand boy, and consequently something of a butt for the wit of the village, as the following song (sung during the *Sohrae* festival) bears witness:

> Here comes the headman walking slowly,
> And here comes his deputy with wooden sandals,
> And also the *goḍet'* calling out to everyone.
>
> Put out a woven bed for the headman to sit on,
> Put out a wooden stool for his deputy,
> And put out for the *goḍet'* a broken bed.
>
> Pour out for the headman the first brew of beer,
> Pour out for his deputy the second brew,
> Pour out for the *goḍet'* the leavings.
>
> Give to the headman cakes of sifted flour,
> Give to his deputy some coarser cakes,
> And give to the *goḍet'* the lumpy bits.[3]

[1] See Appendix B, No. 1.
[2] See Chapter 7
[3] See Appendix B, No. 2.

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They owe their present position of affluence to Santal habits of insobriety. Secondly, much of the land has been acquired by trading castes from Bihar who followed the Santals when the country was being opened up. They brought with them such things as salt and cooking oil, which they exchanged for grain. Clothing was added at a later date, for until within living memory Santals largely wove their own clothes from cotton grown on the lands surrounding their homesteads. Like the Sundis, these traders provided credit facilities for their customers and so gained power over them. The monsoon fails on the average once in seven years in Western Bengal, and the traders import grain in times of scarcity. Formerly this was lent out at a recognized rate of interest amounting to 100 per cent. per annum. The only security which a Santal had to offer was a mortgage on his land, and, if the trader wished it, the almost inevitable result was an action in the courts, followed by an auction at which the creditor purchased the land. The third important class among the landlords are the Brahmins, descendants of the men who were brought into the country to act as priests and court officials to the local *rajas* or rulers. At the time when British rule was being established many of these *rajas* exercised control over tracts of country that were largely covered by forest and sparsely inhabited. They encouraged Santals and some other peoples to settle as cultivators, and they also rewarded the services of their Brahmin officials by grants of land. Brahmins are forbidden by caste rules to engage in cultivation, so they in their turn encouraged Santals to become their tenants.

The Santals have a proverb: "A *Deko* friend is like a thorn fence." In other words, if you stumble into it you are liable to suffer from scratches. They sometimes make fun of themselves and exaggerate the fear that they feel. Thus: "The elders used to run away and hide in the jungle whenever they saw an umbrella approaching the village." But in spite of the fun, the fear persists. A difficulty arose a few years ago in a village Santal church when the superintending missionary placed there as pastor a man who was a *Deko*. This resulted in a vigorous protest, and the leader of the villagers' delegation summed up their feelings in the following parable: "When a kite is wheeling overhead the chickens all take shelter under their mother's wings. After they have grown up they know that the kite can do them no harm, but nevertheless whenever a kite is overhead they quake inwardly and cannot get on with their pecking." In the company of non-Santals, a Santal is inclined to become tongue-

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829 571 tied. Even men who enjoy a wide reputation in their own tribe become ineffectual when engaging in a discussion with *Deko*, a factor which nullifies many of the advantages that they might otherwise gain by their representation on local self-governing bodies. The difficulty is not simply one of language, for those who reach such positions are men of some education who have a command of Bengali; it is caused by the old fear of the chicken for the bird of prey. Santals themselves complain that their own representatives are not "cunning" enough.

648 829 With certain of the lower castes who are cultivators like themselves the Santals claim a special relationship. Chief among these are the Kurmi or Mahato, who are looked upon as distant kinsfolk. "Formerly", said an informant, "they used to look on us as their younger brothers. At their weddings we used to carry away their baskets of sweets, and in fact without our presence their weddings could not take place. They sacrifice pigs at the time of the *Sohrae*. Our ancestors used to tell the story of how during the rule of the Moslems the Kurmi were oppressed. [539] They had great trouble to survive. It is said that one day when we Santals were celebrating a *Mak' Mõrẽ* festival, a band of Moslems was driving a group of Mahato before them. They came right into the place where we were sacrificing, but even so they did not lose caste. In this way they are co-sharers with the Santals." Here, however, is some Santal lore that is not altogether to the credit of the Mahato: "All the Mahato women have to learn witchcraft. If any of them does not do so, she cannot get married. For this reason when a Mahato party is seeking a bride the first question which they ask is, 'Has she learnt witchcraft or not?' "

563 [829] There are other stories of related peoples, e.g. the Deswali, who are said to have resulted from the union of a local *raja* with a Santal girl, and there are a number of castes with whom they live in close contact. The most interesting of these is the Kamar caste, workers in iron. The Santals would appear to have been using iron implements both in agriculture and in hunting for a very long period, but they do not work in iron themselves. Until comparatively recently, iron smelting from ore gathered on the hillsides was common and the smelting was done by the Kamars. Modern industry has brought this to an end, but the sites of old furnaces can still be identified by the heaps of iron slag, which the Santals call "iron excrement". The Kamars, however, are still blacksmiths. Every moderate-sized village contains a family of Kamars who have been granted a piece of land from the

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sand on the pathways becomes unbearably hot for our feet. Pigs were killed at dawn, cut, and the meat was roasted first thing so that it would be ready when the people returned home. The day turned out to be very warm. Some men went into the village of G—— because of their thirst to get a drink of beer, and they said: 'One pice worth of beer from G—— is as good as six pice of beer from that other place.' " The market is the main shopping centre for the villagers. There are cloth stalls and stalls of imported trinkets and ornaments. Potters, weavers, blacksmiths, purveyors of "medicines" and many others display their wares. The Santals may have grain for sale in a good year; they sell fowls and vegetables and buy their salt and cooking oil regularly, with other commodities at need. The market is a great place for the exchange of gossip, for meeting friends and relatives; it is here that many flirtations begin and matches are set in hand.

Nevertheless, the main business of the Santals' life, round which most of their activities centre, is to wrest from the poor soil the greatest possible amount of food. The struggle leaves little time for philosophizing, but they do sometimes crystallize in a phrase some bitter lesson from experience, as when they say: "Rain in the morning, like a friendship that is easily made, does not last." They work as hard as their social obligations allow. There is nothing distinctive in their methods of agriculture, and for generations they have been accustomed to settled cultivation and the use of the plough. The division of labour between men and women, the taboo against women handling the plough, they share with the surrounding culture. They observe the same propitious days and seasons for sowing and reaping as their neighbours. A great authority on the Santals has said:[1] "They are on their way to becoming agriculturalists, but are, as yet, far behind. . . . They have not as yet learnt the need for and the benefits of weeding and manuring, or of changing the crops, and much more. For example, they do not take proper care of their cattle. These are mostly herded by children, who use much of the time for their own games and pleasures. When the paddy is harvested, the cattle are permitted to roam about. A direct result of this is that it is impossible for people to have any crops standing after the middle of December or thereabouts; the cattle would

[1] P. O. Bodding, *Studies in Santal Medicine and Connected Folklore*, Pt. III, "How the Santals live", *Memoirs of the Royal Asiatic Society of Bengal*, Calcutta, 1940, Vol. X, No. 3, p. 434.

443 [252] [273] 433 [539] [461] 241 [462] [184] 233 241 182 [113] D

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not learn to play any of these instruments. Young girls may be seen sometimes trying out their brothers' instruments, but they put them away with childish things. Their singing is, however, their peculiar glory. Not only do they sing while dancing, but on many other occasions. As the women of a village return home in the evening from their visit to the weekly market or after a day of gathering leaves in the forest, their high- and soft-toned singing can be heard coming over the fields. During the transplantation of the rice seedlings they sing as they bend over their task. Their songs during this activity are of a special class known as *hephet'*, a word which means the plucking of the seedlings and weeding. Men also sing, and when one is narrating the traditions of the tribe or relating a story he will often break into song to illustrate a point or amplify the story. Santal melodies are as a rule pitched high and in a minor key. The range of the tunes is meagre and rarely makes use of more than three or four different notes in the scale. One unfailing characteristic is a long-drawn-out succession of repeated single notes at the end of each line. Nevertheless, they afford scope for the expression of the dominant emotions experienced by the Santals, whose devotion to dancing and song has developed among them a high degree of musical aptitude. In order that they may easily and quickly memorize the great number of different rhythms with which they have to be familiar, they have invented a series of mnemonics which they repeat at the opening of a dance or a song. One example of such mnemonics, associated with the *doṅ* dances, is as follows:[1]

"Bhendaṅ netaṅ | dak' taṅ netaṅ | din dupuṅ | din dupuṅ—
bhendaṅ netaṅ | dak' taṅ netaṅ | dak' dupuṅ | dak' dupuṅ."

[1] Bodding's *Dictionary*, Vol. II, p. 112.

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DANCING, MUSIC AND POETRY

Poetry, like music, has to a great extent developed as the handmaid of dancing, though, again like music, it covers a wider range than the songs sung to the accompaniment of dancing. Much has been done in recent years to collect some of the wealth of poetry among the aboriginals of India.[1] A comparison would probably reveal that the store of the Santals in this respect is second to that of no other tribe in India. A great deal of the poetry is spontaneous in composition and therefore ephemeral. They delight in turning out new songs, and those who possess special gifts of song-making are not slow in exercising them. These new and topical songs give poetic expression to some new experience of the group. The coming of the railway was celebrated, as in the following *doṛ* type of song:

In the bazaar at Calcutta
The B.B. line carriages have fallen on the rails.
Send news to the Santals of Siuṛi,
Bring them here.
With a *hir hor khir khor kupi kol*
B.B. line train carriage *ho*,
Push it up once more.[2]

The beauty of a town lit up with electric lights did not escape notice in this snatch of a *lagre* song:

In Asansol
The electric lights
Look sweet, sweet.[3]

Love songs cover a wide range of expression, tender and passionate, as the following examples may serve to illustrate:

A *lagre* song[4]

The birds of the forest are crying,
They cry with different songs, love;
The fish cry softly, love,
My soul cries for you.

[1] W. G. Archer's *The Blue Grove* contains translations of Oraon poetry. *Folk-Songs of the Maikal Hills*, by Verrier Elwin and Shamrao Hivale, and *Folk-Songs of Chhattisgarh*, by Verrier Elwin, come from Central India.
[2] See Appendix B, No. 3. [3] See Appendix B, No. 4.
[4] See Appendix B, No. 5.

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At the four corners of the pond
Varied coloured birds have built their nests;
Some are on the wing and some are seated.
They cannot find their nests, they cannot find their nests at all.

porob[1]

Why went you to the water, my girl,
Why did you run away, my girl?
What, O mother, shall I say,
What, O mother, can I tell you?
In Rajaram's garden
The flowers are blooming;
In the flower shrubs
Have I been caught.

Sometimes in the songs there is an expression of the pathos of life and a haunting sense of the unknown and the unpredictable:

lagre[2]

The water has risen in the river;
O Bhagavan, help me over, help me over.

jhika[3] (a men's dance)

The life of man 'tis like a *jhinga* flower.
For what did you come into the world?
What will you receive but misfortune?
At the end Krishna will have you.

Here is the cry of a child in a harvest song:

In the corner by the plantain tree who is there?
In the corner by the plantain tree is the potter,
In the corner by the plantain tree is the potter.

You in there, potter, you turn the wheel;
My mother and my father have I none,
My mother and my father make for me.

[1] See Appendix B, No. 6.
[2] See Appendix B, No. 8.
[3] See Appendix B, No. 7.

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I will make them, child, make them I will,
But the breath of life I cannot give,
But the breath of life I cannot give.[1]

Song and verse also serve to keep alive the memory of the past. Some refer to the dim past that comes within the scope of mythology and relate to the early days of the human race, as in this *Dāsāĕ* song:

Where, O *Guru*, were cows first born
Where, O *cela*, were men first reared?
In Hihiri, O *Guru*, cows were first born.
In Pipiri, O *cela*, men were first reared.[2]

Other songs keep alive the memory of more recent events, like those that commemorate the Santal rebellion. Others refer to local happenings of a past time, such as the following:

A *jhika* song[3]

There came to the yellow lake
Mamilal Raja *ho*,
There came to Chaturpuri
Jadoŏ Siñ Rani.

Have you heard, Durjon Siñ,
Raja of Tuñ land?
Fight, fight,
Tighten your belts.

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Poetic forms of expression are ingrained in Santal ways of thought, and appear not only in songs but in different kinds of rhythmic prose. The recital of the traditions brings out clearly the musical quality of the language used. This is true also of the formal conversation between the parties at marriages, in the marriage sermons and in the invocations to spirits. Here, indeed, there is a certain amount of rhyming, a device that plays but little part in the songs. Their speech is shot through with figurative allusions and they are fond of talking in riddles. A fourteen-

[1] See Appendix B, No. 9.
[2] See Appendix B, No. 11.
[3] See Appendix B, No. 10.

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CHAPTER 5

SOME FOLK-TALES

FOLK-TALES are meant to entertain, and only incidentally do they instruct. The stories current among the Santals do, however, reveal standards of conduct; they hold up certain types of character as admirable, others as ridiculous or contemptible, and so help to form the judgment of their hearers. Over two hundred stories told by Santals are available in English, for this is a field that early attracted the attention of Europeans living among them. The first in the field was the Rev. F. T. Cole, who in 1875 printed two stories in the *Indian Antiquary*. A further collection of tales was published in 1891, collected by the Rev. A. Campbell. The collection of C. H. Bompas, entitled *Folklore of the Santal Parganas*, was published in 1909, and this has remained a standard collection in the West. Bodding's monumental work in three volumes was not published until the years 1925–29. It contains ninety-three stories with Santali text and English translation, and the same plan was followed in his other publications, *A Chapter of Santal Folklore*, which contains ten stories, and *Witchcraft among the Santals*, which contains eight. The editor of this last work, which was published after Bodding's death, states that C. H. Bompas obtained the manuscript of many stories from Bodding.[1]

The field is far from exhausted. All collections that have been published up till now have been gathered either in the Santal Parganas or in the district of Manbhum, except for eleven stories published in a book that deals with the Santals of Mayurbhanj,[2] the extreme south of the Santal country. The tales included here are told in the Bankura district and serve to illustrate the Santal attitude towards many of the facts mentioned in other chapters.

(1) *The Grey Monkey and a Boy*

At the end of a certain bazaar there were a great many trees where lived a band of grey monkeys. Each day one of the

[1] Oslo Ethnographical Museum, *Skrifter Bind* 3, Hefte 3, p. 257: "Years ago most of these tales have been retold from Mr. Bodding's manuscripts by C. H. Bompas in *Folklore of the Santal Parganas* (London, 1909)." For some of the facts in this paragraph I am indebted to an article entitled "The Folk-Tale in Santal Society", by Mildred Archer, *Man in India*, December 1944, Vol. XXIV.

[2] Charulal Mukherjea, *The Santals*, Indian Research Institute, Calcutta, 1943.

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•539 female monkeys went into the bazaar, where she used to snatch at sweets from the sweetmeat shop and eat them up. And so the men used to drive her off, but they could never get hold of her, for she used to jump up into the trees. This continued for a long time. One day she went to the house of a wealthy man and saw that the folk, who were all busy about their work, had put down a baby to lie in the courtyard. She picked up the child and ran off with it to the trees where she lived. There she brought it up. She used to fetch all kinds of tasty food from the bazaar to feed the child, who grew bigger every day. He called the monkey his mother.

One day he said to his mother: "O mother, please bring me some parched rice and some pounded rice." On hearing his request, his mother went to the grocer's shop and brought the things. He continued to ask for things, until his mother had brought from the bazaar a *dhuti*[1] and shirt, shoes and stockings, a hat and various other articles of clothing. When the boy had all these things he was quite happy, but again he said to his mother: "O mother, you have fetched all these for me; now please buy me a horse." The monkey went one night to the house of a merchant, loosed a horse that was tied in the stables and took it back with her. The boy was overjoyed at this and started going for a ride every day. If he was going for just a short ride he would say to his mother, "I shall not go far", and if he was going for a long ride he would say: "I am going a distance today."

At length one day he said: "O mother, get me a bride." His mother took the necessary steps and arranged a bride for him at a far-distant place. For a long time after the marriage ceremonies had taken place the boy did not go to his wife's home, nor did he bring her to his own house, not even once after the marriage. Then at last the boy thought: "I shall go and bring my bride." He left home saying that he would be back at the end of two weeks. When he had not returned his mother went in search of him. At one place she questioned some cowherds:

Say, O cowherds, say,
Has a young prince gone this way?
He had silver on his hands and feet
And on his head a crown.

[1] The male garment. A Bengali word.

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They told her that he had passed that way, and so she went on asking all the cowherds in turn as she met them. After a time she came to where some herdsmen were grazing elephants. In reply to her question they said: "Your son is behind seven-barred doors." She went on till she came to the place where her son was staying. She was given a welcome by her co-parents-in-law, but at the end of a couple of days she said that the time had come for her daughter-in-law to come away with them. The folk of the house took the boy away to have his bath, and they explained to his mother that they would make some water warm for her, as it was not fitting for them to give her a cold bath. They made some water boiling hot, seated her on a stool and, pouring the boiling water over her, scalded her so that she died. Then they propped her up at the back of the house under the eaves. When her son came back from his bath and asked, "Where is my mother?" they told him: "She is sunning herself out at the back of the house under the eaves." The boy went round to the back and pushed his mother over. He thought: "I have seen many kinds of death, but I never saw anyone die with their teeth clenched like this." To the others he said: "You have made a fine joke of me!"

Then he stayed in the house of his father-in-law.

(2) *Two Brothers and the Supreme Being*

A certain widow had two sons and one daughter. Her daughter used to stay with her and was fully occupied in all the housework, fetching water and washing the pots and pans. The two boys, who were older, used to take the goats out to graze. Each day they would take the goats out into the forest where the grazing was good, and there they used to play. One day they made a plough, and they began to play at ploughing. They continued to do so each day, and Father *Cando*[1] watched them at it. Finally, one day he took the form of a man and came to question them: "What are your names?" he said, and they told him. Then he asked them: "How many are you in the family?" The boys told him that they were two brothers and that their mother and sister were at home. *Cando* went away, but the next day he came again to them and said: "Keep me as a house son-in-law and husband for your sister." They told him that it was quite impossible for them to say anything about it, so he asked them to tell their mother. "Tell

[1] The Supreme Being.

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•539 your mother that a certain man proposes this, and you can tell me the answer tomorrow." When they told their mother she said: "We cannot support him, but if he is willing and able to work for his food he may stay." Next day they told him, and he agreed to come; he went home with them, saluted the mother when he arrived, and they all lived together.

One day the son-in-law said to his mother-in-law: "Mother, go to the landlord and ask him to give you a piece of land." She did as she was told, and the landlord said they could have a field that was covered with *sirom*[1] grass.

First they cut down the grass, and when they had prepared the land they said to their mother: "Ask the landlord for a pair of bullocks." The landlord gave them a pair of bullocks, so they ploughed up the land, and then they brought a measure of paddy seed and sowed a very big field of paddy. *Cando* gave them rain as it was required. The three menfolk worked hard in the fields, but when men were passing and looked in their direction they thought they could see a large number of men working there. Time passed, harvest drew near, and their rice became ripe. The three of them went daily to see how the rice was getting on, and all along *Cando* supplied just the amount of rain that they needed, but there was a lack of rain on the fields belonging to other men. Seeing this, the men of the village spoke to the son-in-law, saying: "Hey, son-in-law, we see your rice fields looking very healthy. How has that come about?" To which he replied: "Yes, it is true, for our crops have grown well by the mercy of *Cando*." When the time of harvest came they gathered in their rice with ease and threshed it. They had no troubles, but all the time while other people were cutting their rice or threshing it the rain continued and their grain was ruined.

These three, however, gathered in their crop, threshed it and stored it away in bundles made with straw rope. When all the other folk saw these bundles they were astonished and became most envious, saying to the son-in-law: "You folk have indeed gathered in a goodly crop." To which he replied: "Yes, indeed we have." And so they became rich. At last a day came when Father *Cando* left them—he became invisible, and so in the end they understood that he was not a man at all, but that he had been *Cando* come to them in the form of a man.

[1] *Andropogon muricatus*, Retz.

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(3) *The Thieves and the Widow's Son*

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A certain widow had a son of whom she was very fond. She was fairly rich, but the boy used to look after the goats all the same, and he used to take them out to graze, and grew big. When the boy had reached years of understanding he used to go about asking other people: "Is there anyone who can tell me about myself?" But no one was able to tell him anything. Every day he asked someone, and after a long time when he had asked a certain man the fellow replied: "Yes, I shall be able to tell you the story." He was, however, a very deceitful person, and he said to the boy: "If I teach you, what will you give me?" To which the boy replied: "It all depends on what you are going to tell me."

Then the man said: "It will cost one hundred rupees to teach you one word. Can you give so much money?" The boy agreed that he would give him the money, whereupon the man said: "Very well, then. Come here tomorrow with the money." The boy returned home and spoke to his mother: "Mother, give me one hundred rupees; I am going to learn a word." His mother asked him: "What word is this, my boy, for which you will have to pay a hundred rupees?" But the boy would only say, "Oh, please give it to me", and in the end she gave him the money. Next day he went back to the deceitful man; and when he had given him the hundred rupees the boy said: "Now teach me the word." The man taught him thus, saying: "For one hundred rupees, one word; that word is Ram."[1] The boy left him, and all through the day he repeated to himself: "Ram, Ram." In the end the boy said: "I must learn some more words." So this time he collected two hundred rupees from his mother and went once more to the man. He said to the man: "Teach me some more." The man said, "Bring the money", but the boy replied at once: "I have brought it with me." "How much?" asked the man. To which the boy replied: "Here I have two hundred rupees." Then the man told him: "Well, for two hundred rupees I shall teach you two words, as one of my words costs a hundred rupees." The boy said: "All right; if that is it, it must be so." The man then proceeded to teach him two words, and the words were these—*dui* and *tin*.[2] After the boy had learnt these two words he returned

[1] Ram, the name of the hero of the *Ramayana*. In counting it is usual for Hindus to say "Ram" in place of the number one.

[2] Bengali numerals, two and three.

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• 539 home. For three hundred rupees he had learnt to say these three words: "One, two, three."

Now it came to pass that the boy kept on repeating "One, two, three" to himself all the time, whether he was out with the goats or eating his food or lying down to sleep. A few days later a band of thieves who had stolen three bags of rupees and a lot of ornaments from the house of some rich man came along in the night to the boy's house to steal some goats. They left the money and the ornaments at the door of the house, and some of them went into the goat-shed to pick out the goats. Just at that moment the boy roused from his sleep, and immediately he began to recite those three words for learning which he had paid three hundred rupees. Again and again he repeated the words: "One, two, three; one, two three; one, two, three." The thieves heard him and thought to themselves: "It may be that he is counting us to see how many there are." So what did they do but run away with all speed, leaving behind them the bags of money and the ornaments. The boy heard the sounds of men running away, tremblingly lit a lamp and went outside. What should he see but the money left by the thieves who had intended to steal their goats. When the boy saw three bags full of rupees he was overjoyed. He went and roused his mother and said to her: "Look, mother, because I learnt three words at the cost of three hundred rupees, today I have found these money-bags." They kept the money and the ornaments; the money increased, and in the end he and his mother became very rich.

The story is ended.

(4) *Seven Brothers and One Sister*

In a certain village lived seven brothers. They had one sister who was younger than them all, and they were very fond of her. She used to cook for them, but she was not made to do any other work. When she had grown up they arranged a marriage for her. The visits had been paid, gifts were exchanged and the bride price had been paid, so all that was left was the marriage day itself. In the meantime the brothers were excavating a tank. They dug very deep, but no spring appeared. The brothers were troubled as to how they could get water in their tank, and they asked everyone whom they met. One day a Brahmin came to their house, and they all asked him: "How can we get water in our tank?" The Brahmin told them: "If

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you want water to appear, there is one thing you must do. 539 •
You will have to give that dearly loved sister of yours, and then you will get water." In accordance with the Brahmin's word they sent their sister down to the tank to draw water in a new brass pot. Try as she could, she was unable to get the mouth of the pot under the water, and as she tried she called out: "The water is up to my knees, brothers, but yet the pot will not go under." So it went on; at first the water came up to her thighs, then to her waist, then to her chest, her neck, her face, and she went on calling out in the same way. She could not get the pot under the water, but she herself was drowned.

The day of her wedding arrived and the bridegroom's party appeared. The brothers began to make all kinds of excuses. "Our little mother has gone to collect firewood", they said. But although they waited for the whole day she did not return, and so the party went away. As they were passing by the tank they saw on the water a water-lily. One after another tried to pluck the flower without success. As they approached it the flower moved away. After all the others had tried, the bridegroom went into the water, and as the flower was moving away he put out his hand suddenly, grasped and plucked the flower, carrying it to the bride's palanquin. When the party was still on its way the flower changed into the girl. The bearers felt the palanquin grow heavy, and looking in they saw that it was the bride. They continued their journey rejoicing, but the brothers were told nothing of what had happened.

Some time later there was a great famine, and the brothers came to that village to beg for food. When the girl saw her brothers she began to weep. Her father-in-law saw this and said: "Why do you cry, daughter-in-law?" She began to make various excuses; first she said: "I struck my foot against a stone"; then she said: "I trod on a cock, who pecked at me" and "I bumped my head against that rafter." Then they removed the stone, they killed the cock and they cut away the rafter, but she cried all the more. Seeing this, they asked her again, and at last she told them: "My brothers have come here like beggars, and it is all because they gave me up for a sacrifice." Her relatives told her not to cry any more, for they would give the brothers rice to eat. First they gave them oil and sent them to bathe, and when they had returned they gave them food, after which their sister made herself known to them. They were covered with confusion, and at the same

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• 539 moment great cracks appeared in the ground, into which they fell. The youngest brother had a knot of hair on his head, and this grew into a cotton plant, so from that day there was cotton.

(5) *Seven Brothers and a Bed*

There were seven brothers who lived together. Six of them were married, but the youngest had not married. The six brothers were very hardworking, but the seventh was exceedingly lazy and did no work at all. His brothers would tell him to do this, that or the other, but he never listened to them. If the brothers remained in the house he used to go outside; when he saw that they had gone out to work he would return, wheedle his sisters-in-law into giving him some food and then go out again. One day his eldest brother told him to do something, and that too he did not do. Then his brother said: "You eat, but you will not work. In future unless you work you can have nothing to eat." He told his wife that she was on no *account to give him any rice.* Next day the lazy youth came back to the house and abused his eldest sister-in-law so much that she gave him some rice. When his eldest brother came home he asked the youth why he had not done the work, but the youth remained silent, saying not a word. His brother then said to his wife: "If from tomorrow you give him any rice, I shall beat you. If he asks you for rice, give him ashes."

Again the following day the young man asked his sister-in-law for food. She did not give him rice, but placed a dish of ashes in front of him. Seeing this, the young man said: "My sister-in-law has actually given me ashes to eat because of what my brother said. I shall not stay here any longer, but find a home elsewhere." He left home early next morning, and coming to a certain village he stayed with a man there. It chanced that the man had a daughter for whom he could not find a husband, and so he planned to make the youth his son-in-law. Accordingly, he and his wife took great care of the young man, giving him plenty to eat, and at the end of two or three months he and the girl were married. He stayed on for a year after his marriage and never did a day's work, whereupon his father-in-law became enraged and decided that the young couple should set up housekeeping for themselves. He did not leave them empty-handed, but provided them with such things as an axe and a spade. Then on the day after they had begun housekeeping they had nothing to eat.

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After a day had passed, the girl said to her husband: "How long are we to remain hungry? Take your axe and go to the forest. You can cut down some trees to make beds and stools to sell at the market. If you do not bring them by the afternoon, today also we shall have to go hungry." The young man went to the forest and was looking around at this tree and that when he heard some noises, for two of the trees were talking together. He cut down one of the two, brought it home and made a bed out of it, and then took it along to the market and sold it. The bed was bought by the king of that country. The king took the bed home and ordered his servants to spread his quilt on it, as he intended to sleep on it that very night. When night came the servants made the bed ready, and the king took his meal and then lay down on the bed. After a while he heard the legs talking to each other. One of them said to the others: "Look out, I am going to explore. Mind that you three hold up the bed properly!" He went off, and came back after a while, fixing himself into position. The other three legs asked him what he had seen, whereupon he replied: "I went to the king's apartments, and there I saw that his maidservants were helping themselves to food." The king was wide awake, but he pretended to be asleep and muffled himself up with his ear open to hear the conversation of the bed legs. After a short while another leg said: "Now it is my turn; I'll be off. Mind you three hold up the bed properly." When he came back he fixed himself on again, and the others questioned him. He told them: "I saw the steward of the household, and he was helping himself to his master's possessions." Later on another of the legs said: "Now it is my turn. Mind you three hold up the bed properly." He went off, and returned after a short time. Then he told them what he had seen: "Shame, shame, how shall I say it? The king's minister and the queen, I saw them sitting together and talking to each other. The minister said, 'You kill the king, and then we shall be able to live happily together', but the queen replied: 'No, no; let us go on in secret as we are doing now.' The minister got quite angry and struck the queen on her cheek; you can see the marks of his fingers."

When the king heard these words he became both sorrowful and angry and rose from the bed. If he had not done so, another of the legs would have gone for a walk. He went straight to the queen and saw of a truth that there were marks on her cheek. He did not rouse her from bed, but he asked her at once: "What have you done to your cheek?" The queen said:

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• 539 "I scratched myself." But seeing the marks on the queen's face, the king believed all the things that he had heard the legs of his bed saying. He called the minister, he called the steward, he called his maidservants, and he punished them all. The minister and the queen were beheaded.

The king then made a proclamation throughout the kingdom to this effect: "Bring to me the man who made this bed." When the young man heard these words he became exceedingly afraid. He hid himself for a month or two, but in the end the king's men found him and brought him before the king. The king questioned him: "My boy, did you make this bed?" To which he confessed that he had done so. Then the king told him: "My life has been saved because you made this bed and because I bought it. I propose to give you a half of my kingdom and you shall marry one of my daughters." The marriage took place and the king built a house for them. The young man also brought his first wife, and they all lived happily together.

This is the end.

(6) *The Old Woman who had Itch*

They say that once upon a time there was a terrible lot of "itch" on the earth. All the people were continually scratching themselves to get rid of the pain. In the end they appealed to *Thakur*[1] to take away the itch. He came down to earth in human form and went round everywhere, gathering all the itch into a bag to take it away from men. As he went on his rounds he came to an old woman. It was during the cold season and she was warming herself over a fire. The warmth from the fire was giving her relief from her itch, and as she rubbed her limbs she said to herself: "Well, well, how lovely it is like this. I wish I could stay like this for ever and feel this sensation." Then *Thakur* came along and said to the old woman: "Give me your itch, old woman; I will take it from you and throw it away." She replied: "No, let it stay with me. Let it remain!" When he heard this, *Thakur* went off and left her with her itch. From her it spread again to others and increased; otherwise the whole earth would have been cleansed of it.

So far is the story.

[1] Another name for the Supreme Being.

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(7) *The Story of the Potter Woman*

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One day a potter woman went out to bring some clay from the clay pit, and while she was there she gave birth to a girl. She fell into a difficulty and wondered what she ought to do; should she take the clay home first or the child? She thought to herself: "If I take the girl away first, then we shall not have anything to eat today; but if I take the clay, then we shall be able to buy food." Thipking thus, she decided to leave the child. She wrapped her round with leaves from an *atnak*[1] tree and carried home the clay. Then she returned to take the child home with her, but the child was nowhere to be seen, and so she went home again without her.

After the child had been left by her mother, a pair of vultures came and carried her away; the names of those vultures were Golden Vulture and Moustached Vulture. The two brought up the child, and they used to send her out to beg. They warned the girl: "When you go out begging, do not go into such and such a village, for the dogs in that village are very fierce." However, it came to pass in the course of her begging that the girl arrived at that very village. Just at that time the sky became covered to north, south, east and west with black clouds. The child did not dare to enter any of the houses, but stood outside and leaned against a horse-radish tree; but the sap began to drip on to her, and so she took shelter under the eaves of a house. There the water dripped on her, so that she became very wet and began to cry. The man and the woman in the house heard her crying, and immediately they understood that it was their own child. They brought her into the house, gave her food to eat, and told her that they were her own father and mother.

So the child stayed with them, but all the time the vultures were searching for her, and at last they discovered where she was. Her father and mother had covered her up in a basket, but the vultures came and were pulling her out from it. Then the father and mother began to pull the other way, and the child cried out loud; but no one listened to her cries. In the end she was pulled right apart into two pieces. The parents cremated one part of the body, and the vultures cremated the other part. While the vultures were carrying out their part of the cremation ceremonies, a part of the child's brain became stuck on the bill of the Moustached Vulture, and when she licked her bill

[1] *Terminalia tomentosa*. W. and A. Bengali, *Asan*.

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539 she found that it tasted very sweet. She called out to the Golden Vulture: "Here, Old Man, how sweet this human flesh is!" The Golden Vulture replied: "Whatever are you saying, Old Woman? I cannot understand you." Then the Moustached Vulture explained: "This child's brain stuck on my bill, and when I tasted it I must say that I found it very sweet." The Golden Vulture said: "I do not believe you, Old Woman." Whereupon the old woman vulture said to him: "Then have a taste, and perhaps you will see whether I am telling the truth or not." The old man vulture then put out his tongue and took a taste. A small piece of the brain got into his mouth, and the Golden Vulture said at once: "H'm, quite true; it is very sweet." The two of them proceeded to pick at the child and completely ate her up.

From that time vultures began to eat human flesh; they used not to do so before.

539 533 The above story, which is based on what might be called the "Sakuntala" *motif*, is well known in the area. A slightly different version relates the story of a boy who was born at the foot of a plantain tree. It used to be told in the villages by a blind beggar, and a part of the story would be sung in verse. Some of his songs are translated here:

In the Toregor tank, in the Bahagor lake,
My mother gave me birth,
My father carried me in his arms.

North, south, east and west, black clouds have risen;
I am an orphan from my birth.
Where, O mother, can I go?

I leaned against a horse-radish tree, but the sap fell down;
I stood in the shade of the eaves,
But the water dripped on me.[1]

After singing this song, the beggar was wont to break into a different melody and refer to his own condition:

Alas, alas! the sun; alas, alas! the moon.
The gift of life you gave me,
The gift of sight you denied.
Give me a handful for my stomach,
A little rubbing oil to keep me alive,
A wanderer I through all the countryside.[2]

[1] See Appendix B, No. 12. [2] See Appendix B, No. 13.

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The same beggar used to sing a song that referred to the second version of the story:

At the foot of the plantain she gave birth,
With leaves of the *ashan* she covered me.
Vulture, vulture, the Golden Vulture,
Vulture, vulture, the Moustached Vulture,
They brought me up.
O mother, give alms.[1]

[1] See Appendix B, No. 14.

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the attention of Sir James Frazer, who quoted the account written by the Rev. A. Campbell in *The Journal of the Bihar and Orissa Research Society* (1916). Frazer found in the story confirmation of his thesis: "This Santal story of the origin of man combines the principles of creation and evolution, for according to it mankind is ultimately derived from two images, which were modelled in human form out of froth or damp clay, but were afterwards accidentally transformed into birds, from whose eggs the first man and woman of flesh and blood were hatched."[1]

The following account, written down in the Sarenga area by an old man who could not have had access to any of the previously published versions, brings out most of the essential features of the story.[2] He wrote:

"The sea was always there. *Ṭhąkur* said in the beginning: 'How shall we improve it?' Then *Ṭhąkur* called to himself many of the kings of the sea and asked them how it was possible for earth to be raised from the sea bottom, but not one of them was able to do it. So *Ṭhąkur* first of all called Crab and said to him: 'You there, can you raise the earth from the bottom of this sea?' Crab replied: 'Yes, I can.' Then he set about carrying it up from the bottom of the sea, but it dissolved and he could do nothing. After him, *Ṭhąkur* called Tortoise. When he came *Ṭhąkur* said to him: 'You there, can you raise the earth from the bottom of this sea?' Then Tortoise replied, 'I shall raise it', but he also did not succeed. Last of all *Ṭhąkur* called Worm. When he came *Ṭhąkur* said to him: 'You there, can you raise the earth from the bottom of this sea?' Then Worm said: 'Yes, I can raise it; but you call Tortoise here and place a golden plate on his back. I will eat the mud on the bottom of the sea, and then excrete it at the other end on to the golden plate on Tortoise's back. In this way I shall raise the earth from the bottom of the sea.' And so indeed it was done. But the earth that had been raised was very uneven, and *Ṭhąkur* harrowed it to make it level. During the harrowing the sea came up where there were hollows, and where there were high places these became mountains and hills.

Then *Ṭhąkur* said: 'The world is made after a fashion, but how shall we improve it?' Then *Ṭhąkur* made two birds out of *sirom* grass seeds. They were called *Hąs* and *Hąsil*, goose and

[1] J. G. Frazer, *Folklore in the Old Testament*, Macmillan, 1918, Vol. I, p. 22.
[2] Durlob Murmu of Govindapur.

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• 539 gander. The two birds laid two eggs in a clump of thatching grass. From those two eggs two humans were born, and they were *Pilcu Haṛam* and *Pilcu Buḍhi*.[1] They had twelve sons and twelve daughters, and at that time they were living at Hohelo Popelo. Once upon a time when they had all grown up they fell into difficulties over a famine, so *Pilcu Haṛam* took his twelve sons hunting, and *Pilcu Buḍhi* took her twelve daughters to the forest to gather edible leaves. Twelve years later they met again, and then they married each other, from the eldest son and daughter to the youngest. (This was sin.) There in Hohelo Popelo at the time of a food shortage they planted millet in the forest clearings. A certain female *murum*[2] took to coming every day to eat that planted millet, so the brothers went and fixed stakes all round it. As the *murum* could not get through the fence, it tried to jump over. It was pierced on the upright stakes and ran away, dying close by the place called Sangariya. Next day all the brothers hunted it with bows and arrows. They followed the trail of its hoofs and blood, came upon it at Sangariya, and there cut it up and ate the flesh.

[614] At that time *Pilcu Haṛam* and *Pilcu Buḍhi* divided them into clans—*paris*—and taught them also about the spirits. They propped up in one place a silken cloth, a golden umbrella and a pointed stick, and welcomed the spirits. After a time in that place they did not have enough to eat, and so they came to Campa Gar. But there too they did not have enough to eat, and so they repented in their minds and set out to find the right way to live.[3] For twelve years they searched for the right way to live, and as they went they carried on their heads a large pig, an uncastrated male goat and a basket of rice. In their searching they came first of all to the Twisted Banyan tree, and there all their words were twisted. From there they went to the foot of the False *Atnak'* tree, and there all their words were falsified; nothing came right. Thence they went to the Broken *Matkom*, and there all their words were broken into pieces; nothing came right. Thence they came to the Pasty Ebony tree, and all their words were made into a thick paste. Thence once more they went to a waterhole, where *Liṭa* holding an axe was awaiting them. Near to that waterhole, therefore, they found the True *Sarjom* tree, and there they found the truth. It was while they were there that they said: 'O mother,

[1] Literally, "First old man" and "First old woman".
[2] A species of buck, *Portax tragocamelus*.
[3] A word exceedingly difficult to translate, *dhorom*, Sanskrit *dharmma*.

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there a white hare jumped and passed along.' From there till the present day these words are used at weddings. All the festivals began from the time that they spent at the True *Sarjom* tree—the *Baha, Sohrae, Karam, Jom Sim, Bapla, Abge,* and many others.

At the time of their weddings they addressed *Pilcu Haṛam, Pilcu Buḍhi* and *Maraṅ Buru*:[1]

Greetings, Lord, Great Spirit, in the name of marriage
Two kinds of beer have we applied.
Here then we present them to you;
Here then do not importune us further, Lord.
Do not create either stomach or head pains.
So, Lord, may they laugh and talk together,
Accept our gifts and take them happily, Lord.
Today we are marrying these two, Lord.
May they live to a good old age,
May they become old man and old woman together, Lord.[2]

After cutting up the female *murum* and feasting and drinking, they two divided them all into clans while they were on their way home:

1.	The original Hâsdâk' or Nij Hâsdâk'	
2.	The one who ground down the horn	Mạrṇḍi
3.	The one who killed a sunbird ..	Soren Sipahi
4.	The one who carried a deer	Hembrom
5.	The one who killed an owl	Ṭuḍu
6.	The one who killed a kingfisher ..	Kisku
7.	The one who made a bundle of stale rice	Baske
8.	The one who carried an umbrella over his head	Besra

[1] *Life* is the "proper name" of the chief spirit of the tribe, who is also known as *Maraṅ Buru*.

[2] The Santali text of this invocation is given here. It is a good example of a sacrificial prayer:

Johar Gosâĕ, Maraṅ Buru, bapla ñutumte
Jhardak' tapam dak' lagaogeya bajaogeya.
Tobekhan Gosâĕ ma tobe emam calam kanalo
Tobekhan Gosâĕ abaṛte tobaṛte alom kocka ataṅka Gosâĕ.
Lac' hasu bohok' hasu alom sirjauk'a bijauk'a Gosâĕ.
Ma tobe, Gosâĕ, lamlae haṛe katharkin Gosâĕ,
Sukte saṅâṛte ataṅtale telactale Gosâĕ,
Teheṅ dole baplayet'kina Gosâĕ.
Aḍharu buḍharukok'makin
Haṛamko buḍhiko makin Gosâĕ.

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9. The one who killed a rough-necked iguana .. .. Cõṛẽ
10. The one who killed a dove .. .. Paṛiya
11. The one who killed a bushy-haired monkey .. .. Ḍonka or Bhaduli
12. The one who restores us to tribal status .. .. Murmu

After dividing the clans, *Pilcu Haṛam* and *Pilcu Buḍhi* questioned their daughters and their sons thus: 'Who are you?' The daughters said: 'We are grown up, we can carry pots of cold water on our heads.' The sons said: 'We are hard and strong, ploughs made from the *rot*[1] tree and sticks made from the *hesel*.' "[2]

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The above narrative is a literal translation of the original. A comparison with other recorded versions shows that many incidents have been omitted, including some that must have been familiar to the narrator. He has made no reference to the story of a great rain of fire in which all except the first pair of human beings perished. The references made to the chief tribal deity of the Santals are almost incidental and do not include the story of how he first introduced himself to *Pilcu Haṛam* and *Pilcu Buḍhi* as their "grandfather" and taught them how to make rice beer, whereupon they became drunk and lost their innocence. The story as here presented does, on the other hand, relate the myth in clear fashion to the clan organization. The name of the Santals' original abode is usually given as Hihiṛi Pipiṛi; Hohelo Popelo may be a local variant. The account given of the early wanderings of the tribe is much abbreviated, but serves as a reminder that they are accustomed to living in and near forests and their ancestors were driven by want from one place to another in what they now consider was a rather futile manner. There have been some attempts to find an historic basis for the names of the localities mentioned in the traditions,[3] but without confirmatory evidence from other sources it has not proved possible to put forward any satisfactory explanation.

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The ancient story becomes real for the Santals of today at the point where it deals with the clans. It is worth noticing

[1] A forest tree, *Ougeinia dalbergioides*, Benth. A hard wood.
[2] A forest tree, *Anogeissus latifolia*, Wall.
[3] Cf. P. O. Bodding, *District Gazetteers: Santal Parganas*.

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son of the god Siva.[1] In one of the songs sung by the *Dâsâî* youths at Sarenga the first verses are as follows:

> Which *guru* has a silver stick, sister, O sister,
> In the middle of the Kasai river, sister, O sister,
> The silver stick with a sound like tinkling bells?
>
> *Dhorom guru* has a silver stick, sister, O sister,
> In the middle of the Kasai river, sister, O sister,
> The silver stick which sounds like tinkling bells.[2]

The mention of *Dhorom* as the first *guru* links *Dâsâî* lore with a god who is prominent in the cult of the earth mother, a cult that is common among the Hindu lower castes and among many of the Central India tribes, for whom the Dasserah is one of the important festivals of the year. The song proceeds to repeat the same question twelve times in all—the number twelve here again symbolizes completeness—and the answer is repeated with a different name each time. The names of the *gurus* as they are repeated at Sarenga are Dhorom, Siba (Siva), Kamru, Sidho, Gandu, Rohora, Bati, Buan, Lokhon, Bhadu, Ratu and Ramjit. The first eight names are mythical or symbolic, while the name Lokhon connects the song with local tradition, and Ramjit was the name of the last leader of the band before the present one. The names standing between these two also commemorate local *Dâsâî* leaders.

The practice by which *ojhas* are made today is informal and usually results from the attachment of a youth to an *ojha* as his servant for an unspecified period. There is a considerable amount of rivalry among the *ojhas*, who endeavour to steal a march on each other and especially to get hold of the powers of dead magicians. The following story, a literal translation of one that was current in the area, illustrates the nature of the power that they wield: "One day a man who had set out for his work in the jungle—he was a jungle keeper—saw three slender *sarjom* trees tied together and put down in the path at a cross-roads. He thought to himself: 'Now who could it be who was stealing trees from the jungle?' Saying this, he picked up the sticks and went on to the jungle. When he arrived there he thought: 'There is no need for me to carry these sticks round with me all the time; I will put them down here and pick them up when I am on my

[1] For a full discussion see Bodding, *Studies in Santal Medicine and Connected Folklore*, *Memoirs of the Royal Asiatic Society of Bengal*, Vol. X.

[2] See Appendix B, No. 15.

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way home.' And so he propped them up against a tree, but as he did so a branch from the tree fell down with a crack, a branch as thick as a man could embrace. When he saw that such a thick branch had fallen he was greatly puzzled, for there was no strong wind and the branch itself was not rotten. He went on with his work, but when he returned home in the evening he related his adventure. An *ojha* of the village, hearing what he said, sighed and exclaimed: 'Ah, you have gone and spoilt all my work!' 'And what have I spoilt of yours?' asked the jungle keeper. 'In those three sticks which you picked up', replied the *ojha*, 'there was a *boŋga* on whom I had cast a spell. When he left the sticks he gave you a sign by snapping off that branch and making it fall. You are fortunate that it did not fall on you and break your neck!' The jungle keeper said: 'Impossible; there was no one there.' Then the *ojha* explained: 'All right, I shall tell you—listen! Recently an *ojha* was buried in that jungle. On the night of the new moon after his burial two of us went along to take possession of him. My companion made circles on the ground a little distance away from the grave, and I seated him there and protected him with spells. I told him not to be afraid, for I had also made myself safe with spells. Then I began to sing certain spells to make the *jin* of the *ojha* come out. After a long time his *jin* came out in the shape of the *ojha*, and I sent him over to the one sitting within the magic circles. He changed his appearance and took on the shape of a leopard, then a jackal, then a bear, in order to frighten us, but he could not even touch us, for we were protected by spells. Meanwhile by means of our spells we blocked the road back to the grave and so captured him. At length he returned to his own shape, and when we told him that he had to go home with us he made a great fuss and begged us, "First give me a meal of men" or "Let me eat some bullocks and some goats and then I will go with you", but we gave him no encouragement at all. Finally, he agreed to go with us if we would give him water to drink every morning, with sweetened rice and other sweets on festival days, so we tossed him the bundle of sticks and told him to get inside them. He vaporized and got into them, and then we cast a spell on the bundle. We had taken the bundle down to the cross-roads and had set it there with a spell to guard it. We intended to bring it to our home later, but when you picked it up you took it outside the circle cast by the spell and he evidently took his chance and ran. Oh, he is clever and never will come back! Now if you had ever been going about the work of an *ojha* and had taken one of those sticks in your hand,

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whatever you wished would have come to pass. You could have wound a string round one of those sticks and then if you had taken the string along with you to a cock fight you would have had good fortune, and the same would apply in hunting. But if you did not behave properly towards it and make offerings to it, it could finish you off and eat you. So that is what it is all about, and now that person will stay around anywhere at all and frighten people. He has become a *bhut*.'"

One of the methods by which it is possible to steal the powers of a dead magician, or rather to capture his "soul force", was explained in the following manner. It is necessary to go to the spot where he was cremated and there draw a picture of the dead man on the ground. If one made offerings to this picture and recited the appropriate spells, he could be brought under control. Some years ago, when a well-known *ojha* in the village of Bankadaha had died, his disciples kept guard over the spot where he had been cremated for some time after his death.

When the Santal *ojha* is called in about a case of sickness or of sudden death, his first function is to try to determine the type to which the particular misfortune belongs. He consults the oracles in order to discover whether natural causes are to blame, in which case it is called plain *rug*, or sickness, or whether it is necessary to lay the responsibility on a witch, a *boiga* or a displeased ancestor. He sits down in the courtyard and waits until two *sarjom* leaves and some mustard oil in a leaf cup are brought to him. Holding one of the leaves in his left hand, he dips his right index finger in the oil and sprinkles some drops on the ground as an offering to the spirits. While doing so he asks for guidance in determining the correct cause of the illness or fatality. He then puts a drop of oil into each of the compartments of the leaf that he is holding, one drop representing one possible agency of evil. There is one for natural causes, three or four for different *boigas*, and other drops represent households in which there may be a witch, including the sick man's house, his father-in-law's house, the houses on the other side of the village street, and so on. When the drops are in position the *ojha* rubs the two leaves together and then holds the first leaf up to the light to discern the shapes that have been taken by the oil. He pronounces the cause of the disease in accordance with the pattern that he sees. If he decides that the *boigas* are displeased, he performs the ceremony known as *bul mayam* in much the same manner as the village co-priest does during the festivals. The blood which he

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haṛam,[1] and on the left of *Maṅjhi haṛam* there sat the Old Lady of the Grove, and to them also rice was given. The spirits spoke and shook the rice in the winnowing fans. Then they began to shake their heads from side to side, and called out, '*His-sạhâk!*' At this everyone called out, 'Greetings, Lords!' for the spirits had come. The Old Lady of the Grove placed the necklace round her neck, put on the bangles, seized the broom and put the washed basket on her head, and then ran away to the grove. *Maraṅ Buru* and *Maṅjhi haṛam* went after her with the bow and arrows and the axe, and in the darkness the Old Lady lost her necklace and the bangles. When they all ran back to the priest's house and the loss was discovered we told her that she must find them again. So she went once more to the grove and brought them back. After this we said to all of them: 'The horses are weary; let the spirit riders descend!' The priest then applied vermilion on their cheeks, their chests and their backs, and they came to their senses. So it ended. Next the villagers began to dance, and the first song was this:

> High up in the *pipal*[2] tree
> Sings the crimson-breasted barbet;
> It wanders through the country,
> It flies over the land.[3]

Then they began the late evening dance and many other dances, such as the road dance, and they sang:

> Down in the valley blooms the *haṭ*[4] tree, sister;
> Come, let us make flower chains, sister;
> Come, let us wear the flowers, dangling.[5]

The priest spent the night sleeping on a bed of leaves, while everyone else, old and young, men and women, danced the night through. Next morning the priest told the bailiff quickly to collect the hens; he himself bathed and went to the grove, taking with him *sarjom* and *matkom* flowers, sun-dried rice, flour, oil and vermilion, all in a new winnowing fan. He also carried a brown hen and on his open upturned palm a small

[1] *Maṅjhi haṛam* is the title that denotes the founder of the village. Possibly in Barikul he is honoured instead of the "Five", though it might be Babulal's mistake.
[2] Santali *hesah' dare*: *Ficus religiosa*, L.
[3] See Appendix B, No. 16.
[4] A small tree, *Holarrhena antidysenterica*, Wall.
[5] See Appendix B, No. 17.

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basket on her head; likewise *Marań Buru* took the bow and arrows and *Mañjhi haram* held the axe. Just before sunset the men came to their senses, the priest gathered up all the things, and his wife carried the lucky water-pot. As before, the youths and maidens placed the priest in their midst and again the spirits came and danced with the others. Then in every house, from one end of the village street to the other, they washed the feet of the priest. He put *sarjom* flowers into the hair of the girls who washed his feet, and all the people sprinkled water on to each other. On that day we are free to sprinkle water on anyone else.[1] When we reached the priest's house he poured out two pots of beer and we all drank. Again the dancing began and went on till a late hour.

March 18. Yesterday was the full Flower festival day; today is the 'stale' day of the feast. Yesterday everyone was drunk, and again today they began to drink early. There were many visitors in the village, for we had invited daughters, sisters and sons-in-law to be with us. We had to feed them well, and we were busy with all the preparations. One prepared rice, another flour, while the men killed cocks or goats or pigs, for yesterday they had no time to feast well. Even so, in some of the houses a few people became drunk before they had time to eat. Those unfortunates had no meat either yesterday or today. Most of the time went in feasting, though there was some dancing in the village street, and the dancers sang:

> Let us gather, O elder sister, the *matkom*;
> Let us wear the *sarjom* flowers, elder sister, in our hair;
> Let us drink, O elder sister, the juice of the *matkom*.[2]

Most of the singing was done by a small band of old men and women who went into each of the houses and were given beer and *matkom* flowers by the people of the house. In our part of the village there was a fierce quarrel. Some of the men who went to stop the trouble were themselves beaten and returned very angry to their homes. Before midnight everyone was fast asleep, for all had been drinking heavily. I thought to myself, if anyone came here tonight with evil intent he could steal anything he wanted with the greatest ease; and, in fact, that is what happened. During the night someone stole from the headman's house five goats, male and female."

[1] Water "squirts" are made from bamboo and are used freely.
[2] See Appendix B, No. 18.

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796 • 539 (115) Having given his account of the festival, Babulal then proceeds with the following account of the myth which carries back the origin of the observance to the period of the wanderings:

"It is said that at one time our ancestors were moving from one place to another for fear of Mirja Turuk.[1] During that period they lost their 'religion'.[2] When it was realized, one man from each of the twelve clans went out in search of it. Now the names of those who went out on this quest, taking with them an uncastrated goat, a *Lita*[3] pig and some rice in a basket, were as follows: Ap'ñambondak', Hutumñambañjak', Narkakin cede—these were two—Ote and Bole, and some others. They assembled in the Somoe valley in the forest of Siñ, and there they remained for twelve years. The feathery grass of that place all died, but none of them wished to go on farther to look for their 'religion'. All of them held back; they said one to another: 'You go first.' In the end, Ote and Bole said in desperation: 'All right, we shall lead the way.' Going farther, they entered the Man forest. The other ten followed them, but when they came into the forest they could not find Ote and Bole. They searched the whole forest through without success. Some of them at length found some footprints, whereupon they sang this song:

Look here, look at this,
The footprints of the *nilgae*;
Look here, look at this,
The footprints of the wild buffalo.

In what forest have they entered,
The footprints of the *nilgae*?
To what forest do they lead,
The footprints of the wild buffalo?

Into the forest of Man have they entered,
The footprints of the *nilgae*;
To the forest of Siñ have they led,
The footprints of the wild buffalo.[4]

[1] The now mythical Muslem ruler, mentioned also in Chapter 2, p. 24.
[2] An abbreviated account of this myth is given in Chapter 6, p. 66, where the word translated by "religion" is translated as "the right way to live".
[3] The meaning of this is not clear. *Lita* is the proper name of *Marak Buru* (see Chapter 7, p. 81).
[4] See Appendix B, No. 19.

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However, they could not find Ote and Bole; they searched everywhere, but they saw no tracks but the tracks of the *nilgae* and the wild buffalo. Nowadays the Santals say that the Ote and Bole who were then lost have become the ancestors of the 'sahibs'. One reason why we say this is that often when we are beginning to dance and at the commencement of songs someone calls out these words: 'Look, friends, the white hare has run away.'[1] This saying is the signal to begin the dance. The word 'sahib' is amongst us for a long time; in many ways our customs are the same."

This rather obscure piece of reasoning is in fact widely current among the Santals, at any rate among those who are unfamiliar with the origin of the word "sahib" and its currency in India during Moslem times. "White hare" is a term often applied to Englishmen. On one occasion I emerged rather suddenly from the waiting-room at a wayside station on to the platform near to where a group of Santal women were unloading a railway wagon. Unaware that I might understand their conversation, one of the women remarked, "The white hare has just come out of its hole!" greatly to the amusement of her companions. Babulal relates at this point how the brothers were met in the forest by *Marak Buru* and led by him to the foot of various trees.[2] Babulal places the story in Moslem times. He makes the following remarks about *Marak Buru* and his actions: "*Marak Buru* deceived them so that when they wanted to offer sacrifices to *Thakur* they should do it in his name, afterwards to the Old Lady of the Grove, and then to the 'Five and Six'. In former days he used to be called *Lilo godet'*, *Lilo* the bailiff. *Marak Buru* became the guardian of the ancestors. He used to take them out hunting and taught them how to kill iguanas, water-snakes, squirrels, mongoose and hares. On such days as they caught nothing in the chase he used to show them the dead cattle at the end of the village street, and would say to them: 'It is quite all right for us to eat these too; these are white deer.' And so we began to eat all these things."

He offers some more information about the Flower festival in his narrative: "In the prayer at the time of the Flower sacrifice we must use these words in addressing the spirits: 'If you are not pleased with the offering we shall dishonour your mother.' We consider that the spirits will listen to us if we use these words. We also say that if we urinate in a standing

[1] Another form of this saying is given in Chapter 6, p. 67.
[2] See Chapter 6, p. 66.

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We also say that if we urinate in a standing position the Flower spirits will be pleased. For this reason, if anyone sees us urinating in a standing position and scolds us for it we reply: 'We are making offerings to the Flower spirits!' The Flower festival is for flowers and fruits what the offering of new rice is for rice. Until the priest has placed flowers in the hair of the women and eaten some of the *matkom*, no one will wear flowers or eat the *matkom*. From the new year until after the festival the priest has to live very carefully. He eats nothing in other people's houses, because others may have been on a visit to villages where the festival has already taken place and then he might eat something that is forbidden. One of the songs that is sung when the priest is being escorted to the grove and again back to his house refers to the fact that the Dol Jatra festival of the Hindus has already taken place.[1]

'The Dol is over now, maidens, the *Pata*[2] comes next;
You must buy shields, maidens, for yourselves.

In the maidens' pubic region is the black bee's honeycomb;
You must buy shields, maidens, for yourselves.' "[3]

The second great festival is celebrated when all the harvest has been gathered in and there is plenty of food. The Santals say that for one month after the Harvest festival, known as the *Sohrae*, they eat rice without measuring it. Although it may be held at any time during the period between the dark night in October-November and the middle of January, in most of the villages of the area it is now celebrated at the earliest possible date, when Hindus are celebrating the Kali Puja. One reason is to enable those who are migrating for work to share in it before they depart, and some of the villagers distinguish between this fixed festival and a true *Sohrae* fixed in the traditional manner. In a bad year a Santal remarked: "This year we shall have no *Sohrae*. There has been no harvest, so what would we eat and how could we invite our friends?" The words were spoken while the village in question was actually celebrating the festival at Kali Puja time. Further, the celebration of Kali Puja amongst the surrounding cultivator castes, and especially the Bauri, has many features in common with the Santal cult, particularly with reference to cattle worship, and this factor has undoubtedly led the Santals to approximate the time of their celebrations to that of their neighbours.

[1] See Chapter 7, p. 69.
[2] See Appendix II, No. 20.
[3] The hook-swinging festival.

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At sunset the unmarried men of the village bathe and then go to the nearby forest, from which they cut and bring back two branches of the *karam* tree. These branches, known as "virgin" *karam*, are set upright in two holes dug for the purpose. A piece of cloth is placed over the branches and a small light is lit in front of them. After the preliminary dancing one of the village elders recites the myth of the *Karam*, beginning from the creation myth; the story of the origin of the world is ordinarily referred to as the *Karam binti*. The recital is followed by another dance, which lasts through the night and is changed at cockcrow. The celebration continues till sunrise, when the branches are taken down to the water near the village by the same young men who brought them from the forest on the evening before. The youths immerse themselves, and the branches are floated away in a manner similar to that employed in floating away the bones of the dead.

The myth relates the story of the *Karam* to their own tribal history, and, as one finds in all Santal myths, memories of early wanderings are prominent. The following version was related by Durlob Murmu,[1] and it forms a continuation to the creation story:

"The name of Pilcu Haram and Pilcu Budhi's eldest son was Karmu Senor Sin. The eldest daughter was Hisi. They had two sons, who were called Karmu and Dharmu. Now Karmu was of the Hasdak' clan, and their maternal uncles were the Kisku *rajas* and the Marndi rich men. The Kisku lived at Campagor and the Marndi lived at Cirukagor,[2] and between the two villages flowed the Sitanala river. The people from both villages used to go to the river for their bathing and drinking water. There was a quarrel between them over a bride, and while the fight was on the Kisku killed the father of Karmu and Dharmu. After this they fell into great want. One day they went out to beg and were on the way to Campanagar. They came to the banks of a river, and Dharmu lay down at the foot of a *karam* tree and fell asleep. The name of the river was Tatijhari—it was the place where *Maraii Buru* had first woven cloth garments. Below that place he had made a small embankment, and that place was called the Sadoyar valley; just below it he had bathed, and so the place was known as Bathing river. That river had sprung from the Lope mountain hard by the Bell banyan tree, and its waters flowed towards the sunrise.

[1] See Chapter 6, p. 65, footnote 2. [2] Cf. reference in Chapter 6, p. 74.

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At the foot of that tree *Karam Gòsàì* appeared to Dharmu in a dream. He spoke to Dharmu thus: 'Eya Dharmu, plant a *karam* tree. Make a drum from the leaves. Bow to it and salute it three times; then dance round it. By the side of the river there is a cow with calf; by a heap of stones near a clump of *sirom* grass there is a turban cloth, and in a hillock by the river there is a flute. Bring all those things here.' As soon as Dharmu awoke he planted the *karam*. Then he saw that a cow with calf had appeared on the spot. He fetched the turban and the flute, and putting the turban on his head he took the cow back to his home. When he arrived there his old mother told him to bring some turmeric and water in a pot and to wash the legs of the cow as well as her legs, and in that way he paid respect to the cow. He handed the turban and the flute to his mother and asked her to care for them, and then he tied up the cow. After that Dharmu went to the river every day, taking the cow with him. He used to plant a branch of the *karam* and dance round it. *Karam Gòsàì* blessed the family, and their cattle increased so that they became rich. One day the mother spoke to both her sons: 'Eya Karmu and Dharmu, a *karam* has sprouted in our thatch. The paddy seeds in the store are sprouting and *dhubi* grass is growing in the sun-dried rice. It wants but three days till the full moon of *San*. Fix a *karam* branch in front of our house on that day and invite all the neighbours.' When all the neighbours had gathered, Karmu asked two of the unmarried girls to plaster the earth round the *karam* branch with cowdung. Dharmu cut two branches of a *karam* tree, planted them in the ground, went down on his knees three times and saluted them. Their mother brought some sun-dried rice in a plate from the house, some *dhubi* grass, clarified butter and the piece of cloth dyed in turmeric. She placed the cloth on the twigs and swathed it round the branches. Then she also did obeisance three times and returned to the house.

Then the mother and the two sons spoke together: 'We have planted a *karam*, but how shall we dance?' Then they sang the following song:

An ape you will slay, my sons, then what will you do?
The ape that we slay, mother, we shall skin.

The skin you will take, my sons, then what will you do?
With the skin we take, mother, we shall cover a drum.

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With the drum that you cover, my sons, what will you do?
To the sound of the drum, mother, we shall plant the *karam*.

Round the *karam* that you plant, my sons, what will you dance?
Round the *karam* we plant, mother, (the dance will be) *Godet' niphur dandahi mathayet'*.[1]

And so they danced from sunset till just before sunrise. Then two unmarried youths plucked up the *karam* branches. They carried them to the spring which was beyond the end of the village street and floated them down the stream after first immersing them under the water and offering them towards the rising sun. All who had taken part bathed and returned to their homes, and the cloth was given to a poor woman of the village.

Dharmu continued to dance round the *karam* every day and did not do his share of tending the cattle. At this his brother Karmu became annoyed. He plucked up the *karam* with his left hand and flung it on to a dungheap, and from that time their fortunes changed. At last they became so poor that they were working for a rich man, planting out his paddy seedlings. Whatever they gained for themselves disappeared at once, and so they could make no profit.[2] Their employer told them: 'Never mind, you will get some tomorrow.' But when the same thing had happened for three days in succession the brothers fell into a rage and said: 'Come on, let us pluck out all the paddy seedlings that we have planted.' While they were on their way to the fields they passed an old man, who stopped to ask them the way. When they had told him he asked them where they were going, and in reply they told him everything. He urged them: 'Do not do that, for it will make *Cando* very angry. All this has happened because of your sin. You should seek for *Karam Gosai*, whom you will find by the Condon mountain on the shores of the sea. He is a leper. Go and worship him. And mind, you will find that there are other holy men where he is; do not worship them.' They turned back in their tracks, and when they looked round again they saw that the old man had vanished, so they knew at once that it was *Cando* who had come to speak with them.

They set out forthwith on their journey. They came to a

[1] See Appendix B, No. 41.

[2] The method of payment for this work is for the labourer to receive a proportion of seedlings, which he can then plant in his own fields.

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village, and before entering it they sat down to rest at the foot of an old jackfruit tree. The name of that village was Ujardi. Karmu told Dharmu to go and beg some food in the village, as he was hungry, so Dharmu went and fetched back some flour, but when they had soaked it they found that they could not eat, for it was full of worms. Then the jackfruit tree spoke to them and asked them where they were going. They replied: 'We search for *Karam Gösäi*.' The tree replied: 'Then tell him about me. Some men have buried treasure here at my roots, and I am tired of watching it.' They went on and came to the Ajoy forest, where they found a cow with calf. Farther on they came to a mango tree, and Karmu told Dharmu to gather mangoes. They divided the mangoes out and took off the skins, but they were unable to eat the fruit, as it was full of worms. On they went and came to the village of Jhalda, where there lived a rich man. This man asked the brothers where they were going, to which they replied: 'We seek *Karam Gösäi*.' 'Then', said he, 'tell *Karam Gösäi* about me. I am tired of looking after all my possessions.' Later they arrived at the village of Khajpur, where there dwelt a rich man with very many head of cattle. When they had told him that they were seeking *Karam Gösäi* he said to them: 'Then tell *Karam Gösäi* about me, for I am tired of looking after all my herds.'

After many such happenings they came at last to the leper who dwelt by the Condon mountain on the shores of the sea, and they saluted the feet of *Karam Gösäi*. He told them to salute also the good men who were around him, but they refused and said: 'No, we have come to you and we want to take you with us.' When *Karam Gösäi* had heard everything that they had to tell him he blessed them and taught them thus: 'Never do things without consulting other folk. Plant a *karam* branch every day and do no sin.' Then they told him all the messages that had been given to them as they came along the road, and *Karam Gösäi* then said to Karmu and Dharmu: 'Say this word to all of them. If they will give what is in their keeping either to a Brahmin or a Vaishnava, good fortune will attend them.' They set out on their return journey, taking *Karam Gösäi* with them, and as they met the people they told them what *Karam Gösäi* had said. Each of them replied: 'And where are we to find a Brahmin or a Vaishnava? You two are the Brahmin and the Vaishnava and to you we shall give what we possess.' And so as they returned to their home they collected many head of cattle, buffaloes, cows, goats and money. As soon as they reached home

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they did as they had been told by *Karam Gôsâi*; they planted a *karam* branch and once more they became exceedingly rich."

"Nowadays", concludes the narrative, "we do not set up the branch in that way, but even to this day in many villages the branch is planted on the night of the full moon of the month of *Sun*, and they do it because this was ordered by *Karam Gôsâi*."

Each festival, as it comes, serves to enliven the toil of the villager, and when it has passed it remains often as a signpost in the memory. Mothers recall that their children were born before or after a festival; the month is remembered even when the year has been forgotten. On the religious side the festivals bind the community to the tribal spirits and to the ancestors; the offering is shared by all the men and so makes each one conscious of communion with the spirits as well as with his fellow villagers. They also serve to keep alive the myths and songs, the games and dances, and so help the Santal to give full reign to his love of pleasure.

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CHAPTER II

MARRIAGE

582 THE choice of a bride is limited firstly by the strict observance of tribal endogamy. No Santal who forms an alliance with a non-Santal can hope to be reinstated in society. The only cases that occur are found when individual Santals are away from their village community; Santal women working in "the east" do sometimes become the concubines of men of other races, but I have heard of only one man who had taken to wife a woman of another caste. He was a fugitive from the police who had been away from his village for some years, and he was living with a woman of *Hapi* caste. The choice is further limited by the rules governing clan exogamy and also by the laws that regulate "avoidance" between certain relations by marriage. A man may marry the sister of his elder brother's wife with whom he is on terms of familiarity. On the other hand, he may not marry the sister of his younger brother's wife. All these restrictions are accepted without question; they are part and parcel of the religious and magical framework within which life must be lived.

581 Then there are many practical considerations that enter into the forming of any alliance between two families. Parents on both sides of the marriage make careful inquiries about each other's families. The location of the bride's home is of some importance. It is not advisable for a youth to marry a girl from his own village. "A hen and a bride from the same village run to [539] their homes", says the proverb. Just as it is foolish to expect a hen from another house in the village to become domesticated in new quarters, one cannot expect a bride to settle down happily when her own parents are so near at hand. On the other hand, if the bride's home is too far away, the burden and expense of mutual visits become considerable, and so it is best to seek a bride whose home is within a day's easy walk from her future husband's home. Inquiries are made about financial stability and health. Particular attention is paid to signs of leprosy, which is widespread, and also tuberculosis. The qualities most admired in brides are a capacity for hard work and good health, cheerfulness and a steady disposition. In spite of the prevalence 582 of pre-puberty marriage in India, it is extremely rare among [584] Santals. In the only case that has come to my notice, an old man of sixty-five, whose only son had died, arranged a marriage

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for his granddaughter in order that she might be settled in life before he passed away. The girl was seven years of age and she was married to a boy of fourteen. Only a token bride price was received. Girls are usually married when they are about sixteen, while young men are generally between the ages of twenty and twenty-five. There is no test of a prospective bride's virginity. The fact that sexual experience of a kind is common before marriage is known to all, though it is not openly or actively encouraged, and a girl who is thought to be a wanton may have to wait for marriage through one of the more irregular channels that are open to her.

The initiative is taken by the parents of the bridegroom. Parents of marriageable girls are not always passive spectators, but any inquiries instituted by them are likely to be tactful and indirect. When the parents of a young man have made tentative inquiries and wish to begin negotiations they engage the services of a friend as a "go-between", known as a *racbaric*', to visit the home of the prospective bride. He addresses the parents of the girl in some such roundabout manner as the following: "Have you found a place yet for your new cooking pot? I have some friends who are unable to cook their herbs and so they have asked me to find a new cooking pot for them." If the report of this first visit is satisfactory it is followed by an exchange of ceremonial visits. First a party from the bridegroom's village journey to the bride's home. The go-between is accompanied by the young man's parents and some of their friends, a party of five or seven persons in all. Omens by the way are noted, and they are not all left to chance. Before the party enter the bride's village the *racbaric*' goes ahead and tells the people to do nothing that will upset the auspicious nature of the occasion. When leaving their own village or on entering the girl's village, should they see fire, an axe, a woman with a load of wood on her head, a snake or a jackal crossing the path from left to right, they return home and the whole matter is dropped. If, however, they see a full water pot, a cow, a new brass plate, a pannicred bullock, the pugmarks of a leopard or a jackal crossing the path from right to left, the omens are good. If all goes well, details of the bride price are fixed, a time is arranged when the bride's relations will pay their return visit and all is sealed by the proferring and acceptance of tobacco and beer.

On their way home from the bride's house the members of the party sing:

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O go-between, how far have you been
In search of good omens?

To which he replies:

Far away across the hills
Where *Cando boŋga* appointed.

Again a question is asked:

O go-between, how big is the bride?

And the reply comes:

Not big nor little,
Like a broom with bells in the handle,
She is firm when used for sweeping.[1]

On the return of the party the bridegroom asks eagerly for news and his mother tells him:

I looked at her with my hand covering my eyes,
I tested the new pot by striking it,
I will choose you a sound earthen pot.[2]

When the bride's folk pay their first visit to the bridegroom's home the go-between sings to them:

Look well at the bridegroom, look well at the house,
Raise the sheaves of straw and look well.[3]

Behind this song there lies a story. It happened once that a party were visiting the home of a prospective bridegroom. They were well pleased by the condition of the house and went away satisfied with their welcome. During the whole time of their visit the young man whose home they had gone to see was seated on the veranda. His legs covered by straw, he busied himself plaiting straw rope. The next time they saw him they found that he was lame and they had been tricked. The warning serves a useful purpose, for cases where defects have been concealed are not unknown.

The party sing also about the bridegroom. They ask:

O go-between, how far is the bridegroom's home?

[1] See Appendix B, No. 22.
[2] See Appendix B, No. 24.
[3] See Appendix B, No. 23.

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And this is the reply:

Neither far nor near,
There by the plantain grove it can be seen.

Again they ask:

O go-between, how big the bridegroom?

The answer comes:

Neither big nor little,
He herds the cows on the banks where the *kasi*[1] grass grows,
Playing sweetly on his flute.[2]

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During the month of March 1939 Babulal recorded: "Eleven people from our village, men and women together, went today to Ambritpal to see a bridegroom. When they came to our village there were seven of them. As we were going to see the bridegroom our party was larger by four; it is our custom that more should go to see the bridegroom than come to see the bride. The party returned in the evening, singing songs as they came, for they had been drinking. The girl's relations asked them: 'Well, and how was the bridegroom and what did you think of the house? Were you pleased?' They replied: 'We are satisfied. The lad looks well enough and the house was in good condition, only we saw no "elephants' eggs".'[3] One of the men said: 'I sat so that I could see right into the inner chamber, but I could see nothing there.' A fortnight later a similar party went from Barikul and returned at an earlier hour. A number of people said: 'Why have they come back so soon? It looks as though they were not satisfied about the bridegroom. If they had been they would not have returned before sunset.' Others, however, said: 'No, they must have been pleased because they have been drinking!' "

Tradition enjoins that a further set of ceremonial visits follows these first visits in order to ratify the "engagement", but when the families are already well acquainted both time and expense are frequently saved by going through with the engagement on the first ceremonial visit. The ceremony is known as

[1] *Saccharum spontaneum*, L.
[2] Another example of figurative speech. A name for bales in which grain is stored. Their presence would indicate prosperity.
[3] See Appendix B, No. 25.

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585 They are all the more important because some of them are things
182 that a boy and girl would never do publicly together."[1] Among the Santals many of the symbolic acts cannot be truly interpreted apart from their relation to the unseen world. The invocations used in addressing the spirits at the time of marriage come as near to true prayer as any used at other times.[2] Before the
585 wedding party leaves the bridegroom's village for the home of
[431 the bride, the bridegroom's father provides a hen for the village
082] priest, who offers it in the sacred grove. He prays: "We offer to
[539 you a hen because of the marriage booth. Accept it, enjoy it and grow big. Now we are about to go as a marriage party to such and such a village. Guard us so that on the way through the forest there may be no sudden fright, no tripping, no tumbling, no spells, no enchantments. Clear the way for us to right and to left, O father spirits. There we shall eat and drink. May we suffer no stomach pains, no head pains. Guard us also so that there be no quarrels, no bickerings, no divisions, no disturbances, no ruin, no spoiling between relations."

[343 Before the marriage, booths are erected in the courtyards of
476] both homes, and all the villagers assist in the work. Straw ropes are strung from side to side in the village street with mango leaves inserted through the strands, and the courtyards are decorated in the same manner. The posts of the booths are made with branches of the *mathom* tree. In the floor a hole is dug in which some fresh turmeric mixed with sun-dried rice, five cowrie shells and three leaves of *dhubi*[3] grass are buried. These are covered in and then the whole floor is plastered with cowdung. The young men who build the booth are feasted and provided with beer. On the day before setting out for the bride's village the bridegroom's party go to the village bathing place for the "water marriage". One of the young men digs a small hole at the water side into which the water can seep and three arrows are planted round the hole. Vermilion is placed on the arrows, while at their base are placed some cowrie shells and a hen's egg. One of the women shoots at the water with an arrow, while another strikes it with a "sword", generally a stick. Then libations of beer are poured out to *Marak Buru* and the ancestors before all present partake. Finally, water is drawn in pots and taken to the home. Again when they reach the courtyard another hole is dug, the arrows are placed round it and the water

[1] V. Elwin and S. Hivale, *Folk-Songs of the Maikal Hills*, p. 203.
[2] One example has been quoted in Chapter 6, p. 67.
[3] *Cynodon dactylon*, Pers. Reg.

5: Culshaw M-5 (1932-1943) 1949 AW42 Santal AW42

is poured into the hole. The "anointing girls" are tied to the arrows by a thread fastened to their left wrists, and they have to husk a grain of rice in their fingers without breaking it while the bridegroom is shaved and bathed preparatory to being anointed. The anointing ceremony is carried out in the evening by unmarried girls who anoint the assembled company with a mixture of oil and turmeric. The village priest and then his wife are first anointed, after which the remainder of the officials, then the villagers, then the father and mother of the bridegroom, and lastly the bridegroom himself.

A similar ceremony is carried out in the home of the bride, beginning with the "water marriage". The bride is led out in procession from the house to the courtyard holding the hand of her *hili*, or elder brother's wife, and accompanied by two unmarried girls, the "anointing girls". In her right hand the *hili* holds a brass pot full of water which she sprinkles to right and to left. The other girls bear plates in their hands on which there are several leaf cups. One contains a small lamp that has been lit, and others contain turmeric and sun-dried rice and sprigs of *dhubi* grass. The women in the courtyard sing:

Round and about
The guinea fowl flies;
Round and about
The black cow's house.
It fell in the water hole, a golden chain;
It fell in the spring, a silver anklet.
Who picked up the golden chain?
Who has gathered the silver anklet?
Karu[1] picked up the golden chain,
Karu has gathered the silver anklet.[2]

The procession moves round the booth three times, after which the bride is seated under its roof. The anointing follows, and the bride is anointed after the *dhubi* grass has been placed on her head. When the ceremony is over the bride is led back into the house and the older folk dance and sing:

In whose courtyard has water sprung forth,
Water sprung forth and is now flowing away?
In a Hembrom[3] courtyard has water sprung forth,
Water sprung forth that is now flowing away.[4]

[1] Here the name of the bridegroom is sung.
[2] The clan name of the bride.
[3] See Appendix B, No. 26.
[4] See Appendix B, No. 27.

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765 769 the departed spirit who has now taken his place with the ancestors. His son remains under an obligation to name him at the time of the family sacrifices, and his widow owes to him and to herself certain marks of her widowhood. She wears no flowers or vermilion in her hair and she leaves off the iron bangle given her in marriage. Now, however, the family is free to resume normal relations with the world of men and of spirits, for once again they can marry and give in marriage.

761 Death is essentially an interruption of the normal processes of living. In the conditions under which the Santals live it is often sudden in its onslaught; it descends upon a house unexpectedly and usually as a cruel visitant, for the number of those who live to enjoy a peaceful old age is small. It is never due to accident, for this is a concept beyond the range of Santal philosophy, and the living take pains to discover the cause of every death that occurs, for their own protection. Unless steps are taken to prevent a recurrence it is common belief that at least three deaths will take place in quick succession. But it remains wrapped in [538] mystery. In one of the folk-tales it is told how a woman craved a boon from a holy man: "Give me this boon, to know where the *jivi* goes when we die and by what road does it depart, through the mouth or through the nose, and having departed where does it go? Give me to see what happens. Tell me also when I shall die and when I have died where will my *jivi* go?" Man is com- 775 828 pounded of two different substances, *hormo*, or body, and *jivi*, or soul; these are sometimes separated in dreams, and the final [774] separation in death is a fact that none can deny, but what happens then? Death figures in many sayings that express the • [539] sense of the unknown. "In this life", runs one saying, "there is eating and drinking and the wearing of clothes. In the next life who knows what there is?" Some will tell that on death the soul [538] of man enters into a large lizard, the *ghinni*.[1] One story that has a wide currency tells of two men who lay down to rest at the foot of a tree. One of them fell asleep and the other was amazed to see a large lizard coming out of the mouth of his sleeping companion. When the latter awoke he said that in his dream he had been led to a place where treasure lay buried. Yet another common saying expresses scepticism concerning this belief. "Whether after death I shall become a common lizard, *kakya*, or a large lizard, I know not." This saying is used to give expression to the ancient materialist principle of behaviour: "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die."

[1] Probably *Tiliqua rubriventris*.

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797 able to drive out all evil from amongst us and the work of Jesus Christ will progress.'"

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533 In some parts of the Santal Church many of the hymns sung are translations of ancient and other Christian hymns set to western melodies, but in this area nearly all the hymns are the product of the community. In the hymnbook now in use[1] there are one hundred and forty hymns, of which one hundred and twenty are original compositions of Christians in the area. Half the remaining twenty have been borrowed from Santali hymn-books published elsewhere. All these have been set to folk-melodies, and the book is a best seller at markets and fairs through the whole area. The words show clearly the stamp of their environment and at the same time they are full of biblical

• [539] imagery:

Come, come, merciful Jesus,
Come, come, to the house of my mind.
Seeing Thee, in a moment of time
My mind breaks up.

Life Thou art and Truth,
And the True Way art Thou,
Help of the helpless, Jesus,
That is why I seek Thee.

Among sweet-scented flowers Thou the parrot,
A dark jewel art Thou.
In whose mind Thou art the jewel
He alone is truly rich.[2]

In one hymn Jesus the teacher of the Truth is likened to the bright evening star in the night sky. In another they sing:

[539] The star of morning has risen and shines,
The gentle morning breeze is blowing,
The day of salvation has come to us.[3]

Some of the hymns owe not a little to the fact that the writer knew hymns in Bengali or more remotely in English, but the sentiments have been popularized by being set to Santal

[539] melodies. One of the most popular of the evening hymns, set to a haunting melody belonging to the *herhet'* or weeding songs, is

[1] *Dhorom Serrê Puthi*, 3rd ed., Serenga, 1936.
[2] See Appendix B, No. 28. [3] See Appendix B, No. 29.

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little more than a translation of the familiar words of "Abide with me":

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[539]

The sun has set, O Jesus stay with me,
I have no other friends but Thee.

Life does not stand, and swiftly it is gone,
On earth I nothing find but Thee alone.

Nor hardship nor trouble nor death shall I fear
If Thou grantest mercy and stayest near.

Thy Cross I hold, forgive my sins I pray,
Give heavenly light, be with me night and day.[1]

Whether the coming of Jesus is thought of as the shining of a bright star in the sky of a dark night or as the light that heralds the approach of dawn and a glorious day, in all circumstances the devotion of the Santal Christian Church is centred in Him as the Light of the world.

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The festivals of the Christian year are becoming landmarks in the lives of the people. This is particularly true of the Christmas season. The communal feast when all the Christians eat together on Christmas Day is a natural expression of the spirit that animates the day. Various activities are arranged for the children. The type of celebration followed in the area has been created by the tradition established over a number of years in the central mission station. A Christmas tree is erected in the church and a party held there for the children on Christmas Eve. Originally, the gifts on the tree came from England, but for several years they have been found largely by the local community. Father Christmas is now a familiar figure. The young men of the church remain awake all night and set out soon after midnight to sing carols outside the homes of the members of the community, leaving off when they have completed the round soon after daybreak. A large proportion of full members attend a service of Holy Communion in the morning, but the main body of worshippers gather in large numbers for a service beginning soon after noon. All are dressed in new clothes, and the body of the church, which is bare of furnishings except for sitting-mats, is well filled for a service in which singing predominates. At the close of the service the youths begin a dance in the church, and going out through a side door they dance round the building. On

[1] See Appendix B, No. 30.

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when they would sit and eat together. The feast took some time to prepare; the bride's relations—her parents were dead and she was married from the home of a paternal aunt, a blind widow—had provided a goat, but as they were in poor circumstances the Christian villagers had contributed the rice from their homes. While the guests waited for the food there was a good deal of singing, the songs being both traditional and Christian. Here are some examples noted at the time:

Two bows and six arrow shafts I kept in store.
The arrowheads have been sent ahead to *Radha*;[1]
The money also has been sent ahead to *Radha*.[1]

You who should have come yesterday at noon,
Why, sons, did you arrive in the evening?

Three headmen from three villages
Wrangled over the marriage booth;
They did not want to let go the vermilion giving.[2]

The daughter bids farewell and goes;
The house is forlorn, father, the house is forlorn.
The rice in the straw bundle has been pushed out;
Its wooden platform is forlorn, father, its wooden platform is forlorn.[3]

The following song struck a Christian note:

My life (Jesus) and your life,
Two lives (Jesus) are bound together;
Like the *alak* creeper and the *bandi*[4] creeper,
Like the spider web in the palmyra tree,
Two lives (Jesus) are bound together.[5]

On this occasion I was unable to remain to witness the final farewell and homegoing, but these follow closely the traditional Santal way.

In the death ceremonies there is little trace of pre-Christian modes of thought. This is not surprising in view of the fact that Christian teaching not only gives a new significance to the individual but also has something definite to say about the destiny of the human soul after death. The difference is emphasized for

[1] The name of the bridegroom's village.
[2] See Appendix B, No. 32.
[3] See Appendix B, No. 31.
[4] Two forest creepers.
[5] See Appendix B, No. 33.
[6] See Appendix B, No. 34.

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APPENDIX B

SANTALI TEXT OF SONGS

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(1) *Chapter* 1, *p.* 10

Sohrae

Kuṛi kuṛi kuṛiareko gitic'a,
Koṛa koṛa goṛareko gitic'a.

(2) *Chapter* 1, *p.* 10

Sohrae

i. Mañjhi daraekan hõ dildal dildal,
Paranike daraekan hõ kaṭabe kaṭap,
Goḍet' daraekan hõ haka ḍaka.

ii. Mañjhi belaepe sutam parkom,
Paranik belaepe ṭenḍar mañci,
Goḍet' belaepe topak' parkom.

iii. Mañjhi nemaepe hõ tañ hanḍi,
Paranik nemaepe hõ dul hanḍi,
Goḍet' nemaepe hõ boḍoc' hanḍi.

iv. Mañjhi nemaepe hõ piṭha cakna,
Paranik nemaepe hõ leṭo cakna,
Goḍet' nemaepe hõ lac' kaṭa.

(3) *Chapter* 4, *p.* 45

Doñ

Kolkata baṭarre bibi lain gaḍi
Rel do ñurakan hõ;
Khoborakope Siuṛi hoṛ
Aguiako.
Hir hor khir khor kupi kol
Bibi lain gaḍi rel hõ,
Ṭhelao rakap'.

(4) *Chapter* 4, *p.* 45

Lagre

Asansolre
Bijli baṭi,
Sebel, sebel.

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(5) *Chapter* 4, *pp.* 45 & 46

Lagre

Bonero pakhia kande
Bhinu bhinu kande piar.
Mach kande ghumure ghumur piari,
Pran kande tomari lagi.

Car konia pukhuri
Nana roṅger pakhir basa he
Khanek nure khanek bose
Basa nạhi pae basa nạhi khujiya pae.

(6) *Chapter* 4, *p.* 46

Porob

Jolke ba gele biṭi
Kene ba biṭi pallum?
Ki ba mai bolibo
Ki ba mai kohibo?
Rajaram bagane
Phula phuṭilo,
Se o phul ṭuṭite amae topol holo.

(7) *Chapter* 4, *p.* 46

Lagre

Nạdite hoilo ban
Par koro, Bhogovan
Par koro, Bhogovan re.

(8) *Chapter* 4, *p.* 46

Jhika

Manuser o jonom jhinga phuler koli,
Ki na lagi ele re soṅsar;
Aro ki pabe durlob jonom
Ses jibon Kisṭo odhikar.

(9) *Chapter* 4, *p.* 46

Sohrae

Kaera kõčare do cele menaea,
Kaera kõčare do kunkạl menaea,
Kaera kõčare do kunkạl menaea.

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Am do re kunkạl cakem ạcura,
Iṅren eṅga apa bạnuk' kina,
Iṅren eṅga apa benaokakinme.

Benao do re bachaṅ benaokakin ge,
Benao jiwi do re bacha ohoṅ emle,
Benao jiwi do re bacha ohoṅ emle.

(10) *Chapter* 4, *p.* 47

Dāsāī

Tokare do guru hõ, gạiko janamlen,
Tokare do cela hõ, mạnwiko busạrlen.

Hihirire guru hõ gạiko janamlen,
Pipirire cela hõ mạnwiko busạrlen.

(11) *Chapter* 4, *p.* 47

Jhika

Holud pukur aila
Manilal raja hõ,
Chatur puri aila,
Jadob Siṅ rani.

Sunile he Durjon Siṅ,
Tuṅ bhûiyer raja hõ,
Maro maro
Komore bandho.

(12) *Chapter* 5, *p.* 62

Kahini

Toṛegor pukhuri Bahagor bandelare
Engaṅ goe janamlediṅ
Ạpuṅ goe hoborlediṅa.

Utạr dạkhin purub pạchim hende rimil doe rakap'akat'
Iṅ do go jonome ṭuạr
Iṅ do go okateṅ senok'a.

Muṅgá darereṅ japak'lena muṅga mayam do laṭhaadiṅ,
Sate umulreṅ teṅgolena
Sate dak' ho joṛoadiṅa.

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(13) *Chapter* 5, *p.* 62

Jare jare siñ cando, jare jare ñinda cando,
Jib dan dom emadiñ
Cok dan do bam emadiñ.
Mit' biṭa lac' lạgit'
Sotok' sunum jivi lạgit'
Des disom goñ caṛcao baṛaekan.

(14) *Chapter* 5, *p.* 63

Kaera tole jonom dilo
Ason pate ḍhaka dilo je.
Giḍi giḍi soner giḍi,
Giḍi giḍi rạila giḍi,
Pusaloñ de go
Mại go bhik de.

(15) *Chapter* 8, *p.* 95

A Dāsāī song

Tokoc guruañ rupe dạnṭic' dai na dai,
Tala nại Kasaire dai na dai,
Rupe dạnṭic' jhamare jhumure.

Dhorom guruañ rupe dạnṭic' dai na dai,
Tala nại Kasaire dai na dai,
Rupe dạnṭic' jhamare jhumure.

(16) *Chapter* 9, *p.* 105

A Baha song

Hesak' ma coṭere
Tude doc ragele;
Des ma nạcuren
Disom ma bihuren.

The above words are followed by these as a kind of chorus:

Naejom jomme nacke erel

(17) *Chapter* 9, *p.* 105

A Baha song

Sokṛare haṭ baha daina,
Sokṛare haṭ baha daina,
Gutuialañ jhamka jakur daina,
Bahaealañ, dalae dalae.

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(18) *Chapter* 9, *p.* 107

A Baha song

Halañalañ ṇajiń matkom,
Bahacalañ ṇajiń sarjom baha
Ñuilañ ṇajiń matkom rasa.

(19) *Chapter* 9, *p.* 108

A Baha song

Ne tora nepe tora
Murum pañja;
Ne tora nepe tora
Sosañ pañja.

Toka birte boloena
Murum pañja;
Toka birte soroena
Sosañ pañja.

Man birte boloena
Murum pañja;
Siń birte soroena
Sosañ pañja.

(20) *Chapter* 9, *p.* 110

A Baha song

Dol calaoen kuṛi pata daṛakan,
Phirphiri do kuṛi kiriñatape.

Kuṛikoak' pandere hende ḍumur chata,
Phirphiri do kuṛi kiriñatape.

(21) *Chapter* 9, *pp.* 116, 117

A Karam song

Hạnuman jo maribere puta ki na he karabe
Hạnuman jo maribo go ayo cam chulabo.

Cama jo chulabere puta ki na he karabe
Cama jo chulabo go ayo madole chawabo.

Madol jo chawabere puta ki na he karabe
Madol jo chawabo go ayo karame gaṛabo.

Karam jo gaṛabere puta ki na he nacabe
Karam jo gaṛabo go ayo godet' niphur ḍanḍahi mathayet'.

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• 539 (22) *Chapter* 11, *p.* 136

(*a*) *Question:* Ehô raebaric' timin saṅgiñrem sạgunkeda?
Answer: Ạḍi saṅgiñ hõ buru parom
Cando boṅgageye likhonkeda.

(*b*) *Question:* Ehô raebaric' bạhu kuṛi doc timin marañ?
Answer: Bae marañ bae huḍiña,
Jonok' mutire jhumka raca jojok' kan kheṛec' kheṛec'.

(23) *Chapter* 11, *p.* 136

Satcate babu ñelkediñ
Thepkate babu rukedañ,
Kunkạl bhajan bachaokate babuñ aguama.

(24) *Chapter* 11, *p.* 136

Bor dekho ghor dekho
Puạl kuṛ tule dekho.

(25) *Chapter* 11, *p.* 137

(*a*) *Question:* Ehõ raebaric' jâwâč oṛak' do timin saṅgiñ?
Answer: Bae saṅgiña bae sora,
Hane ñelok'kan kaera bakul.

(*b*) *Question:* Ehõ raebaric' jâwâč koṛa do timin marañ?
Answer: Bae marañ bae huḍiña,
Kạsi ghuṭure gạiye gupi,
Tirioe oṛoña riyo royo.

(26) *Chapter* 11, *p.* 141

Ạcure bihure seṅgele titi do,
Berhale ñamele kuili gại noṛak' do.
Suc' dak're hosoren soner goṛ sikri do,
Ḍạḍi dak're hosoren ruper goṛ paini do.
Tokoe coe halañket' soner goṛ sikri do,
Tokoe coe tumạlket' ruper goṛ paini do?
Kạru ge halañket' soner goṛ sikri do,
Kạru ge tumạlket' ruper goṛ paini do.

(27) *Chapter* 11, *p.* 141

Tokocak' racare dak' bhumbhuk'en
Dak' bhumbhuk'en hale dak' bohilen?
Hembromkoak' racare dak' bhumbhuk'en
Dak' bhumbhuk'en hale dak' bohilen.

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(28) *Chapter* 14, *p.* 184

Bapla

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Dela dela daya Jisu
Dela dela moneń oṛak're
Tuṛi ghuṛi ńelat' lemkhan
Mone ińak' ṛọpudok'a.

Amge jivi amge sotya
Sọri hor hõ amge ho
Nisọrtiren sọrti Jisu
Jivi khojme onatege.

Akaṛ baha amge kiya
Mulọn munihõ amge ho
Mone muni jâhâčic' am
Sọri kisọṛ do unige ho.

(29) *Chapter* 14, *p.* 184

Sohrae

Bhurkar rakapenhõ ḍigi migi
Setak' hoe doe hoyet' hiside hiside
Totrọu din do hale seṭerakan hõ.

(30) *Chapter* 14, *p.* 185

Herhet'

1. Beṛadoe họsurena tahemme Jisu sâõte,
Am bańkhan eṭak' gate bọnuk' kotiń okoehõ.

2. Jivi saṭ saṭge calak' kan bań teńgona,
Otreń ńel ar cet'hõ ge bọnuk' anań am begor.

3. Harket' saset're dayaem emań khan do
Gujuk' guruk' bań bora sâõtem tahen khanhõ Probhu.

4. Sap'eḷań amak' krusge ikańme sanam dos khon
Siń ńinda sâõtekate emańmehõ serma marsal.

(31) *Chapter* 14, *p.* 189

Bapla

Ak' barea ḍol turui goṭen doho oṭokadań
Sar kodo Radhare kol laha akana
Poesa hõ Radhare kol laha akana.

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• 539 (32) *Chapter* 14, *p.* 189

Bapla

Hola tikinre hijuk' hoṛ
Cedak' beṭape singaṛena?

Pea atoren pea mąñjhi
Mąṛla lągit' ko repec'kana
Sindra dange coṅ bańko aṛag.

(33) *Chapter* 14, *p.* 189

Bapla

Hoponera bidąi oḍok'
Oṛak' nisunen baba oṛak' nisunen.
Bąndi hoṛo ṭhelao oḍok'
Ḍhula nisunen baba ḍhula nisunen.

(34) *Chapter* 14, *p.* 189

Bapla

In reak' jivi Jisu am reak' jivi
Jivi jivi Jisu tolakan do
Alak jąṛi bando nąṛi
Talc dare bindi ganak'
Jivi jivi Jisu tolakan do.